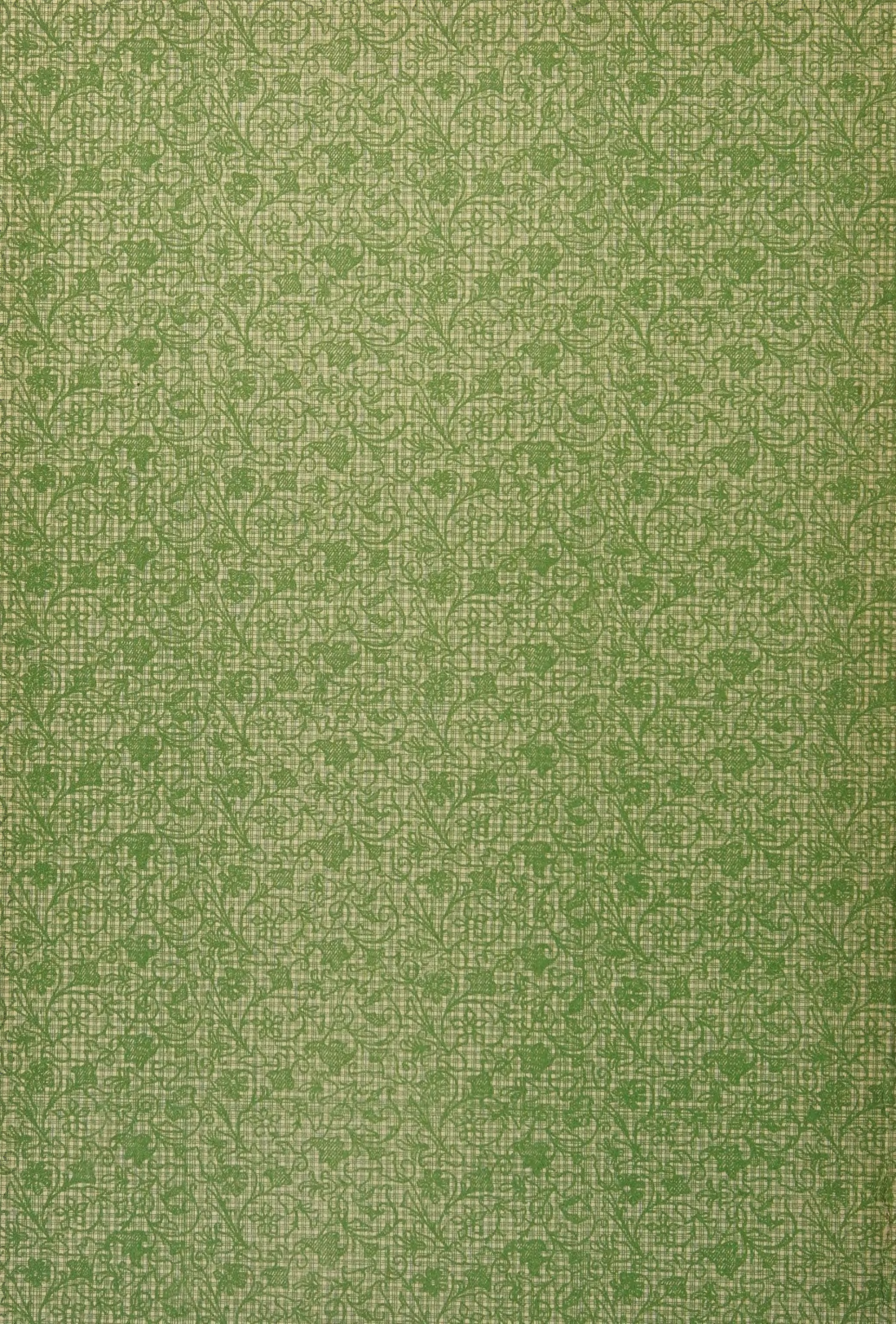










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ADA RICE.

Foundation Stones of Success
Edwin Markham, Editor-in-Chief

VOLUME VIII

Literature and Character

By
Ada Rice



THE HOWARD-SEVERANCE COMPANY
CHICAGO

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Introduction

In the preparation of this volume on "Literature and Character," Miss Rice has performed a distinctive service to the parents and to the children who will be so fortunate as to become acquainted with the book. It is one of my chief articles of faith, as to the training of children, that we shall succeed in our efforts in proportion as we assist the young in the acquisition of clear, wholesome ideas to guide their daily conduct, and of lofty, constructive ideals for their future careers. In the present volume the author performs this double service admirably.

It is not what you think while conversing with others, or while reading, that furnishes a true index to your character, but rather what runs through your mind freely and habitually during the time of undirected, secret reflection. Where do your thoughts go when you turn them out in the world to find their own entertainment? Answer this question and in so doing you will take yourself back among the scenes and situations of your childhood and youth. It was there you gathered up the "dream stuff" which gave your adult consciousness its trend and did so much to shape your character and your career.

So with all the young people, the boys and girls, the youths and maidens, our best purpose concerning them is to furnish them with the means, the opportunities, the guidance and the inspiration suitable for filling each day of their lives with helpful activities, and thereby to suggest the materials which will necessarily underlie the fabric of their dreams and give form to their permanent characters. It is a peculiar merit of this volume that it provides for the great variety of child-nature and the

manifold interests of the individual, as well. That is to say, the prose and poetic selections brought to the attention of the reader are suited to a wide range of literary tastes. Play, industry, patriotism, adventure, history, biography, religion, and other phases of human conduct are drawn upon freely for the lesson materials.

Notwithstanding their many excellencies, our modernized public schools are not able alone and unaided to meet the present-day demands for juvenile training. The parents especially are being called into service to supplement the efforts of the teachers. Now, this parental awakening, so widespread throughout the country, is one of the most reliable signs of a better day and age for humanity. We are all teachers, whether we realize the fact or not. Those of us outside the schools, who have caught the higher vision and have taken hold of the means and opportunities available for such praiseworthy work, are in fact the assistant teachers of the young, and the assistant directors of the future of the nation.

All those who secure this valuable book on character-building should use it carefully and systematically as a text, following the suggestions made by the author, and making use of each specific chapter or selection till its best meaning becomes a part of the life of the learner. For,

He who dreams a beautiful dream,
He who thinks an inspiring thought,
He who does a praiseworthy deed,
 Fondly and repeatedly
 Till it becomes a part of him—
He adds strength to his own life,
He contributes gladness to the life of others,
He brings heaven a little nearer to us all.

Wm A McKeever

University of Kansas.

Preface

Literature embodies the ideals of the race. From the printed page, the reader catches the inspiration of these ideals and naturally reflects them in his own life. This is especially true if he is brought in touch with good literature in early years, before false ideals have become implanted.

It is the purpose of this volume to place within the reach of parents and children a practical guide to character-forming literature. No effort has been made, however, to make the work directly didactic, for best results in ethical teaching are obtained through presenting the truth indirectly.

The work is divided into two parts: The first is addressed to parents; the second, to children. The first section deals with rhymes, poems, songs, and tales suited to very young children. The object has been to awaken interest, to stimulate the imagination, to develop the elementary virtues, to inspire a love for nature, to teach the common relations and responsibilities of life, and to create a taste for good literature. Secondly, the object has been to cultivate a love for work, for honesty and fair-play in work; to show the elements of true heroism; to point out the qualities of good stories; to develop a love of country, and to implant the highest ideals of world-peace; to acquaint the reader with the lives of those who have helped make history; and to point the way to find the highest possible good in the world.

These ideals of life are presented through selections from literature. No apology is given for choosing old poems and stories, for the literature of the past is the child's true inheritance.

The author gratefully acknowledges her indebtedness

to those writers and publishers who have kindly granted her permission to use valuable extracts. Especial thanks are due to Miss Mary C. Lee of the Manhattan Public Library for painstaking assistance in the selection of juvenile books; to Miss Martha Fleming of the School of Education, University of Chicago, for valuable suggestions and special selections; to Professor J. W. Searson, Head of the Department of English Language of the Kansas State Agricultural College, for a careful reading of the manuscript; and to Mr. Edwin Markham, the Editor of this Series, for expert suggestions and criticisms.

A. R.

Manhattan, Kansas,
September 1, 1916.

Acknowledgments

Thanks are due to the following publishers and authors for permission to use the copyrighted selections from the volumes indicated below:—

To Messrs. Bobbs-Merrill Company for "Granny's Come to Our House" from "Rhymes of Childhood," by James Whitcomb Riley.

To Charles Scribner's Sons for "The Land of Story Books" from "A Child's Garden of Verse," by Robert Louis Stevenson; "Rock-a-By Lady" from "Lullaby Land," by Eugene Field.

To G. P. Putnam's Sons for the extract from "The Winning of the West," by Theodore Roosevelt; and to these publishers also for the selection from Noah Brooks' "Life of Lincoln," taken from "Historic Boys," by E. S. Brooks.

To Messrs. Little, Brown & Company for "The Buffalo Hunt," taken from "The Oregon Trail," by Francis Parkman.

To Messrs. D. C. Heath and Company and Miss Edith Horton for "Joan of Arc" from "A Group of Famous Women."

To Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Company for "Joseph the Dreamer" from the "Story Bible," by Margaret E. Sangster.

To Messrs. A. Flanagan Company for "How the Robin's Breast Became Red" from Cook's "Nature Myths and Stories."

To Dr. Lyman Abbott for "The Code Barbarian" by Jacob Abbott, published in "Reminiscences," in "The Outlook," July 25, 1915.

To Agnes McClelland Daulton for "The Nest-Builders' Convention," from "Wings and Stings."

To Professor Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley College, for "America the Beautiful."

To the American Baptist Publication Society for the selection from "Beautiful Joe."

To Edwin Markham for the selections from his "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems."

To Mr. W. Laurence Chittenden for the use of his poem, "The Ranchman's Ride," from his volume of "Ranch Verses," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

To Messrs. Sherman, French & Company for "The Mockbird Matinee," by Hilton R. Greer, taken from his book, "A Prairie Prayer and Other Poems."

To Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company for "Mr. Rabbit Takes Some Exercise" from "Nights with Uncle Remus" by Joel Chandler Harris.

To Messrs. Atkinson, Mentzer & Company for the use of "Jenny Wren," taken from Miss Brigham's "Little Folks' Land."

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CHAPTER I

THE NURSERY

Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson have done much to help me feel that one can shape life best by trying to build up a strong and noble character through good books, and wise people's society, and by taking an interest in all the reforms that help the world.—*Louisa M. Alcott.*



HAPPY is the boy or girl who comes in contact with the right book at the right time; indeed fortunate is that boy or girl! But how is this happy meeting to be brought about? Who are to assist the little folk in the realization of this delightful fortune? Dear parents, did I hear you answer, "The teachers at school will attend to that"; or, "The city librarian will give them all the assistance they need"? Much as we may depend upon these faithful helpers for the guidance of our children in the realms of literature, still it is not to these alone that the little folk should look for bringing them these delights. It is not fair that the children be compelled to wait until they are of school age; one cannot begin too early to cultivate a love for good literature and through that a love of right-doing. So it is to you, fathers and mothers, that we would appeal in behalf of the wee lads and lassies under school age.

Early Intro-
duction to
Literature
Desirable

The little folk whose mothers do not sing them songs or nursery rhymes, or whose fathers do not tell them stories, are indeed to be pitied; for they are being deprived of the best means for their mental and moral growth, as well as of an immense amount of happiness.

Duty of
Parents

And not only is it a loss to the children, it is also a loss to you, parents, as well; for you are depriving yourselves of the best opportunity to endear yourselves to your children and to engender that respect and affection that is inspired, as nowhere else, at the fireside story hour. It is true that you have little time to prepare yourselves for this duty; and that is why we who have more time and a better opportunity, are bringing this book to you to help you make a wise choice for your children's reading.

In selecting literature for children, we must bear in mind two important considerations: namely, the nature of the child mind and the effect of literature upon the mind.

The child's mind is so constituted that he must begin with the simplest forms of literature; the nursery rhymes and the lullabies that all good mothers sing their little ones; then the fables and folk tales in which the animals do the talking; and a little later the fairy tales which carry a world of truth and fancy. But in time he outgrows the fairy lore; and the strong, virile heroes of the Old Testament and the bold, brave heroes of both legendary and ancient history, delight him. These in turn are supplanted by the real heroes of his own country or by the stories of boy and girl life of his own time. It is this natural law of development that we must follow if we would choose wisely.

The problem before us then is to select from the mass of children's literature that which will best aid the boys and girls in developing strong, manly and womanly characters, inspiring them to be honest, brave, true, loyal, helpful, sympathetic, industrious, and which will foster high ideals of life and conduct.

The parent who declares, "My children shall have only the literature of fact—no fiction, no fable, no fairy tale," is making a grave mistake. Robert Louis Stevenson understood the child mind and heart when he wrote:

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS*

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit,
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.
Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.
There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.
These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.
I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.
So, when my nurse comes for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks,
At my dear land of story books.

What a delightful land in which to live provided the stories are fitted to child life! A big, stalwart young man once said to me, when we were discussing the subject of fairy stories in class, "Well, I have two little nephews, and if I can prevent it, they shall never hear those senseless lies called fairy tales!" Poor, ignorant young man! he did not know that he was keeping those same youngsters out of their very own land, the land of dreams and play and make-believe.

The "Land of
Make-believe"

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Stevenson's poem just quoted calls to mind an instance in the life of the poet Coleridge which illustrates this same effect of reading upon the child mind. His biographer tells us that Coleridge when a lad of eight years of age was sent to a charity school in London. One day while passing along the street swinging his arms, he collided with an elderly gentleman, who taking him for a pickpocket, collared the lad; but when Coleridge explained that he was playing he was Leander swimming the Hellespont, the old gentleman was so pleased with the youthful prodigy that he immediately purchased for him a ticket to a circulating library. That was very fine, of course, but the story further illustrates the need of guidance for young folk; for the biographer goes on to relate that the lad read all the books in the library from beginning to end, encyclopedias, dictionaries, histories, philosophies, and what not, without stopping to consider that he might make a choice. The child had not yet developed the power of discrimination, and there seemed nothing else to do but to read all the books.

Coleridge's
Experiences

To the mothers and fathers, then, who wish assistance in choosing literature for the story hour at home, we would say: First, choose those poems and tales that give pleasure; second, those that awaken the imagination; and third, those that develop the human sympathies. Having chosen the list with care, the next consideration is how these stories may be given. It will require some sacrifice on the part of the elder folk to bring these stories to the little ones. Songs and nursery jingles must be recited from memory. Other tales, such as Kipling's "Just-So Stories," should be read word for word as written; but others still, such as fairy tales and fables and Bible stories, may be retold in the parent's own words. In any case, they should be given in such a way that they will lose none of their charm, so that when the children learn to read, they will delight in these stories even more than when they first heard them.

How to Tell
Stories

A wonderful aid in interesting very small children in stories is the picture book. We have included, in the bibliography at the end of this chapter, a list of these books from which a desirable selection may be made.

In the selections that we have chosen for this chapter we have kept in mind the nursery only, and have selected those poems and tales that will delight as well as inspire right thoughts and emotions.

For the
Nursery

Mother's Songs

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father keepeth the sheep;
Thy mother shaketh the dreamland tree,
And down falls a sweet little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The heavens are full of sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess;
And the gentle moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loveth His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—*Anonymous.*

OLD GAELIC LULLABY

Hush! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep—
On they come, on they come!

Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.

—*Anonymous.*

LULLABY

Come hither, little restless one,
'Tis time to shut your eyes;
The sun behind the hills has gone,
The stars are in the skies.

See, one by one they show their light—
How clear and bright they look!
Just like the fireflies in the night,
That shine beside the brook.

You do not hear the robins sing—
They're snug within their nest;
And sheltered by their mother's wing,
The little chickens rest.

The dog, he will not frolic now,
But to his kennel creeps;
The turkeys climb upon the bough,
And e'en the kitten sleeps.

The very violets in their bed
Fold up their eyelids blue;
And you, my flower, must droop your head,
And close your eyelids, too.

Then join your little hands and pray
To God, who made the light,
To keep you holy all the day
And guard you through the night.

—*Anonymous.*



PUSSY.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY*

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a big sugar plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come,
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of these wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging.

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

—*Eugene Field.*

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

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Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon;
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
 —*Alfred Tennyson.*

In these lullabies note the repetition of words and phrases, and observe further that this is an important quality in children's literature. You cannot hold interest and attention without it. Note, too, how wisely the words are chosen with reference to the baby's own vocabulary: "Mother," "brother," "sister," "baby," "cows," "sheep," "wind." In the lullabies by Eugene Field, you will observe a reference to a larger experience in childhood, involving a wider vocabulary: "Poppies," "sugar plums," "popguns," "dollies," "moonbeams," "dreams"; a greater appeal to the imagination is made.

Nursery Rhymes

Someone has called Mother Goose the Poet Laureate of childhood. Indeed, we find in these simple rhymes that which will serve very delightful and useful purposes. They stimulate and satisfy the child's desire for rhythmic measure and they teach moral conduct.

The appeals in Mother Goose are many and varied. Take the first, "Wee Willie Winkle," which appeals to the sense of orderly conduct, touching that most contested question of childhood, "When must I go to bed?"

Wee Willie Winkle runs through the town,
 Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
 Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
 "Are the children in their beds, for now it's eight
 o'clock?"

Need of
 Repetition

Mother Goose

Kindness becomes something more than a mere abstract idea in the following:

Kind hearts are gardens,
Kind thoughts are roots,
Kind words are blossoms,
Kind deeds are fruits.

Other rhymes are purely nonsensical, while still others satisfy the dramatic instinct. In the questions and answers given below we feel that the "little girl," and "Mistress Mary" and all the others are talking "in character," as we say in story-telling.

Nonsensical
and Dramatic
Rhymes

"Little girl, little girl, where have you been?"
"Gathering roses to give to the queen."
"Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?"
"She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe."

* * *

"Mistress Mary quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"
"With cockle-shells, and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row."

* * *

"Come, let's to bed," says Sleepyhead;
"Tarry awhile," says Slow;
"Put on the pan," says Greedy Man;
"Let's sup before we go."

* * *

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
"Where's the little boy that tends the sheep?"
"He's under the haystack, fast asleep."

This last rhyme and the one following show that when little boys and little girls forget their duty, something always goes wrong. They give the little tots a hint at the meaning of "responsibility."

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep
And can't tell where to find them;
Let them alone and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeing.

Then, up, up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her
heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind them.

Nothing appeals more strongly to children than "playing school," and the great event in each little life is that far-distant day that is so slow in coming—the first day of school. The carrying over of this idea to the carefully taught "froggies" appeals to the imagination as no formal lesson on obedience could possibly do.

"Playing
School"

TWENTY FROGGIES

Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool,
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.

We must be in time, said they,
First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school.

Master Bull-frog, brave and stern,
Called his classes in their turn,
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Also how to leap and dive;

Taught them how to dodge a blow,
 From the sticks that bad boys throw.
 Twenty froggies grew up fast,
 Bull-frogs they became at last;

Polished to a high degree,
 As each froggie ought to be.
 Now they sit on other logs,
 Teaching other little frogs.

—*George Cooper.*

WEATHER SONG

When the weather is wet,
 We must not fret,—
 When the weather is warm,
 We must not storm,—
 But be thankful together,
 Whatever the weather.

Fables

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A Lion was awakened from sleep by a Mouse running over his face. Rising up in anger, he caught him and was about to kill him, when the Mouse piteously entreated, saying: "If you would only spare my life, I would be sure to repay your kindness." The Lion laughed and let him go. It happened shortly after this that the Lion was caught by some hunters who bound him by strong ropes to the ground. The Mouse, recognizing his roar, came up and gnawed the rope with his teeth, and, setting him free, exclaimed: "You ridiculed the idea of my ever being able to help you, not expecting to receive from me any repayment of your favor; but now you know that it is possible for even a Mouse to confer benefits on a Lion."

The Mouse
 Saves the Lion

No one is too weak to do good.

—*Æsop's Fables.*

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

A Fox, having fallen into a well, could find no means of escape. A Goat, overcome with thirst, came to the well and, seeing the Fox, inquired if the water was good. The Fox, concealing his sad plight under a merry guise, indulged in lavish praise of the water, saying it was beyond measure excellent, and encouraged him to descend. The Goat, mindful only of his thirst, did so, whereupon the Fox informed him of the difficulty they were both in, and suggested a scheme for their common escape. "If," said he, "you will place your forefeet upon the wall, and bend your head, I will run up your back and escape and will help you out." On the Goat readily assenting to this proposal, the Fox leaped upon his back, and steadying himself with the Goat's horns, reached in safety the mouth of the well, and immediately made off as fast as he could. The Goat upbraided him with the breach of his bargain, when he turned round and cried out: "You foolish fellow! If you had as many brains in your head as you have hairs in your beard, you would never have gone down before you had inspected the way up, nor exposed yourself to dangers from which you had determined upon no means of escape!"

Look before you leap.

THE GOATHERD AND THE GOATS

It was a stormy day and the snow was falling fast, when a Goatherd drove his goats, all white with snow, into a desert cave for shelter. There he found that a herd of Wild Goats, more numerous and larger than his own, had already taken possession. So, thinking to secure them all, he left his own goats to take care of themselves and threw the branches which he had brought for them to the Wild Goats to browse on. But when the weather had cleared up, he found that his own goats had died of hunger, while the Wild Goats were off and away

The Goat Is
Incautious

The Goatherd
Is Unfaithful

to the hills and woods. So the Goatherd returned a laughingstock to his neighbors, having failed to gain the Wild Goats, and having lost his own.

They who neglect their old friends for the sake of new ones, are rightly served if they lose both.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SHEEP

A Shepherd, driving his Sheep to a wood, saw an oak of unusual size, full of acorns, and, spreading his cloak under the branches, he climbed up into the tree and shook down the acorns. The Sheep, eating the acorns, frayed and tore his cloak. The Shepherd coming down, and seeing what was done, said: "O you most ungrateful creatures! You provide wool to make garments for all other men, but you destroy the clothes of him who feeds you."

**The Sheep Are
Ungrateful**

The basest ingratitude is that which injures those who serve us.

Folk Tales

SILVER-LOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

A long time ago, in a far-off country, there were Three Bears who lived together in a snug little house of their own, deep in the woods.

One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear, and one was a Middle-Sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Big, Huge Bear.

Their house was in a lonely place, but they had all the porridge they could eat and were always very happy. Each had a bowl for his own porridge: A little bowl for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized bowl for the Middle-Sized Bear, and a great bowl for the Great, Big, Huge Bear.

**The Home
of the Bears**

And each had a chair to sit in: A little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized chair for the Middle-Sized Bear, and a great chair for the Great, Big, Huge Bear.

And each had a bed to sleep in: A little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle-Sized Bear, and a great bed for the Great, Big, Huge Bear.

One morning, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast and poured it out into the porridge pots, they walked out into the woods while the porridge was cooling that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it.

Lively
Silver-Locks

And while they were walking, a little girl who was called Silver-Locks, because her curly hair shone like silver in the sun, came to the house.

She was a lively little girl and so restless that she could hardly stay at home, and whenever it was possible she ran away without leave.

When she came to the Bears' house in the woods, she first peeped in at the window; then she peeped in at the keyhole, and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch.

The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good bears who did nobody any harm and never thought that anybody would harm them; so Silver-Locks opened the door and went in, and there she saw the three bowls of porridge.

She was a sad little scamp, and so she tasted the largest bowl, which belonged to the Great, Big, Huge Bear; but that was too hot for her.

She Visits the
Bears' Home

Then she tasted the middle-sized bowl, which belonged to the Middle-Sized Bear; and that was too cold for her. Then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear and tasted that, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well that she ate it all.

Then she went into the parlor, and there were three chairs.

She tried the biggest chair, which belonged to the Great, Big, Huge Bear; and she found it too high.

Then she tried the middle-sized chair which belonged to the Middle-Sized Bear; and she found it too broad.

Then she sat down in the little chair which belonged to the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and she found it just right, neither too high nor too broad. But she sat in it so hard that the bottom came out and she fell with a bump to the ground.

Silver-Locks
Tries All the
Chairs

By this time little Silver-Locks was very tired, so she crept upstairs to the bedchamber, where the three Bears slept.

At first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Big, Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her.

Then she lay down upon the bed of the Middle-Sized Bear; but that was too low at the foot for her.

Then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was neither too high at the head nor too low at the foot, but just right; so she covered herself up and lay there till she was fast asleep.

She Falls
Asleep

While little Silver-Locks was lying there fast asleep, the Three Bears thought their porridge had cooled enough, so they came in to eat their breakfast.

They came right into the kitchen to get their porridge; but when the Great, Big, Huge Bear went to his bowl, he growled out in his great, rough, gruff voice:

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!”

When the Middle-Sized Bear looked into his porridge bowl, he cried out in his middle-sized voice:

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!”

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his porridge bowl and found the porridge all gone, so he piped out in his little, small, wee voice:

The Wee
Bear's Porridge

“*Somebody has been at my porridge and has eaten it all up!*”

Then the Three Bears began to look about them. They went into the parlor where little Silver-Locks had sat in the chairs.

Now she had forgotten to put the cushions straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Big, Huge Bear.

Then the Great, Big, Huge Bear growled out in his great, rough, gruff voice:

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!”

Then the Middle-Sized Bear cried out in his middle-sized voice:

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!”

And the Little, Small, Wee Bear piped out in his little, small, wee voice:

“Somebody has been sitting in my chair and has broken it all to pieces!”

Then the Three Bears went upstairs into their bed-chamber.

There the Great, Big, Huge Bear growled out in his great, rough, gruff voice:

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!”

And the Middle-Sized Bear, in his middle-sized voice, cried out:

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!”

And the Little, Small, Wee Bear piped out in his little, small, wee voice:

“Somebody has been lying in my bed—and here she is!”

Little Silver-Locks had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Big, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the rumbling of thunder.

She had heard in her sleep the Middle-Sized Bear; but it was all as if she had heard someone speaking in a dream.

But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that it awakened her at once.

Up she started and when she saw the Three Bears on

The Wee
Bear's Chair

The Bears
Discover the
Intruder

one side of the bed, she quickly tumbled herself out on the other.

Then the Great, Big, Huge Bear said in his great, rough, gruff voice:

“LET’S EAT HER!”

And the Middle-Sized Bear cried out in his middle-sized voice:

“LET’S EAT HER!”

But the Little, Small, Wee Bear piped out in his little, small, wee voice:

“*No, no; let’s kiss her and send her home!*”

While they were talking, Silver-Locks, without waiting to hear what they decided to do, jumped out of the low window and ran off home as fast as her feet would carry her.

Silver-Locks
Escapes

In telling stories to children I think it wise to avoid, as much as possible, blood-curdling tales like “Blue Beard,” and to keep before them those that are full of fun and cheer. There are a few, however, like “Little Red-Riding-Hood” and “Jack the Giant-Killer,” that hold a charm for them, with no undesirable effects. I have devoted a later chapter to the subject of fairy stories, especially those stories for children who are beginning to read for themselves.

The stories of both Little Silver-Locks and Little Red-Riding-Hood may be classed as folk tales rather than fairy tales, since fairies do not have a part in them, but animals do the talking and acting. Kipling’s “Just-So Stories” and Harris’s “Nights with Uncle Remus,” belong to the same stage in the child’s development. They have the wonder element in regard to the animal world, presented from the child’s point of view. The stories of Uncle Remus are especially attractive to children under seven. It is true they are negro dialect stories and might be objected to on that account. That, however,

Difference
Between Folk
Tales and
Fairy Tales

does not detract from the pleasure of the little folk, nor does it affect their use of English, for all of the time they assume the position of the little boy who is being entertained by Uncle Remus, and the negro story-teller is as curious and wonderful to them as "Brer Rabbit" and "Brer Coon." We include one story from Uncle Remus. It should be told to the children as nearly like the original as possible.

BROTHER RABBIT TAKES SOME EXERCISE.*

Uncle Remus
and the Little
Boy

One night while the little boy was sitting in Uncle Remus's cabin, waiting for the old man to finish his hoe cake, and refresh his memory as to the further adventures of Brother Rabbit, his friends and his enemies, something dropped upon the top of the house with a noise like the crack of a pistol. The little boy jumped, but Uncle Remus looked up and exclaimed "Ah-yi!" in a tone of triumph.

"What was that, Uncle Remus?" the child asked, after waiting a moment to see what else would happen.

"News from Jack Fros', honey. W'en dat hick'y nut tree out dar year 'im comin' she gins ter drop w'at she got. I mighty glad," he continued, scraping the burnt crust from his hoe-cake, with an old case-knife. "I mighty glad hick'y nuts ain't big en heavy ez grine-stones."

He waited a moment to see what effect this queer statement would have on the child.

News From
Jack Frost

"Yasser, I mighty glad—dat I is. 'Kase ef hick'y nuts 'uz big ez grinstones dish yer ole callyboose 'ud be a-leakin' long fo' Christmas."

Just then another hickory nut dropped upon the roof, and the little boy jumped again. This seemed to amuse Uncle Remus, and he laughed until he was near to choking himself with his smoking hoe-cake.

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"You does des 'zackly lak ole Brer Rabbit done, I 'clar' to gracious ef you don't!" the old man cried, as soon as he could get his breath, "des 'zackly fer de worl'."

The child was immensely flattered, and at once he wanted to know how Brother Rabbit did. Uncle Remus was in such a good humor that he needed no coaxing. He pushed his spectacles back on his forehead, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and began:

"Hit come 'bout dat soon one mawnin' to des de fall er de year, Brer Rabbit wuz stirrin' 'roun' in de woods atter some bergamot fer ter make 'im some h'ar-grease. De win' blow so col' dat it make 'im feel right frisky; 'en eve'y time he year the bushes rattle he make lak he skeerd. He 'uz gwine on dis away, hoppity, skippity, w'en bimeby he year Mr. Man cuttin' on a tree way off in de woods. He fotch up, Brer Rabbit did, en lissen fus wid one year en den wid yuther.

Brer Rabbit
Starts on an
Adventure

"Man, he cut en cut, en Brer Rabbit, he lissen en lissen. Bimeby, w'iles all dis 'uz gwine on, down come de tree kubber-lang-bang-blam! Brer Rabbit, he tuck'n jump des lak you jump, en let 'lone dat, he make a break, he did, en he lipt out fum dat lak de dogs wuz atter 'im."

Brer Rabbit
Hears Mr. Man
Cut Tree Down

"Was he scared, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Skeered! Who? Him? Shoo! don't you fret yo'se'f 'bout Brer Rabbit, honey. In dem days dey want nothin' gwine to skeer Brer Rabbit. Tooby sho', he tuck keer hisse'f, en ef you know de man w'at 'fuse ter take keer hisse'f, I lak mighty well ef you pint 'im out. Deed'n dat I would!"

Uncle Remus seemed to boil over with argumentative indignation.

"Well, den," he continued, "Brer Rabbit run twel he git sorter het up like, en des 'bout de time he makin' ready fer ter squat en ketch he win', who should he meet but Brer Coon gwine home atter settin' wid old

Brer Coon

Brer Bull-Frog. Brer Coon see 'im runnin', en he hail 'im.

" 'W'ut yo' hurry, Brer Rabbit? "

" 'Ain't got time to tarry! "

" 'Folks sick? "

" 'No, my Lord! Ain't got time to tarry! "

" 'Tryin' yo' soopleness? "

" 'No, my Lord! Ain't got time to tarry! "

" 'Do, pray, Brer Rabbit, tell me de news! "

" 'Mighty big fuss back dar in de woods. Ain't got time to tarry! "

Brer Wolf and
Brer B'ar

" 'Dis make Brer Coon feel mighty skittish, 'kaze he fur ways frome, en he des lipt out, he did, and went a bilin' thoo de woods. Brer Coon ain't gone fur twel he meet Brer Wolf.

" 'Hey, Brer Coon, whar you gwine? "

" 'Ain't got time to tarry! "

" 'Gwine at de doctor? "

" 'No, my Lord! Ain't got time to tarry. "

" 'Do, pray, Brer Coon, tell me de news. "

" 'Mighty quare racket back dar in de woods. Ain't got time to tarry! "

" 'Wid dat, Brer Wolf hisse'f loose fum de face er de yeth, en he ain't git fur twel he meet Brer B'ar, Brer B'ar he ax, en 'en Brer Wolf make ans'er, en bimeby Brer B'ar he fotch a snort en run'd off; en bless gracious! 'twan't long 'fore de last one er de creeturs wuz a-skaddlin' thoo de woods lak de Ole Boy was atter um—en all 'kaze Brer Rabbit year Mr. Man cut tree down.

Brer Tarrypin
Not to Be
Frightened

" 'Dey run'd en dey run'd, " Uncle Remus went on, " 'twel dey come ter Brer Tarrypin's house, en dey sorter slack up 'kaze dey done mighty 'nigh los' der win'. Brer Tarrypin, he up'n ax w'at she soun' lak. One say he dunno, n'er say he dunno, den dey all say dey dunno. Den Brer Tarrypin he up'n ax who year dis monstus racket. One say he dunno, n'er say he

dunno, den dey all say dey dunno. Dis make ole Brer Tarrypin laff way down in he insides, en he up'n say, sezee:

“‘You all kin run 'long ef you feel skittish,’ sezee. ‘Atter I cook my brekfus en wash up de dishes, ef I gits win’ er any ’spicious racket, maybe I mought take down my pairsol en foller attter you,’ sezee.

“‘W'en the creeturs come ter make inquirements 'munge one er ne'r 'bout who start de news, hit went right spang back to Brer Rabbit, but lo en beholes! Brer Rabbit ain't dar, en it tu'n out dat Brer Coon is de man w'at seed 'im las'. Den dey got ter layin' de blame un it on one er n'er, en little mo' en dey'd fit dar scan'lous, but ole Brer Tarrypin he up'n 'low dat ef dey want ter git de straight un it, dey better go see Brer Rabbit.

All Visit
Brer Rabbit
and Demand
the Truth

“‘All de creeturs wuz 'gree'ble, en dey put out ter Brer Rabbit house. W'en dey git thar, Brer Rabbit wuz a-settin' cross-legged in de front po'ch, winkin' he eye at de sun. Brer B'ar, he speak up:

“‘W'at make you fool me, Brer Rabbit?’

“‘Fool who, Brer B'ar?’

“‘Me, Brer Rabbit.’

“‘Dish yer fus' time I seed you dis day, Brer B'ar, en you er mo' dan willcome ter day.’

“‘Dey all ax 'im en git de same ans'er, en den Brer Coon put in:

“‘W'at make you fool me, Brer Rabbit?’

“‘Dey sholy wuz a big racket, Brer Coon.’

“‘W'at kinder racket, Brer Rabbit?’

“‘Ah-yi! You oughter ax me dat fus', Brer Coon.’

“‘I axes you now, Brer Rabbit.’

“‘Mr. Man cut tree down, Brer Coon.’

“‘Co'se dis make Brer Coon feel like a natchl-bo'n Slink, en 'twan't long 'fo' all de creeturs make der bow ter Brer Rabbit en mozey off home.’”

Brer Rabbit
Has the Laugh
on Them All

“‘Brother Rabbit had the best of it all along,’ said

the little boy, after waiting to see whether there was a sequel to the story.

"Oh, he did dat away!" exclaimed Uncle Remus.
 "Brer Rabbit was a mighty man in dem days."

—From "*Nights with Uncle Remus*"
 by Joel Chandler Harris.

Book List*

Age: From Two to Eight.

I. Picture Books.

Mother Goose. Illustrated with silhouettes by
 K. G. Buffam.

Goops and How Not To Be Them, Gelett Burgess.

The Walter Crane Picture Books:

The Baby's Opera

The Fairy Ship

The Farm Book, E. B. Smith.

II. Linen Picture Books.

Big Animal Picture Book

Doings of Kris Kringle

Our Farmyard

Overall Boys

Banbury Cross Stories. Illustrated by Frank
 Ward Howard.

III. Stories and Rhymes.

Æsop's Fables—Retold in words of one syllable
 by Mary Godalphin.

The Story of Little Black Sambo, Helen Ban-
 nerman.

Kindergarten Bible Stories, Laura E. Cragin.

Lullaby-Land, Eugene Field. Illustrated by
 Maxfield Parrish.

*Any of the books named in this Book List may be obtained through
 the Publishers of the "Foundation Stones" Series.

Stories and Rhymes—*Continued.*

Just-So Stories, Rudyard Kipling.

Water Babies, Charles Kingsley.

Child's Garden of Verses, Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Sandman: His Ship Stories, Hopkins. Bedtime stories for children.

Pinafore Palace, Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Joan of Arc, Boutet de Monvell. A beautiful picture book.

Fables and Folk Tales, H. E. Scudder.

Nights with Uncle Remus,

Little Mr. Thimblefinger and

His Queer Country,

} Joel Chandler
Harris.

Five-Minute Stories, Laura E. Richards.

Tommy Trot's Visit to Santa Claus, Thomas Nelson Page.

Old Mother West Wind, Thornton Waldo Burgess.

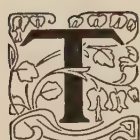
Rhymes of Childhood, James Whitcomb Riley.

CHAPTER II

PLAY

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places,
That is how in ancient ages
Children grew to Kings and Sages.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



THE association of literature with playtime is the best possible ideal for very little folk. If their play is largely directed through simple stories, poems and songs, the lessons that they are expected to learn from this source will be all the more effective. What play, for instance, could be more wholesome than that suggested by the first poem quoted, "The Land of Story Books"?

Play Directed
Through
Stories

The little book, entitled, "When Mother Lets Us Act," by S. G. S. Perry, gives many suggestions for helping the children carry out this idea. But as a matter of fact, normal children do not need many suggestions; for their imaginations instinctively lead them to "play" the stories that they have read or heard.

Teach Virtue
by Stories

Wisely directed play, however, is desirable, for it is through this means that children are taught the very important virtues, which they cannot begin too young to learn. They learn to be unselfish, self-forgetful, kind, and sweet-tempered, while they are acting the good or bad characters of their favorite stories. Hawthorne understood this well. When he wrote the "Wonder Book" (a book which no home should be without), he conceived the idea of telling these stories to a certain group of children and then noting the effect upon each in turn. The following extract is from the "Tanglewood Play-Room" just after Eustace has finished telling the story of "The



"A MOSSY SEAT IN A DIM AND COOL RETREAT."

Children's Paradise," in which naughty Pandora opens the box and lets out all the Troubles upon the world:

[From the "Wonder Book"]

"Primrose," asked Eustace, pinching her ear, "how do you like my little Pandora? Don't you think her the exact picture of yourself? But you would not have hesitated half so long about opening the box."

"Then I should have been well punished for my naughtiness," retorted Primrose smartly, "for the first thing to pop out, after the lid was lifted, would have been Mr. Eustace Bright in the shape of a Trouble."

Pandora's Box
of Troubles

"Cousin Eustace," said Sweet Fern, "did the box hold all the trouble that has ever come into the world?"

"Every mite of it!" answered Eustace. "This very snow-storm which has spoiled my skating, was packed up there!"

"And how big was the box?" asked Sweet Fern.

"Why, perhaps three feet long," said Eustace, "two feet wide, and two feet and a half high."

"Ah," said the Child, "you are making fun of me, Cousin Eustace! I know there is not trouble enough in the world to fill such a great box as that. As for the snow-storm it is no trouble at all, but a pleasure; so it could not have been in the box."

"Hear the Child!" cried Primrose, with an air of superiority, "how little he knows about the troubles of this world! Poor fellow! He will be wiser when he has seen as much of life as I have." So saying she began to skip the rope.

Meantime the day was drawing toward its close. Out of doors the scene certainly looked dreary. There was a gray drift, far and wide, through the gathering twilight; the earth was as pathless as the air; and the bank of snow over the steps of the porch proved that nobody had entered or gone out for a good many hours past. Had there been only one child at the window of Tanglewood,

Games and
Stories
Brighten Dull
Days

gazing at this wintry prospect, it would perhaps have made him sad. But half a dozen children together, though they cannot quite turn the world into a paradise, may defy old Winter and all his storms to put them out of spirits. Eustace Bright, moreover, on the spur of the moment, invented several new games, which kept them all in a roar of merriment till bedtime, and served for the next stormy day besides.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

The following poem is included because it is in harmony with Hawthorne's idea, and especially because it illustrates that mother-sympathy with child life so much to be desired in a real home:

Mother-
sympathy in
Play Illustrated

RAINY DAY PLAY

Sometimes there comes a rainy day,
When I can't go outside to play,
And Mother says, "Let's see;
I think, my dear, we'll play that you
Are quite a grown-up lady, too,
Who's come to visit me!"

Then I'm so glad she wants to play,
I just say "Goody!" and away
I go to primp and dress;
And when I'm walkin' on my toes
Inside of mother's grown-up clothes,
I'm almost grown, I guess.

First thing, I knock upon the door
And she comes tripping 'cross the floor,
A-calling out, "Come in!"
But when she sees who's standing there,
She laughs, "Well now, I do declare,
It's Mrs. Fanny Finn!"

We talk about the weather some,
 Of baby's pudgy thumb,
 And then of this and that;
 Until at noon she says, "Now stay
 To luncheon, for I've cake today."
 And I take off my hat.

And when we've lunched and washed the things,
 She says, "Are you the Finn who sings?"
 At first I answer, "No,"
 But finally I sing and play
 And then look at my watch and say,
 "I certainly must go!"

Then when I beg, "Now do come soon!"
 She says, "The first wet afternoon
 I will return your call!"
 Oh, it's just fine when mother plays,
 I love those quiet, rainy days
 The very best of all.

—*Harvey Peake.*

The game of playing "grown up" gives the greatest Playing
Grown Up
 pleasure to the little folk. The delights of "keeping
 store" are suggested in the following little poem:

KEEPING STORE

We have bags and bags of whitest down
 Out of the milk-weed pods;
 We have purple asters in lovely heaps,
 And stacks of golden-rods.

We have needles out of the sweet pine woods
 And spools of cob-web thread;
 We have bachelor's buttons for dolly's dress
 And hollyhock caps for her head.

—*Mary F. Butts.*

In his earliest years the child's play is individualistic. He depends much upon himself and his own imagination for amusement. His point of view at that time is aptly expressed by Robert Louis Stevenson in "The Swing" and "The Hay-loft." But as the child grows older his instincts lead him to play games, and hence he must have companions. "The more, the merrier" becomes his watchword. In playing games he learns to adjust himself to the dispositions and wishes of his comrades. It is much more difficult for some children to do this than for others, some really learning to fight before they learn to play. To the average child, however, the process of adjustment is an easy and natural one, as educational in value as the process of learning to work. The following poem expresses the utmost harmony and happiness of a crowd of children in the enjoyment of one of the liveliest and healthiest of all winter sports—sleigh-riding:

SLEIGH SONG

Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh;
As it swiftly scuds along,
Hear the burst of happy song,
See the gleam of glances bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white.
Jingle, jingle, past it flies,
Sending shafts of hooded eyes—
Roguish archers, I'll be bound,
Little heeding whom they wound;
See them, with capricious pranks,
Ploughing now the drifted banks;
Jingle, jingle, mid the glee
Who among them cares for me?

Jingle, jingle, on they go,
Capes and bonnets white with snow;
Not a single robe they fold

To protect them from the cold;
Jingle, jingle, mid the storm,
Fun and frolic keep them warm;
Jingle, jingle, down the hills,
O'er the meadows, past the mills,
Now 'tis slow and now 'tis fast;
Winter will not always last;
Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

—*G. W. Pettee.*

THE PRETTIEST GIRL

We had such fun on Valentine's Day
With the little girls who live over the way!
Teddy and I and Jed and Joe
Picked out the prettiest girls, you know,
And wrote in things about "violets blue,
And sugar is sweet and so are you,"
And only that Bobby said it was mean,
I wanted to write, "the grass is green,
And so are you," and send it out
To a girl we fellows don't care about.

But Bobby, he's queer, and doesn't go
For fun, like the rest of the chaps, you know.
Why, who do you think he chose to be
His Valentine? Now if I'd been he,
I'd rather have chosen—never mind;
I'll tell you about it, and you will find
That if ever you want a fellow that's queer
You'll get him in Bobby, never you fear.

You see, we boys had all picked out,
As I told you, the prettiest girls about;
But Bob, he said, there was not a girl
As pretty as his, and there wasn't a curl
On any girl's head that could half compare
With his chosen Valentine's wavy hair;

And he said her eyes were a whole lot bluer
Than any skies, and double the truer,
And that he was going to be her knight,
And take care of her always with main and might.

He wouldn't tell us his Valentine's name
Till the regular day of valentines came,
Then Bob, he told us to come ahead,
And he'd prove the truth of all he had said.
And where do you think he took us boys—
Hushing us up at the leastest noise,
And making us promise not to laugh,
Nor quiz him, nor give him any chaff?

Why, he opened Grandmamma's door: "See,
there!"

He said. It was Grandmamma, I declare!—
Grandmamma sitting and knitting away,
Sweet Grandmamma with her hair so gray,
Lying all soft on her forehead in curls
Just as pretty as any girl's.
And I had never noticed before how blue
Were Grandmamma's eyes—it was really true,
As Bobby had said, that there never were skies
One bit bluer than Grandmamma's eyes.
So she was his Valentine, he was her knight,
And somehow we all thought that Bobby was right,
When he kissed her hand, and cried in glee,
"Dear Grandma's the prettiest girl, you see;
Of course I chose her instead of Mamma,
For she, you know, belongs to Papa.
But Grandpa's in heaven, and so I knew
That Grandma must be my Valentine true."

—*Anonymous.*

Almost as soon as children learn to play conventional games, they begin to invent games of their own. These

games are drawn largely from their reading, or from the stories that have been told to them by mothers and teachers. Among the many dramatic stories that may be played from memory are "The Servant of All," "What Was Her Name?" "Hans, the Shepherd Boy," and sketches from "Alice in Wonderland." I give the following as particularly adapted to children's play:

Inventing
Games

A MAD TEA PARTY

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it; a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were crowded together at one corner of it. "No room, no room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's plenty of room," said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.

The Tea-table

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all around the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was your table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he said was, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?"

A Riddle With-
out an Answer

"Come, we shall have some fun, now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied, "at least, I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see.'"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like!'"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, which seemed to be talking in its sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe!'"

A Curious
Watch

"It is the same thing with you," said the Hatter, taking a watch out of his pocket, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

"What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice.

"The fourth," said Alice.

"Two days wrong," said the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the best butter!" the March Hare said.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have gotten in as well," the Hatter grumbled; "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloom-

ily; then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again; but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the best butter, you know!"

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"What a funny watch! It tells the day of the month, and it doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does your watch tell what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily; "but that is because it stays the same year for such a long time together." Telling Time
in Wonderland

"Which is just the case with mine," said the Hatter.

"I don't quite understand you," she said.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied; "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers." A Talk About
Time

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting it. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied, "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He

Beating Time

won't stand beating. Now if you only keep on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons; you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner."

"I only wish it was," the March Hare said to himself in a whisper.

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice, thoughtfully; "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter; "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way you manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully.

"Not I," he replied. "We quarreled last March—just before he went mad, you know" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare); "it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:—

'Twinkle, twinkle, little Hat!

How I wonder what you're at!"

You know the song perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:—

'Up above the world you fly

Like a tea-tray in the sky.

Twinkle, twinkle—'"

Here the Dormouse shook itself and began singing in its sleep, "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle," and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mourn-

The Concert of
the Queen of
Hearts

ful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask. It's always six o'clock now."

"Is that the reason so many tea things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh, "it's always tea time and we've no time to wash the things between whiles." Always
Tea-time

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter; "as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning, "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tell us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" and they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened its eyes. "I wasn't asleep," it said in a hoarse, feeble voice. "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," said the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lucie, and Tillie, and they lived at the bottom of a well—" The Dormouse
Tells a Story

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse.

"They couldn't have done that," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "very ill."

Alice tried to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much; so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice very earnestly.

More or Less
Than Nothing

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone; "so I can't take *more*."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter, "it's very easy to take more than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this; so she helped herself to some tea and bread and butter, and then turned to the Dormouse and repeated her question:

"Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly; "I won't interrupt again. I dare say there may be one."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—"

The Treacle
Well

"What did they draw?" asked Alice.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse.

"But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?" asked Alice.

"You can draw water out of a water well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were in the well," Alice said to the Dormouse.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse, "well in."
This answer confused poor Alice.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M."

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes, and was going off into a doze, but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "—that begins with an M, such as muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

A Drawing of
a Muchness

"Really now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear; she got up in great disgust and walked off. The Dormouse fell asleep instantly.

"At any rate, I'll never go there again!" said Alice, "it's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life."

—Lewis Carroll.

It is rather difficult to determine just what books would be most helpful to mothers in directing the play of the little folk, but *Jolly Good Times*, by M. P. Smith, and *When I Was Your Age*, by Laura E. Richards, are both interesting and instructive. *When Mother Lets Us Give a Party*, and *When Mother Lets Us Act*, are almost indispensable in a family of children. *Little Dramas*, by Misses Skinner and Lawrence, is a very clever collection.

The ordinary school "dialogue" is usually unliterary and unattractive, but the *Historical Plays* by Tucker and

Where to Find
Dramatized
Stories

Ryan, and *Patriotic Plays and Pageants* by Mackey, are not ordinary. They suggest right ideals of honor, reverence and patriotism, and are otherwise attractive and pleasing. I have also selected what I consider typical works of the literature of play. Add to this list the poems of Robert Louis Stevenson, Eugene Field, and James Whitcomb Riley, and you have an attractive and valuable collection.

Gaiety, joy, gladness, and pure happiness should be the atmosphere of childhood.

Book List*

Age: From Five to Twelve.

I. Books for Directing Play.

Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends, a Book of Nature Dolls and others.

When Mother Lets Us Give a Party, Elsie Duncan Yale.

When Molly Was Six, E. O. White.

Jolly Good Times, M. P. Smith.

The Dutch Twins,

The Japanese Twins,

The Eskimo Twins,

} Lucy Fitch Perkins.

When I Was Your Age, Laura E. Richards.

Dottie Dimple at Play, Sophie May Lathrop.

The Wonder Book, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Alice in Wonderland, Lewis Carroll.

Nannie's Happy Childhood, Mrs. Caroline Leslie Field.

II. Plays to Act.

When Mother Lets Us Act, Stella G. S. Perry.

Little Women Play, Louisa M. Alcott, Adapted by E. L. Gould.

*Any of the books named in this list may be obtained through the Publishers of the "Foundation Stones" Series.

Plays to Act—*Continued.*

Fairy Tale Plays and How to Act Them, Mrs. Hugh Bell.

The House of Heart and Other Plays for Children. Some for Christmas and One for Thanksgiving Time.

Wild Animal Play, Ernest Thompson Seton.

Little Dramas, Skinner and Lawrence.

Historical Plays—Colonial Days, Tucker and Ryan.

Patriotic Plays and Pageants for Christmas, Constance Darcy Mackey.

N. B.—Every mother should study the chapter on "Play" in "Foundation Stones," Volume III. Miss Sharpe there gives a thorough discussion of the psychology of play in all of its aspects.

CHAPTER III

NATURE LORE

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

—*William Cullen Bryant.*



OTHER NATURE is our oldest teacher, our constant inspiration. To her we turn for aid and light in the great crises of our lives. The mystery of the sea, the wonder of the mountains, the miracle of the oak tree, the glory of the harvest, the sweet charm of varied landscape and woodland, all minister to our souls. None of these things should ever become common to our senses, but should always stir the very depths of our being.

The Charm of
the Nature
Myth

We are familiar with the fact that in the childhood of the world man feared the wonders of Nature. In time, however, he came to adjust himself to her material facts, and that adjustment was followed by a great awakening of the imagination. This in turn gave rise to that endless succession of fables, folk tales, and nature myths that have delighted the world ever since. They continue to delight the children of each generation, because the development of the imagination in the mind of the child follows the same general process as in the mind of primitive man.

But this communion with Nature has done more than delight man; it has been a chief factor in the development of character. It has taught self-restraint, self-denial, patience, endurance, and reverence. Our great literary artists have felt this keenly and have drawn upon Nature



"WHEN MOTHER NATURE LAUGHS."

everywhere in the universe in order to portray for us human character and action. Through nature stories and poems the little folk are taught obedience, promptness, accuracy, kindness, gentleness, justice, close observation, and most important of all, a regard for all forms of life.

A child can never be lonely or unhappy long if he is given the opportunity of examining into the secrets of the great world of living things about him. It is true that most children will voluntarily make collections of the animals and plants that they come in contact with, but unless they are aided by nature stories adapted to the child mind, most of their questions will go unanswered, and they will soon turn their attention to other and less desirable interests.

Powerful Interest of Nature Stories

There will come a time when we can introduce our young people to Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Burns; and we hope they may linger long with John Ruskin, for his descriptions of mountains and clouds and scenery with grand color effects are classic and masterful. The style of these writers, however, makes too great a demand upon the undeveloped thought of the little folk, and we must choose what has been written for them especially.

It is well to begin with stories of the insects, birds, and animals that the picture books of babyhood have portrayed for the children, and especially of those forms of life with which they constantly come in immediate contact. Among the many charming books of this kind is "Little Folks' Land," or "Joe-Boy's Adventures in the Big World." This was written for kindergartners and is meant to bring to the level of the child's mind all the varied relationships of life. The mother who makes use of such a book will come to understand her little ones better, and will be able to realize the difficulties they must encounter and overcome as they are brought more and more into contact with life.

Nature Stories to Begin With

Another book of similar purpose but wholly devoted to nature lore is "Wings and Stings" by Mrs. Agnes Daulton. Her charming little stories of "Gadabouts," "Air Castles and Dugouts," "The Spider's Garden Party," and the "Nest-Builders' Convention," cannot fail to instruct as well as to awaken interest.

Nature Stories
for Older
Children

The "Jungle Books" by Kipling let us into the secrets and show us the point of view of the wild animals of the jungle—the very animals that children of the city see at the "zoo" and that the country boys and girls delight in at the traveling "circus."

The works of Ernest Thompson Seton are to be commended, for they stir up interest and awaken a spirit of investigation. I once knew a group of boys who walked for miles to observe wild animal life of a certain kind in order to verify some of Mr. Seton's statements; happily, in this case, they proved the truth of the author's observations. One source of charm in Mr. Seton's nature stories lies in his ability to make us see similar qualities, both good and bad, in ourselves and in the wild animals of forest and mountain.

The "Bird Books" of Olive Thorne Miller and of John Burroughs are attractive and valuable. A "Bird Guide," giving the names, habits, and descriptions of the birds in one's own locality is indispensable.

The Literature
of Flowers

Children delight in wild flowers, but so often their interest is a passing one because they do not learn the names of the flowers. I remember that in my own childhood I was very familiar with the flowers of poetry, such as buttercups, cowslips, anemones, and daffodils, and was always sorry I could not find these poetic beauties on our own wild prairies. But the daisy, violet, primrose, and wind flower (which I long afterwards learned was the true anemone) made up in part for my inability to discover the others. "How to Know the Wild Flowers," by Mrs. Parsons, is a helpful book in this branch of nature study.

"The Book of Knowledge" is a set of nature books consisting of several volumes. It is almost too expensive for a family library, but it is very attractively written and is considered authentic. I know of one man, a scientist, who has no other nature books for his children to read—and they do read them eagerly whenever the story hour arrives.

Among the fictitious narratives written for the purpose of giving children the point of view of dumb animals, we must mention "Black Beauty," by Anna Sewell, "Beautiful Joe," by Marshall Saunders, "Rab and His Friends," by Dr. John Brown, and "The Blue Goose Chase," by H. K. Job. This kind of nature literature is helpful, but it should not be over-emphasized in a list of nature books.

Fictitious
Stories About
Animals

We have said that in the study of nature lore we learn many useful lessons. In the selections which follow a few of these lessons are incidentally suggested.

The best loved pet of most little folk is the family cat, but often they must be taught to be gentle and kind to her if they would have her gentle and kind with them. The following little poem helps the child to see just how he should treat Pussy.

PUSSY

I like little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm,
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I very gently will play;
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me because I am gentle and good.
I'll pat little Pussy, and then she will purr
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her.
I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claw;
I never will vex her, nor make her displeased,
For Pussy don't like to be worried or teased.

—Jane Taylor.

THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS

The white turkey was dead! The white turkey was dead!

How the news through the barnyard went flying!

Of a mother bereft four little turkeys left,

And their case for assistance was crying.

E'en the peacock respectfully folded his tail,

As a suitable symbol of sorrow,

And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,

Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?

And when evening around them comes dreary and chill,

Who above them will watchfully hover?"

"Two, each night, I will tuck 'neath my wings," said the duck,

"Though eight of my own I must cover!"

"I have so much to do! For the bugs and the worms,

In the garden, 'tis tiresome pickin';

I have nothing to spare—for my own I must care,"

Said the hen with one chicken.

"How I wish," said the goose, "I could be of some use,

For my heart is with love over-brimming;

The next morning that's fine, they shall go with my nine

Little yellow-backed goslings, out swimming!"

"I will do what I can," the old dorking put in,

"Though I have ten of my own that are only half-grown,

And a great deal of trouble to see to.

But those poor little things, they are all heads and wings,

And their bones through their feathers are stickin'!"

"Very hard it may be, but don't come to me!"

Said the hen with one chicken.

"Half my care I suppose nobody knows,—

I'm the most overburdened of mothers!

They must learn, little elves, to scratch for themselves,

And not seek to depend upon others."

She went by with a cluck, and the goose and the duck

Exclaimed in surprise, "Well, I never!"

Said the duck, "I declare, those who have the least care,
You will find are complaining forever!
And when all things appear to look threatening and drear,
And when troubles your pathway are thick in,
For some aid in your woe, oh, beware how you go
To a hen with one chicken!"

—*Marion Douglass.*

CHIP AND PEEP

"I didn't," said Chip.
"You did," said Peep.
"How do you know?
You were fast asleep."

"I was only under mammy's wing,
Stretching my legs like everything,
When all of a sudden I turned around,
For close beside me I heard a sound,
A little tip and a little tap—"
"Fiddle-de-dee! you had a nap,
And when you were only half awake,
Heard an icicle somewhere break."

"What's an icicle?"

"I don't know,
Rooster tells about ice and snow.
Something that isn't as good as meal,
That drops down on you and makes you squeal!"

"Well, swallow a rooster's tales, I beg,
And think you didn't come out of an egg,
I tell you I heard the old shell break,
And the first small noise you ever could make,
And mammy croodled and puffed her breast,
And pushed us farther out of the nest,
Just to make room enough for you,
And there's your shell, I say it's true!"

Chip looked over his shoulder then,
And there it lay by the old gray hen,
Half an egg-shell, chipped and brown,
And he was a ball of yellow down,
Clean and chipper and smart and spry,
With the prettiest bill and blackest eye.

“Humph,” said he with a little perk,

“That is a wonderful piece of work.

Peep, you silly, don’t you see

That shell isn’t nearly as big as me?

Whatever you say, miss, I declare,

I never, never could get in there!”

“You did!” said Peep.

“I didn’t,” said Chip.

With that he gave her a horrid nip,

And Peep began to dance and skip;

As angry as two small chicks could be,

Till Mother Dorking turned to see,

She cackled and clucked and called in vain.

At it they went with might and main,

Till at last the old hen used her beak.

And Chip and Peep, with many a squeak,

Staggered off from either side,

With a very funny skip and stride.

“What dreadful nonsense!” said Mother Hen,

When she heard the story told again.

“You’re bad as the two-legs that don’t have wings,

Nor feathers, nor combs—the wretched things!

That’s the way they fight and talk,

For what is not worth a mullein stalk.

Keep your tempers, and earn your food!

I can’t scratch worms for a fighting brood!”

—*Anonymous.*

PIPPA’S SONG

The year’s at the spring

And day’s at the morn;

Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's at the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

—*Robert Browning.*

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,—
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company;
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye,
 Which is the bliss of solitude,
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE NEST-BUILDERS' CONVENTION

It began out in the shady old orchard where a robin and a catbird were nesting in the same apple-tree. Dear little Mrs. Robin was a young thing, and it was her first nest. She had found a beautiful long piece of twine and was doing her best to weave it in properly, when part of the building material slipped, and in another moment there it was, dangling forlornly at the end of the twine.

"Phut-phut-coquillicot," squawked the catbird whose home was in the upper flat. "Ho, ho! what a way to build a nest! Phoo Phoo! anybody would know better than that."

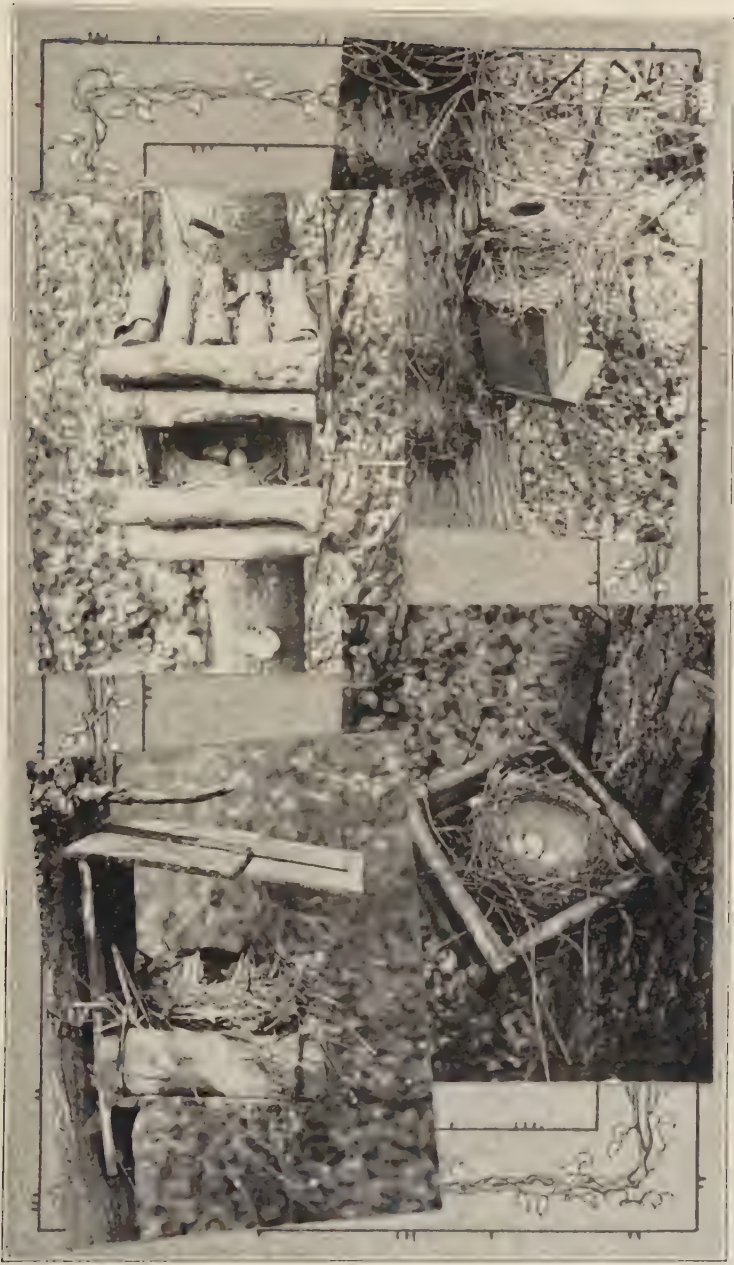
"Cheer up, dearie," said Mr. Robin, as he saw his little wife almost ready to cry. "Try again, cheerily, cheerily. We'll pull it up, tuck it in here, reef it in there, and it will be as good as new. Cheer up, I'm he-re!"

"Ha, ha," laughed the catbird, jerking his tail in derision. "Such a nest, woven with a string and lined with mud!"

"You would better look at home," replied Mr. Robin,

Mrs. Robin's
Failure

A Naughty
Tease



SOME BIRD HOMES PREPARED BY BOYS IN ENGLAND.

losing his temper. "Your own nest is nothing but a scrap basket—just coarse twigs and rags, and bits of newspaper. Everyone knows what a wretched nest you build, for all your soft root-lining. You would better keep still about nest-building."

"Twee-tee-ze," sweetly lisped a cedar bird who sat with her friends on a limb near by. "Don't be angry with each other, dear birds. Always be gentle, always be kind; each has his own way of building. Twee-tee-ze!"

"That's so," said the catbird, who, for all his teasing, was a good-natured fellow at heart. "Forgive me, Robin. I was only in fun, and after all I will confess my wife and I are poor nest-builders. See here, suppose we call a birds' convention and discuss the best and most modern way of building. What do you think of that?"

The Convention
Proposed

"Cheerily, cheerily," replied Mr. Robin, cocking his head on one side. "I like our own adobe cottage, but at the same time I believe in progress. You would like it, wouldn't you, dearie, cheery, cheery?"

Poor little Mrs. Robin, who was tugging with might and main at the piece of twine, really felt the need of some lessons, and so readily gave her consent.

There was a great twittering in the orchard and wood when Mr. Catbird brought the birds the invitation.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" sneered the cowbird. "Who wants to know anything about nest-building, I'd like to know?"

Mr. Catbird
Calls the
Convention

"Not you, I am very sure," called out the red-eyed vireo. "You lay your eggs in our nests every time you get a chance, you lazy, wicked bird, and we little birds have to raise your big babies."

"Never mind," said the summer yellow-bird. "I've found a way to outwit her. I build right over her great egg a false bottom to my nest of pretty milk-weed flax. Then if she troubles me again I build another and an-

other, until sometimes I have raised my babies in a four-story nest; but how happy we were there in peace and quiet!"

As all the birds agreed that the convention would be very pleasant as well as instructive, everyone accepted the invitation except the cowbird. She tried to induce the cuckoo family to refuse, but Mr. Cuckoo said that although their English cousins were too shiftless to build, they, as American birds, were trying to do their best. They should certainly attend, hoping to gain some new ideas in building.

The Convention
Called to Order

The convention was held in the orchard one lovely morning in May. The sky was deeply blue with soft banners of fleecy white cloud floating across it. The apple and peach trees were hung with perfumed garlands of white and pink and green, and from every bough came the gay voices of the little feathered people.

It was a dignified old black crow who called the meeting to order at the request of Mr. Robin, but it was Mr. Catbird who took the chair, and very handsome he looked in his satin-gray coat and black velvet cap.

"Friends and fellow-birds," he began impressively, "we have assembled here, as you know, to discuss the interesting question of nest-building. We ourselves must admit that we have failed to discover the best method, and we shall be glad to hear from every bird who thinks he understands the fine points of nest architecture."

Mr. Red-headed
Woodpecker
Speaks First

"Ker-r-ruck, Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Red-headed Woodpecker, pompously clearing his throat. "We woodpeckers are the best nest-builders in the world, as is well known, and it has been a source of much amusement to us to see how absurdly the rest of you build. Now there is but one proper way. A deep hole must be excavated in a tree. If the tree is decayed, so much the better. The chips and wood dust must be used for lining. Follow this plan, and you have the safest and most comfortable nest for birdlings to be imagined."

"This is the greatest nonsense, Mr. Chairman," exclaimed Mr. Kingbird in a harsh voice. "The only place for a nest is in the orchard, high up in the tree and on the very tip of the limb. Build it with stalks, grasses, and moss; line it with plant-down and soft rootlets, and you have a wind-rocked cradle fit for a prince—yes, for the son of a kingbird!"

"Listen to me, listen to me, Mr. Chairman, please," a sweet voice cried. Oh, what a beauty he was! his coat so glossy black, his vest snowy white, and a shirtfront of the loveliest pink.

Mr. Rose-breasted
Grosbeak
Tells His Plan

"Mr. Rose-breasted Grosbeak has the floor," said Mr. Catbird, with a deep bow.

"What I wanted to say, Mr. Chairman," went on Mr. Grosbeak in his silvery voice, "was, that nest-building does not make all of bird life. They tell me we build a very poor sort of a nest, but I help my little wife by tending the birdlings, sitting on the nest myself when she needs an outing, and then I sing the very sweetest lullaby I know. Oh, we are so happy!"

"So happy!" shyly whispered his plain little mate, who sat beside him.

"Very pretty, but a bit sentimental, Mr. Chairman," said the barn swallow, who had just arrived. "But as for a building site, give me a good firm rafter with a deep nest woven of grass and mud and lined with downy chicken feathers. That's the nest for me!"

The Swallow
Builds High in
the Barn

"Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman!" The sweet voice of the shy oven-bird could scarcely make itself heard.

"Louder, louder!" demanded the birds on the farthest peach tree.

"I was about to say," went on the oven-bird, gently, "that a very satisfactory nest can be made in a pretty mound of grass, stalks, and rootlets, built upon the ground. Arch the roof with soft, dry leaves; leave an opening upon one side, and draw the grass so closely over this that no one but yourself can discover the door."

Wonderfully cosy you and your babies will be in your little oven-bed."

"I am the American goldfinch, Mr. Chairman," said a beautiful little fellow in a uniform of black and gold. "My nest is a jewel casket set high in some slender sapling that bends and sways with every breeze. We weave our pretty cradle of moss and lichens, and when it is finished we line it with the silken down of the thistle. In it our tiny eggs rest like blue gems in a silver setting."

"There is nothing in the world of nests so perfect as our fairy basket," peeped a bit of a bird that looked like a green beryl with a flash of flame at its throat.

"It's the ruby-throated humming-bird," twittered all the birds, bending forward to get a better view of the newcomer.

"We saddle our exquisite cradle near some knot on a gnarled and moss-grown tree, so skilfully that clever indeed are the eyes that discover it. Bits of bark and tiny lichens we glue with saliva to the dainty cup, then line it delicately with the fluff of the cat-tail; and in this perfect setting rest the two wee pearl-like eggs."

"We build!" shrieked an angry little voice. Another green beryl, but without the ruby at the throat, flashed into the circle. "What do you ever do but sip honey the live-long day? Upon me falls all the labor of building and the care of the birdlings, for who ever saw a male humming-bird near the nest?" And with a furious dash Mrs. Humming-bird drove her tiny husband away before her.

"How sad!" murmured, loving little Mr. and Mrs. Grosbeak, and they nestled closer together.

"Mr. Chairman, may I speak in meeting?" asked a nervous little brown bird that fidgeted and bobbed on a twig near by.

"We shall be most pleased to hear from Mistress Jenny Wren," replied Mr. Catbird with a flourish.

"Now I hope you will all excuse me, but it seems to

An Artist in
Building

The Humming-
bird's Fairy
Nest

me that you are talking a great deal of folly," said Mrs. Wren, flitting and hopping about in her jerky little way. "I've nested in everything, from the bung-hole of a barrel to an old felt hat, and I've raised as nice children as anybody need without all this fuss and feathers."

Jenny Wren's
Plan

"How common! How very plebeian!" whispered all the birds, and those nearest poor Jenny Wren drew farther back upon the branch.

"Mr. Chairman!"

"Hush, hush," mummured the birds. "Mr. Baltimore Oriole is about to speak."

A real aristocrat he seemed, slender and trim, as he stood there in his uniform of orange and black, the livery of the good Lord Baltimore, for whom he was named.

"Mr. Chairman," he began, with dignity. "I do not come to boast of our building, yet in poetry and prose we have been duly celebrated as being the best architects of the world. Neither upon the ground, nor upon a limb or sapling, do we choose to fashion our house, but we weave a hammock and swing it securely from some bough, that the passing breeze may rock our babies to rest. First, my little mate builds a strong framework of shreds of bark, milkweed stalks, and horsehair, and upon this is woven a graceful pouch about seven inches deep. Bits of string, threads of silk, and sometimes gay yarns are used to brighten the soft gray tone. To this swinging cradle we trust our six white eggs, so prettily etched with black. This seems the only reasonable and artistic way to build a nest."

The Oriole's
Swinging
Cradle

"Caw, caw, caw!" said the old black crow who had called the meeting to order. He had been sitting for some time with his eyes closed, deeply meditating. "Caw, Mr. Chairman, caw! We have listened attentively this morning to many opinions by many birds, and yet, to my poor brain, it seems that we are coming out just where we went in. Can you weave like the oriole, build a mound like the oven-bird, or bore a hole like the wood-

pecker? I'm sure I can't. The only way for me is to put together a rickety, coarse old nest high up in a tree-top. So my mother built, so I build, so my children must build. This is all nonsense. Caw! Caw! Anyway, I have no more time to waste," and away he flapped toward the cornfield.

The birds looked blankly at each other. It was all so true. As Mr. Crow said, not one other bird could build like the oriole, the oven-bird, or the woodpecker.

"And, after all, do we wish to, Mr. Chairman?" asked the robin. "My little mud nest that my mate smoothes with her soft breast is very dear to me. Each of us loves his own nest. Is not that so?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the birds in a chorus.

"Then let us sing our morning roundelay and adjourn," said the catbird.

So out in the orchard arose a jubilate. Loud and sweet it rang; and these are the words of their song:

Sing for the homes in the swaying boughs,

And the nests in the meadow clover;

Rafter-built nests in the dim hay-mows,

And all nests where wee birdies hover.

Oh, big rough nest,

Or dainty rest,

Sing, east or west,

Home is best.

—*Agnes McClelland Daulton.*

JENNY WREN

Dear little Jenny Wren went hopping along over the grass in Joe-Boy's backyard. She held her dainty brown head first on one side and then on the other, while her bright eyes kept a sharp watchout. She was looking for a good place in which to build her nest; she did not wish to build in the buttercup meadow, nor in the deep woods beyond, with its little twisting path, nor even in the barn, though she had built there once upon a time.

One's Own
Home Best

Looking for a
Home

"I shall find a new place in which to build my nest this year," said Jenny Wren, "and I shouldn't mind building in Joe-Boy's house—he throws me so many nice crumbs to eat. I believe I'll hop upon the back porch and look around."

So Jenny Wren hopped up the steps, not the least bit afraid—she knew Billy did not live there—and then she hopped up and down the porch. Hanging in one corner on a big nail, she saw Father Gipsy's rain coat, with its big sleeves and broad pockets.

"My!" said Jenny Wren, "is that a man hanging up there in the corner, I wonder? I don't believe I ever saw a man hanging on a nail before, and he hasn't any head on either—let me see!" A Curious Sight

Then she flew up in a corner to take a good look, and when she got there she found it wasn't a man at all, and she twittered and twittered, for that was the way Jenny Wren laughed, you know.

"Ho! ho!" she said, "this is Father Gipsy's big coat; I believe I'll just take a peep in the pockets and see what he's got there."

So she peeped in every one, and there wasn't anything there but a string. And then Jenny Wren said, "I am going to borrow this string from Father Gipsy to build my nest with—he won't care—and I'm going to build my nest right here in Father Gipsy's coat pocket, and won't he be surprised!"

Father Gipsy's
Coat Pocket

Then she flew off to find Mr. Wren and tell him about it, because of course she couldn't build a nest all by herself. Mr. Wren gave a long low whistle when he heard about it—he thought the barn would be the best place to build. But then he wanted to do the thing that Jenny Wren liked best—because he loved her so, and he said, "All right, my dear, only we must be very careful in carrying straws, and not let anybody see us building the nest. We will keep it a secret until the eggs are laid and the baby wrens hatched. Then won't they be sur-

prised to find out that we've been renting rooms and keeping house in Father Gipsy's coat pocket!" •

And they laughed till their fat sides shook with joy, and flew quickly away to hunt twigs and scraps for their nest. Some they got from their birds' store, some they got in the barnyard, and some they found on the lawn, but they had the most fun building that nest! Why, sometimes they would hop into the wrong pocket, and have to hop out again, dragging the straw behind them, and then sometimes Joe-Boy would skip out on the porch at the *very* time they were not looking for him, and they would have to hide as quickly!—just snuggle down under the big coat collar and not speak a word, until Joe-Boy ran in the house again. You know they had heaps of fun, and they surely did fool Joe-Boy nicely, because he didn't know one thing about that nest!

At last when the nest was all finished, Jenny Wren laid the eggs, four of them, all white, and then she said, "Now, Mr. Wren, you must play you are a policeman, and watch while I sit on the eggs. We must never leave them alone for a minute, and when I go to take my bath and find something to eat you must watch them, better than at any other time. Just suppose Father Gipsy should put on that great coat and walk off with it, what would we do!"

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Wren, "I'm not looking for any bad luck like that to happen, and even if it did, Father Gipsy is such a kind man that I'm sure he wouldn't hurt our eggs."

Well, the days went quickly past, and of course you know that the baby wrens came from the pretty white eggs, and Mr. Wren said it seemed to him that they kept their mouths open morning, noon and night, and they didn't know when they did have enough to eat! Why, it kept him and Jenny Wren both hard at work finding nice things for them to eat. But at last they were large enough to learn to fly, and early one morning, before

Building the
Nest

The Hungry
Baby Wrens

Joe-Boy got out of bed, Jenny Wren showed them how to spread their wings and fly from the nest, and they tried so very hard that soon every one of the four baby wrens knew how to fly, and they were so happy and liked it so much that they wanted to fly all the time. At night they flew up in the leafy trees and tucked themselves away and went to sleep, singing the soft, little songs that birdies know.

It was not long after the baby wrens had left the nest, that one day Father Gipsy lost his pocket knife and couldn't tell where to find it.

"Maybe it is in the pocket of your big coat on the back porch," said Mother Gipsy, and Joe-Boy and Father Gipsy went to see. And Father Gipsy felt in all the pockets, and then he came to the pocket where Jenny Wren's nest had been, and he felt and felt! And then he said, "What under the sun is this queer bundle in my coat pocket—l-e-t me see! It doesn't feel like a knife nor a ball nor a handkerchief! What can it be?"

**Father Gipsy
Makes a Dis-
covery**

"Look, Father, look!" said Joe-Boy dancing around, "maybe it's a bundle of candy!"

Jenny Wren was just outside the porch watching, and it tickled her so when Father Gipsy reached his hand down and pulled out a bundle of strings, rags and straw, that used to be her nest. And Father Gipsy laughed, too,—he thought it was very funny; and Joe-Boy laughed, and Betty laughed, and Mother Gipsy laughed.

"Goodness me," said Father Gipsy, "I wonder who put this pile of trash in my coat pocket—did *you* do it, Joe-Boy?"

**Everybody
Laughs**

"No, sir," said Joe-Boy, "maybe Mother did."

"Not I," said Mother Gipsy, "I believe Jenny Wren and Mr. Wren have been playing an April-Fool on Father Gipsy, for that is surely a wren's nest. It is built out of all kinds of things, you see. There is a piece of Silver-Lock's wool, and some of Mrs. Speckle's feathers, and a piece of my dress, and a piece of Joe-Boy's trousers—

my! it took almost as many helpers to build Jenny Wren's house as to build our house! Even Father Gipsy lent them his coat pocket—that was a great help." And then they laughed again, and Father Gipsy said, "That surely was a funny place in which to build a nest!"

—*M. A. Brigham.*

THE MOCKBIRD MATINEE*

Ever spend an afternoon
Of a day in jocund June
At a mockbird matinee?
Never? Honest? Well-a-day!
Where've you lived, sir, anyway?

There's no hint of trade or town
In the path one loiters down;
Not a thought of shops or desks
Where the sun weaves arabesques,
Fragile-fair and fairy-hued,
In the wood's still solitude;
Not a thing but God's pure air,
Shine and shadow everywhere!

Pick yourself a mossy seat
In some dim and cool retreat,
And with sighs of deep content,
Settle down, all indolent,
With your head against the trunk
Of some hoary forest monk:
Bare your forehead while the breeze
Plies its gentle ministries:

Close your eyes in rapture deep,
Feel yourself grow sleepy—sleep—
Then, a-sudden—hist! a stir

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From some hidden chorister,
As along a branching spray
Where the sunbeams splash and play
Fares he forth in modest coat,
Flinging from his throbbing throat
Clear cascades of tinkling song,
Silver-sweet and subtle-strong;
Strains of soul-compelling sound,
Streams of symphony unbound:
Lures of lyric riotry,
Miracles of melody,
Soft at times, and sweet and low
As the slow and measured flow
Of some placid river-tide
Through warm meadows, lush and wide:
Or some breast aflame, afire,
Wild with passion, hot desire,
High and high and high and higher,
Leap the frantic notes until
Fen and forest, haunt and hill,
Pulse and pant and throb and thrill,
Overawed and overcome
By the keen delirium!

Then, as if such riotings
Had consumed symphonic springs,
For a solemn space—a hush!
But once more a rhythmic gush,
Flashing downward, fleet and free,
Mad with mirthful minstrelsy:
Ravishing the raptured ear
With a cadence crystal-clear
As the laugh of limpid rain
In the autumnal fields of grain:
Stilling spirit-strife and stress
With a rune of restfulness:
Purging blood and breast and brain

Of their poignant pangs of pain:
 Rousing noble aims and true
 In the slumbrous soul of you!

—*Hilton Ross Greer.*

THE BLUEBIRD

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
 Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging,
 Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary—
 Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
 Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
 Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
 Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying:

“Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
 You must be weary of winter, I know;
 Hark while I sing you a message of cheer;
 Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!

Little white snowdrop! I pray you arise;
 Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes;
 Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
 Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
 Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?—
 Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!”

—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

Attractions of
 Nature in
 Winter

But summer is not the only attractive season of the year. We must not forget old Winter, who brings along, with his cold breath, the beautiful snow and the glittering ice. All healthy children love the winter-time, with its lively sports, but not many children have the opportunity of observing winter woods and winter animals. Henry Thoreau, who was a very peculiar man, built himself a cabin in the woods near Concord, Massachusetts,

and there far from the company of men enjoyed the sights and sounds of the forest. He has given us some pleasing pictures of nature in the following extract from "Walden."

WINTER ANIMALS

(Adapted)

When the ponds were firmly frozen, they afforded not only new and shorter routes to many points, but new views from their surfaces of the familiar landscape around them. When I crossed Flint's Pond, after it was covered with snow, though I had often paddled about and skated over it, it was so unexpectedly wide and so strange that I could think of nothing but Baffin's Bay. The Lincoln Hills rose up before me at the extremity of a snowy plain, in which I did not remember to have stood before; and the fishermen, at an interminable distance over the ice, moving slowly about with their wolfish dogs, passed for sealers or Esquimaux, or in misty weather loomed like fabulous creatures, and I did not know whether they were giants or pygmies.

Changes of the
Winter
Landscape

Walden, being like the rest usually bare of snow, or with only shallow and interrupted drifts on it, was my yard, where I could walk freely when the snow was nearly two feet deep on a level elsewhere and the villagers were confined to their streets. There, far from the village street, and, except at very long intervals, from the jingle of sleigh-bells, I slid and skated, as in a vast moose-yard well trodden, overhung by oak woods and solemn pines bent down with snow or bristling with icicles.

Walden—His
Door-yard

For sounds in winter nights, and often in winter days, I heard the forlorn but melodious note of a hooting owl indefinitely far; such a sound as the frozen earth would yield if struck with a suitable plectrum. One night in the beginning of winter, before the pond froze over, about nine o'clock, I was startled by the loud honking of a goose, and, stepping to the door, heard the sound of

Bird Calls

their wings like a tempest in the woods as they flew low over my house. Suddenly an unmistakable cat-owl from very near me, with the most harsh and tremendous voice I ever heard from any inhabitant of the woods, responded at regular intervals to the goose, as if determined to expose and disgrace this intruder from Hudson's Bay by exhibiting a greater compass of voice in a native, and *boo-hoo* him out of Concord horizon. It was one of the most thrilling discords I ever heard. And yet, if you had a discriminating ear, there were in it the elements of a concord such as these plains never saw nor heard.

Sometimes I heard the foxes as they ranged over the snow crust, in moonlight nights, in search of a partridge or other game, barking raggedly and demoniacally like forest dogs, as if laboring with some anxiety, or seeking expression, struggling for light, and to be dogs outright and run freely in the streets.

The Foxes and Squirrels

Usually the red squirrel waked me in the dawn, coursing over the roof and up and down the sides of the house, as if sent out of the woods for that purpose. In the course of the winter I threw out half a bushel of ears of sweet corn, which had not got ripe, on to the snow crust by my door, and was amused by watching the motions of the various animals, which were baited by it. In the twilight and the night, rabbits came regularly and made a hearty meal. All day long the red squirrels came and went, and afforded me much entertainment by their manoeuvres. One would approach at first warily through the shrub-oaks, running over the snow crust by fits and starts like a leaf blown by the wind, and then suddenly pausing with a ludicrous expression and a gratuitous somerset, as if all the eyes in the universe were fixed on him . . . and then suddenly, before you could say Jack Robinson, he would be in the top of a young pitch-pine, winding up his clock and chiding all imaginary spectators.

At length the jays arrive, whose discordant screams were heard long before, as they were warily making their approach an eighth of a mile off, and in a stealthy, sneaking manner they flit from tree to tree, nearer and nearer, and pick up the kernels which the squirrels have dropped. They were manifestly thieves, and I had not much respect for them; but the squirrels, though at first shy, went to work as if they were taking what was their own.

Meanwhile also came the chickadees in flocks, which, picking up the crumbs the squirrels had dropped, flew to the nearest twig, and, placing them under their claws, hammered away at them with their little bills, as if it were an insect in the bark, till they were sufficiently reduced for their slender throats. A little flock of these birds came daily to pick a dinner out of my wood-pile, or the crumbs at my door, with faint, flitting, lisping notes, like the tinkling of icicles in the grass. They were so familiar that at length one alighted on an armful of wood which I was carrying in, and pecked at the stick without fear.

**The Dainty
Chickadee**

When the ground was not yet quite covered, and again near the end of winter, when the snow was melted on my south hill-side and about my wood-pile, the partridges came out of the woods morning and evening to feed there. Whichever side you walk in the woods, the partridge bursts away on whirring wings, jarring the snow from the dry leaves and twigs on high, which comes sifting down in the sunbeams like golden dust; for this brave bird is not to be scared by winter. They will come regularly every evening to particular trees, where the cunning sportsman lies in wait for them, and the distant orchards next the woods suffer thus not a little. I am glad that the partridge gets fed, at any rate. It is Nature's own bird which lives on buds and diet-drink.

**The Brave
Partridge**

At midnight, when there was a moon, I sometimes met with hounds in my path, prowling about the woods, which

would skulk out of my way as if afraid, and stand silent amid the bushes till I had passed.

Squirrels and wild mice disputed for my store of nuts. There were scores of pitch-pines around my house, from one to four inches in diameter, which had been gnawed by mice the previous winter,—a Norwegian winter for them, for the snow lay long and deep, and they were obliged to mix a large proportion of pine bark with their other diet.

The hares were very familiar. One had her form under my house all winter, separated from me only by the flooring, and she startled me each morning—thump, thump, thump, striking her head against the floor timbers in her hurry. That must be a poor country indeed that does not support a hare!

—*Henry David Thoreau.*

Is not this description a fine picture of the *life* of winter—of the activity and fun and joy that many little creatures experience in the winter-time? But there is another side of winter which Thoreau does not hint at, and that is, that for some of Nature's own it means death. Bryant, the poet, felt this keenly and has given us, in the following poem, an elegy to the beautiful flowers that had to die when winter came. The comparison of the death of his fair young sister to the death of the delicate flowers emphasizes the idea of melancholy which is the key word to the poem.

I include this poem not so much for the contrast in the aspect of winter, however, as for the mention of the common wild flowers with which little children should become familiar. When spring and summer again awake, they should search eagerly for the appearance of these pretty blossoms, which after all have only been sleeping while winter holds them prisoners.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves
lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of
flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of
ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold Novem-
ber rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones
again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago;
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer
glow;

But on the hills the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty
stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls
the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such
days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
 home,
 When the sound of nuts is heard, though all the trees are
 still,
 And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
 The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
 late he bore,
 And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
 more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
 The fair meek blossom that grew up and flourished by
 my side;
 In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast
 the leaf,
 And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so
 brief;
 Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend
 of ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

HOW THE ROBIN'S BREAST BECAME RED

(A Nature Myth)

Long ago in the Far North, where it is very cold, there
 was only one fire.

The Fire in the
 Northland

A hunter and his little son took care of this fire and
 kept it burning day and night. They knew that if the
 fire went out, the people would freeze and the white bear
 would have the Northland all to himself. One day the
 hunter became ill and his son had the work to do.

For many days and nights he bravely took care of his
 father and kept the fire burning.

The white bear was always hiding near, watching the
 fire. He longed to put it out, but he did not dare, for he
 feared the hunter's arrows.

When he saw how tired and sleepy the little boy was, he came closer to the fire and laughed to himself.

One night the poor boy could endure the fatigue no longer, and fell fast asleep.

The white bear ran as fast as he could and jumped upon the fire with his wet feet, and rolled upon it. At last, he thought it was all out and went happily away to his cave.

**The White
Bear's Chance**

A gray robin was flying near and saw what the white bear was doing.

She waited until the bear went away. Then she flew down and searched with her sharp little eyes until she found a tiny live coal. This she fanned patiently with her wings for a long time.

Her little breast was scorched red, but she did not stop until a fine red flame blazed up from the ashes.

Then she flew away to every hut in the Northland, and wherever she touched the ground a fire began to burn.

Soon instead of one little fire, the whole North country was lighted up. The white bear went farther back into his cave in the iceberg and growled terribly.

**The Robin
Keeps the Fire
Alive**

He knew that there was now no hope that he would ever have the Northland all to himself.

This is the reason that the people in the North country love the robin, and are never tired of telling their children how its breast became red.

—Cook's Nature Myths.

The story of "Beautiful Joe" like that of "Black Beauty" is told from the point of view of the dumb animals. In this extract from the story we learn how a homely dog came by so attractive a name:

BEAUTIFUL JOE

My name is Beautiful Joe, and I am a brown dog of medium size. I am not called Beautiful Joe because I

am a beauty. I know that I am not beautiful, and that I am not a thoroughbred. I am only a cur.

I am an old dog now, and am writing, or rather getting a friend to write, the story of my life.

I love my dear mistress; I can say no more than that; I love her better than I love anyone else in the world; and I think it will please her if I write the story of a dog's life.

She loves dumb animals, and it always grieves her to see them cruelly treated. I have heard her say that if all the boys and girls in the world were to rise up and say that there should be no more cruelty to animals, they could put a stop to it. Perhaps it will help a little if I tell a story. I am fond of boys and girls, and though I have seen many cruel men and women, I have seen few cruel children. I think the more stories there are written about dumb animals, the better it will be for us.

I was born in a stable on the outskirts of a small town. The first thing I remember was lying close to my mother and being very snug and warm. The next thing I remember was being always hungry.

I am very unwilling to say much about my early life. I have lived so long in a family where there is never a harsh word spoken, and where no one thinks of illtreating anybody or anything, that it seems almost wrong even to think or speak of such a matter as hurting a poor dumb beast.

The man that owned my mother was a milkman. He kept one horse and three cows, and he had a shaky old cart that he used to put his milk cans in. I don't think there can be a worse man in the world than that milkman. It makes me shudder now to think of him.

He used to beat and starve my mother. I have seen him use his heavy whip to punish her. When I got older I asked her why she did not run away. She said she did not wish to; but I soon found out that the reason that she did not run away was because she loved her master.

Cruel and savage as he was, she yet loved him, and I believe she would have laid down her life for him.

One reason for our master's cruelty was his idleness. After he went his rounds in the morning with his milk cans, he had nothing to do till late in the afternoon but take care of his stable and yard. If he had kept them clean, it would have taken up all his time; but he never did anything to make his home neat and pleasant.

My mother and I slept on a heap of straw in the corner of the stable, and when she heard his step in the morning she always roused me, so that we could run out as soon as he opened the stable door. He always aimed a kick at us as we passed, but my mother taught me how to dodge him.

**A Cruel
Master**

After our master put the horse in the cart, and took in the cans, he set out on his rounds. My mother always went with him. I used to ask her why she followed such a man, and she would say that sometimes she got a bone from the different houses they stopped at. But that was not the whole reason. She liked the master so much that in spite of his cruelty she wanted to be with him.

I had not her sweet and patient disposition, and I would not go with her. I watched her out of sight, and then ran up to the house to see if the master's wife had any scraps for me. I nearly always got something, for she pitied me, and often gave me a kind word or look with the bits of food that she threw to me.

I had a number of brothers and sisters—six in all. One rainy day when we were eight weeks old the master, followed by two or three of his ragged, dirty children, came into the stable and looked at us. Then he began to swear because we were so ugly, and said if we had been good-looking, he might have sold some of us. Mother watched him anxiously, fearing some danger to her puppies, and looked up at him pleadingly.

**Brothers and
Sisters Killed**

It only made him swear the more. He took one puppy

after another, and right there, before his children and my poor distracted mother, put an end to their lives. It was very terrible. I lay weak and trembling, expecting every instant that my turn would come next. I don't know why he spared me. I was the only one left.

My mother never seemed the same after this. She was weak and miserable. And though she was only four years old, she seemed like an old dog. She could not run after the master, and she lay on our heap of straw, only turning over with her nose the scraps of food I brought her to eat. One day she licked me gently, wagged her tail, and died.

As I sat by her, feeling lonely and miserable, my master came into the stable. I could not bear to look at him. He had killed my mother. There she lay, a little gaunt, scarred creature, starved and worried to death by him. She would never again look kindly at me or curl up to me at night to keep me warm. Oh, how I hated her murderer!

Still I kept quiet till he walked up to me and kicked at me. My heart was nearly broken and I could stand no more. I flew at him and gave him a savage bite on the ankle.

"Oho!" he said. "So you are going to be a fighter, are you? I'll fix you for that." He seized me by the back of the neck and carried me out to the yard where a log lay on the ground. "Tom," he called to one of his children, "bring me the hatchet."

He laid my head on the log and pressed one hand on my struggling body. There was a quick, dreadful pain, and he had cut off my ear close to my head. Then he cut off the other ear, and turning me swiftly round, cut off my tail.

Then he let me go, and stood looking at me as I rolled on the ground and yelped in agony. He was in such a passion that he did not think that people passing on the street might hear me.

**Mother Died
of Grief**

**Beautiful Joe
Loses Ears and
Tail**

There was a young man going by. He heard my screams, and hurrying up the path, stood among us before the master caught sight of him.

In the midst of my pain, I heard the young man say fiercely, "What have you been doing to that dog?"

"I've been cutting his ears for fighting, my young gentleman," said my master. "There is no law to prevent that, is there?"

"And there is no law to prevent me from taking a dog away from such a cruel owner, either," cried the young man; and giving the master an angry look, he snatched me up in his arms, and walked down the path and out of the gate.

A Friend in
Need

I was moaning with pain, but still I looked up occasionally, to see which way we were going. We took the road to the town and stopped in front of a pleasant-looking home. Carrying me gently in his arms, the young man went up a walk leading to the back of the house.

There was a small stable there. He went into it and put me down on the floor. Some boys were playing about the stable, and I heard them say, in horrified tones, "Oh, Cousin Harry, what is the matter with that dog?"

"Hush," he said. "Don't say anything. You, Jack, go down to the kitchen and ask Mary for a basin of warm water and a sponge, and don't let your mother or Laura hear you."

A few minutes later the young man had bathed my ears and tail, and had rubbed something on them that was cool and pleasant, and had bandaged them firmly with strips of cotton. I felt much better and was able to look about me.

His Wounds
Bathed and
Bandaged

Presently one of the boys cried out, "Here is Laura." A young girl, holding up one hand to shade her eyes from the sun, was coming up the walk that led from the house to the stable. I thought then that I had never seen such a beautiful girl, and I think so still. She was tall and

slender, and had lovely brown eyes and brown hair, and a sweet smile, and just to look at her was enough to make one love her.

Another Friend "Why, what a funny dog!" she said, and stopped short and looked at me. Up to this time, I had not thought what a queer-looking sight I must be. Now I twisted round my head, saw the white bandage on my tail, and knowing I was not a fit spectacle for a pretty young lady like that, I slunk into a corner.

"Poor doggie, have I hurt your feelings?" she said. "What is the matter with your head, good dog?"

"Dear Laura," said the young man, coming up, "he got hurt, and I am bandaging him."

"Who hurt him?"

"I would rather not tell you."

"But I wish to know." Her voice was as gentle as ever, but she spoke so decidedly that the young man was obliged to tell her everything. All the time he was speaking she kept touching me gently with her fingers. When he had finished his account of rescuing me from the master, she said quietly, "You will have the man punished?"

"What is the use? That won't stop him from being cruel. I don't think it would do any good," said the young man.

Punishment for
the Cruel
Master

"Cousin Harry!" and the young girl stood up very straight and tall, her brown eyes flashing, and one hand pointing at me, "That animal has been wronged, it looks to you to right it. The coward who has maimed it for life should be punished. A child has a voice to tell its wrong—a poor, dumb creature must suffer in silence; in bitter silence. And you are doing the man himself an injustice. If he is bad enough to illtreat his dog, he will illtreat his wife and children. If he is checked and punished now for his cruelty, he may reform. And even if his wicked heart is not changed, he will be obliged to treat them with outward kindness through fear of punishment. I want

you to report that man immediately. I will go with you if you like."

"Very well," he said, and together they went off to the house.

The boys came and bent over me, as I lay on the floor. I wasn't much used to boys and I didn't know how they would treat me. It seemed very strange to have them pat me, and call me "good dog." No one had ever said that to me before to-day.

One of them said, "What did Cousin Harry say the dog's name was?"

"Joe," answered another boy.

"We might call him 'Ugly Joe,' then," said a lad with a round fat face and laughing eyes.

"I don't think Laura would like that," said Jack, coming up behind him. "You see," he went on, "if you call him 'Ugly Joe,' she will say that you are wounding the dog's feelings. 'Beautiful Joe' would be more to her liking."

How He Was
Named

A shout went up from the boys. I don't wonder they laughed. Plain-looking I naturally was; but I must have been hideous in those bandages.

"'Beautiful,' then, let it be," they cried. "Let us go and tell Mother, and ask her to give us something for our beauty to eat," and they all trooped out of the stable.

—*Marshall Saunders.*

TO THE LADY-BIRD

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home;
The field-mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home;
The glow-worm is lighting her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close clinging damp.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home;
 Good luck if you reach it at last!
 The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on the roam,
 Sharp set from their Ramazan fast.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home;
 The fairy bells tinkle afar!
 Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you fast,
 With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home—
 To your house in the old willow-tree,
 Where your children so dear have invited the ant
 And a few cosy neighbors to tea.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,
 And if not gobbled up by the way,
 Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,
 You're in luck—that's all I've to say.

—Mrs. Southey.

Book List*

Age: From Five to Fourteen.

I. Nature Lore for Younger Children.

Wings and Stings, Agnes McClelland Daulton.

Buzz, The Life and Adventures of a Honey Bee, M. Noel.

Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children, Jane Andrews.

Bird Stories from Burroughs, John Burroughs.

Bird Guide, C. A. Reed. (Part II, "Land Birds East of the Rockies.")

Citizen Bird, Mabel Osgood and Elliot Cowes.

Biography of a Grizzly,

Lives of the Hunted,

Wild Animals I Have Known,

} Ernest Thompson
 Seton.

*Any of the books named in this list may be obtained through the Publishers of the "Foundation Stones" Series.

Nature Lore for Younger Children—*Continued.*

True Bird Stories, Olive Thorne Miller.

The Jungle Books, Rudyard Kipling.

When Mother Lets Us Keep Pets, Constance Johnson.

Our Edible Toadstools and Mushrooms, W. Hamilton Gibson.

How to Know Wild Flowers, F. D. Parsons.

Rocky Mountain Flowers, Clements and Clements.

The Flower Beautiful, }
Wild Flower Family, } C. M. Weed.

Giant Sun and His Family, Mary Proctor.

Astronomy from a Dipper, Eliot Channing Clarke.

Black Beauty, Anna Sewell.

Beautiful Joe, Marshall Saunders.

Rab and His Friends, John Brown.

The Blue Goose Chase, H. K. Job.

Stickeen, John Muir.

II. Nature Lore for Older Children.

Life Histories of American Game Animals, Theodore Roosevelt and Edmund Heller.

Our National Parks, John Muir.

Early Spring in Massachusetts, }
Walden, } H. D. Thoreau.

CHAPTER IV

FAIRY LORE

Come up here, O dusty feet!
Here is fairy bread to eat,
Here in my retiring room,
Children, you may dine
On the golden smell of broom
And the shade of pine;
And when you have eaten well
Fairy stories hear and tell.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



THE story of "Beautiful Joe" is a charming study of domestic animals from their own point of view; the "Jungle Books" tell how life seems to wild animals. The "Nest-Builders' Convention" interests us in the home-building habits of the most familiar birds. All these stories are true in spirit and accurate in detail. But at the beginning of this book we promised you another kind of story, one that appeals wholly to the imagination, having no foundation in fact, but holding a high place in children's literature; namely, the Fairy Tale.

As we have said before, no child should be deprived of the fairy tale, for in fairy lore he finds his natural method of interpreting life in all of its relations, and this mode of thought accompanies his normal development. I previously mentioned the instance of the young man who denounced such stories as lies, and a mother also once said to me, "My children shall not read fairy tales; their imaginations are vivid enough without stimulating them further." Of course, that mother had a right to exercise her own judgment in the matter, but somehow

I could not help feeling sorry for those little folk of hers if they should never hear of Cinderella, who was so sweet, so patient, so forgiving, and withal so graceful and winning; of Jack and his magic bean-stalk; of the Ugly Duckling that turned out to be the most beautiful of birds, for all his unhappy beginning; of Tom the Water-Baby who finally learned to do the thing he did not like and was rewarded by becoming a man; of little Marygold who was the victim of her father's greed when he chose the power of the Golden Touch; of the Hardy Tin Soldier who was always true to his trust, through all his trying experiences; and of the endless heroes and heroines of fairy lore that have delighted little folk for ages.

It is not because a story is fictitious that it is harmful; it is hurtful only when it directs the thought of the child toward the evil instead of the good. It is true that most fairy stories include the evil, because there is evil in life, but the best of such stories tend to make children despise the evil and love the good. Cinderella's stepmother, for instance, was cruel; her sisters were mean and selfish; but Cinderella was affectionate, forgiving and pure-hearted—all of which overshadows the evil and emphasizes the good. No child can hear such a story and not be the better for it.

What Makes
a Story
Harmful

We invite you then to enter Fairyland with the little folk for a brief hour, to partake of "fairy bread," and "fairy stories hear and tell."

FAIRY SONG

By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins the day;
As we dance the dew doth fall—
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three;
And about go we, and about go we.

—Anonymous.

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the dusky glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men,
*Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!*

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home—
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.

By the craggy hillside,
Thro' the passes bare,
They have planted thorne-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the dusky glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men,
*Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!*

—William Allingham.



"GRANNY'S COME TO OUR HOUSE."

GRANNY'S COME TO OUR HOUSE*

Granny's come to our house!
 An' ho! my lawzy-daisy!
 All the children round the place
 Is 'ist a-runnin' crazy!
 Fetched a cake fer little Jake,
 An' fetched a pie fer Nanny,
 An' fetched a pear for all the pack
 'At runs to kiss their Granny!

Lucy Ellen's in her lap,
 An' Wade, an' Silas Walker,
 Both's a-ridin' on her foot,
 An' Pollos on the rocker;
 An' Marthy's twins, from Aunt Marinn's,
 An' little Orphant Annie,
 All's a-eatin' gingerbread
 An' giggle-un at Granny!

Tells us all the Fairy Tales
 Ever thought or wundered—
 An' 'bundance o' other stories—
 Bet she knows a hunderd!
 Bob's the one fer "Whittington,"
 An' "Golden-Locks" fer Fanny!
 Hear um laugh and clap their hands,
 Listenun at Granny!

"Jack the Giant-Killer's" good—
 An' "Bean-stalk's" another—
 So's the one of "Cinderell" "
 And her old godmother;
 That un's best of all the rest—
 Bestest one of any,—
 Where the mices scampers home
 Like we runs to Granny!

*From "Rhymes of Childhood," copyrighted, 1900. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Granny's come to our house!
 Ho! my lawzy-daisy!
 All the children round the place
 Is 'ist a-runnin' crazy!
 Fetched a cake fer little Jake,
 An' fetched a pie fer Nanny,
 An' fetched a pear for all the pack
 'At runs to kiss their Granny!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

CINDERELLA, OR, THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

Long ago there lived a very rich gentleman who married for his second wife the proudest woman ever seen. She had two daughters of the same spirit and temper. On his side her husband had a young daughter who was of great goodness and sweet temper; in this she was like her mother, who was the best woman in the world.

No sooner was the wedding over than the stepmother began to show her ill-humor; she could not bear her young stepdaughter's gentle ways; because they made those of her own daughters appear a thousand times more odious and disagreeable. So she employed her in the meanest work; she it was who must wash the dishes and rub the tables and chairs; and it was her place to clean madame's chamber and that of the misses, her daughters. She herself slept up in a sorry garret, upon a wretched straw bed, while her sisters' rooms had shining floors and curtained beds, and looking-glasses so broad and long that they could see themselves from head to foot in them.

The poor child bore everything without complaint, not daring to say one word to her father, for she saw that he was blind to the faults of his wife, who had him completely in her power.

When the little drudge had finished her work, she used to sit in the chimney-corner among the ashes and burned-out fire, where she got so dusty that the older daughter

The Cruel
Stepmother

The Little
Drudge

called her the *cinder girl*; but the younger, who was, perhaps, not so uncivil and unkind, called her Cinderella, and by this name she came to be known by her family and the neighbors. Nevertheless, Cinderella, dirty and ragged as she was, always appeared much prettier than her sisters, though they were dressed in their splendor.

After they had lived in this way for some time, the king's son decided to give a great ball, which was to last for two days, and to which he invited all the nobles and wealthy people in the country, and among his invited guests were the two daughters of whom we have been speaking. He did not invite Cinderella, for he had never seen her or heard of her. Nothing could exceed the joy of the sisters, who began immediately to prepare for the happy day. Every moment of the time was spent in dreaming about such gowns and shoes and head-dresses as would be most becoming to them and make them appear most attractive in the eyes of the king's son. You can imagine how great a trouble and vexation all this was to Cinderella, for she it was who ironed and plaited her sisters' linen and worked for long hours over their dresses. She heard nothing but the talk of how the two should be dressed. They sent to the distant town for the best hair-dresser they could hire, and bought many jewels and ornaments of fashionable shapes.

An Invitation
to the Prince's
Ball

On the morning of the ball they called upon Cinderella to give them her advice about how they should wear their hair and fix their dresses. In spite of their ill-treatment, Cinderella gave them the best advice she could and otherwise assisted them in getting ready for the ball, just as though she had been going, too.

Cinderella
Helps Her
Sisters

While her busy fingers were working for them, one of them said, "Would you not like to go to the ball, Cinderella?"

"Ah," replied the girl, "you are only laughing at me. It is not for such a person as I am to think of going to balls."

"You are right," replied the two, "folks would laugh, indeed, to see Cinderella dancing in a ball-room."

Almost any other girl would have tried to spoil the dresses of the haughty creatures, or to make them look as ugly as she could. Cinderella, however, never even thought of such a thing, but did everything she could to make them appear well.

At length the happy moment arrived; they all set off, and Cinderella looked after them till they passed from her sight, and then she sat down in her dusty corner and began to cry bitterly. Her godmother coming in just then saw her in tears and asked her what was the matter. Poor Cinderella was able to utter scarcely a word, but managed to sob out, "I wish, I w-i-s-h—"

Now Cinderella's godmother was a fairy and understood at once why the child was crying. "You wish," she said, "to go to the ball, Cinderella. Is not that the truth?"

"Alas, yes," replied the child, sobbing still more than before.

"Well, well, be a good girl," said her godmother, "and you shall go. Run into the garden and bring me a pumpkin."

Cinderella flew like lightning and brought the finest she could lay hold of. Her godmother scooped out the inside, leaving nothing but the rind, and then with the wand which she carried, she tapped the pumpkin gently three times. Instantly it became a fine coach, shining all over with gold. She looked into the mousetrap where she saw six mice, all alive, and running about briskly.

"Lift up the door very gently, Cinderella," she said.

As the mice ran out one by one, the fairy godmother touched them with the wand, and each instantly became a beautiful dapple-gray horse.

"Here, my child," said the godmother, "is a coach and here are the horses, too, as handsome as your sisters', but what shall we do for a postillu'n?"

Her Godmother
Comes to Her
Rescue

The Coach

"I will run and see if there is a rat in the trap. If I can find one he will do very well for a postillu'n."

Cinderella found the trap, which, much to her joy, contained three of the largest rats she had ever seen. The fairy chose the largest and touched him with her wand, and he was instantly turned into a handsome postillion with the finest pair of whiskers you can imagine.

The Coachman
and Footmen

"Now, run again into the garden," she said to Cinderella, "and you will find six lizards behind the watering-pot. Bring them hither."

This was no sooner done than with a stroke of the fairy's wand they were changed into six footmen, clothed in lace livery, who jumped up behind the coach and sat side by side as though they had never been anything else but trained footmen.

"Well, my dear," said the fairy godmother, "is this not such an equipage as you would like to have to take you to the ball? Are you not delighted with it?"

"Yes," said Cinderella, with hesitation, "but must I go there in my kitchen rags?"

In reply, her godmother touched her with the wand, and her rags were instantly changed into the most wonderful ball-gown, bedecked with more costly jewels than had ever been seen on one person. To all this was added a pair of glass slippers.

The Ball-gown
and Glass Slippers

"Now," said the fairy, "set forth for the palace. Go and enjoy yourself, but remember, on no account whatever must you stay at the ball after the clock strikes twelve. If you stay but a single moment after that time, your coach will again become a pumpkin, your horses, mice, your footmen, lizards, and your fine clothes, filthy, ash-covered rags."

Cinderella promised faithfully to do as her godmother wished, and drove away to the ball.

The king's son, on being told that a great princess had come to the ball, presented himself at the door, helped her out and led her into the ball-room.

At the Ball

When Cinderella entered the room, a silence fell upon everyone present, and the dancing and music stopped while everyone gazed in admiration at the remarkable beauty of this unknown princess. "How handsome she is!" was the whisper which ran around the room. Old as he was, the king himself could not take his eyes from her, and said again and again to the queen, "She is certainly the loveliest creature I have seen in a long time."

The ladies did not admire her face so much, but tried to see how her clothes were made, so that if they could find such beautiful material they might provide themselves with fine dresses, though some of them doubted whether anybody could be found to make them so well.

When the king's son led her out to dance, she was the centre of still greater admiration, for no one had ever seen such graceful movements. A little later, when the rich supper was spread, many of the guests spent most of their time in watching the wonderful stranger; and as for the prince himself, he gazed at her so constantly that he was not able to eat even a morsel of the delicious foods that he liked best. As it happened, Cinderella was seated between her two sisters, and she took the greatest pains to make herself agreeable, and insisted that in all cases they should be served first. Both were much charmed and elated to think that the strange and beautiful princess paid them so much attention.

The Clock
Strikes Twelve

While they were still conversing, the clock pointed to quarter before twelve, and Cinderella rose hastily to her feet, and sweeping them all a graceful curtsy, hurried from the room as rapidly as she could. When she got home, she thanked her godmother for the delightful evening she had had, and said she would give anything she had in the world to be able to go to the ball again the next day, as the prince had invited her.

She was just saying this to her godmother when a light rat-a-tat-tat was heard at the door, and Cinderella ran and opened it.

"How late you have stayed!" said she sleepily.

"If you had been at the ball," said the elder sister, "you would not have been asleep. One of the guests was the handsomest, yes, the most beautiful princess I have ever seen, and you have no idea what attentions she paid us. The prince was very polite to her, and gave her oranges and sweetmeats, which she always divided with us."

"What was the name of the princess?" asked Cinderella, scarcely able to contain herself for joy.

"Nobody was able to find out who she was, and the king's son was extremely grieved and has offered a large reward if anyone can tell him where she came from." The Mystery

Cinderella smiled and said, "How beautiful she must be, and how fortunate you were! Oh, how I wish I could see her for a single moment! My dear sister, please let me take the yellow gown that you wear everyday that I may go to see her."

"The idea," said the sister, "lend my clothes to such a dirty Cinderwench as thou art! Do you think for a minute that I would be such a fool?"

Cinderella was not much surprised at the answer she received, and indeed was a little relieved, for she had no idea what she would do if the dress were lent to her.

On the second day the sisters appeared again at the ball, and there, too, was Cinderella, but with even more magnificent clothes than those she had worn the night before. The king's son was always by her side and was saying to her the most polite and pleasing things imaginable. The charming young lady was moved by the attention she received, and her heart grew warm at the flattery. In fact, she became so absorbed in the prince that she had entirely forgotten what her godmother had said about her returning at midnight. The Prince Is Charmed

She had never been so happy in her life as she was when the clock began to strike, but as she counted one, two, three, and on till she came to twelve, her joy changed to

**Cinderella
Loses Her Glass
Slipper**

terrible alarm. She jumped to her feet and ran out of the room as fleetly as a deer. The prince, surprised at her strange behavior, followed and tried to overtake her, but Cinderella's fright made her run much faster than her pursuer, so she soon left him out of sight. But in her great haste she lost one of her glass slippers and dared not stop to recover it. When the prince came in, he saw the fragile thing, picked it up and carefully preserved it. Cinderella reached home tired, out of breath, in her old ragged clothes, without either coach or footmen, and with nothing left but the mate to the glass slipper she had dropped.

She sat up impatiently waiting the return of her sisters, and when they came she began her questioning again. Was the princess at the ball this evening? Did they find out who she was, and was she as kind to them as on the night before?

"Yes, the princess was there, but at midnight she jumped up and ran so hurriedly from the ball-room that even though she lost one of her glass slippers, she did not stop to pick it up. The prince followed her, but was not able to overtake her. He did, however, find the glass slipper, a beautiful little thing, which she had dropped in her haste. All the rest of the night he sat gazing at the slipper, so that all the guests decided he must be very much in love with the princess."

**The Prince Sets
Out to Find the
Beautiful
Princess**

What they said was perfectly true, for the next day the prince sent heralds around who proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, that he would willingly marry the lady whose foot exactly fitted the slipper he had found. The prince's messengers then took the slipper and carried it to all the princesses, then to the duchesses, and then to the high ladies of the court, one after another, but without success. Many tried to put on the slipper, but all failed. Finally, it was brought to the house where Cinderella lived and each of the sisters tried to squeeze her foot into the slipper, but all saw that it was quite impossible.

Cinderella who was looking at them all the while, and who knew her slipper, smiled to herself, and when the sisters had failed she ventured to say, "Please, sir, let me try on the slipper."

The sisters laughed scornfully at the idea, but the herald, who had noticed the great beauty of Cinderella, in spite of her ragged clothes, said to her, "Certainly, you may try on the slipper, for the prince has sworn he will find the owner if it has to be tried on the foot of every lady in the kingdom."

So Cinderella seated herself, and when the gentleman tried on the slipper, he found that it fitted her little foot like wax. The two sisters were filled with astonishment, but were even more surprised when they saw Cinderella reach into her pocket and take out the other slipper and fit it on her other foot. Just at this moment her fairy godmother appeared, walked briskly over to Cinderella, and touched her with her wand. In an instant the ragged clothing was changed to a beautiful dress which made her appear again the magnificent princess, but even more richly jeweled than ever.

**Cinderella
Tries on the
Slipper**

The sisters knew her again at once, and falling at her feet, they begged forgiveness for the insults and injuries they had heaped upon her. Cinderella gave them each a hand and, assisting them to arise, tenderly embraced them one after the other.

**The Sisters
Forgiven**

"I forgive you with all my heart," said Cinderella, "and I hope you will always love me as I shall you."

Then she gave her hand to the gentleman-in-waiting, who conducted her into the presence of the prince. He was so overjoyed at finding the beautiful princess again that without delay he asked her to accept his hand. In a few days the marriage ceremony took place, and Cinderella, as forgiving and gentle as she was beautiful, provided her sisters with elegant apartments in the palace, where after a short time both were wedded to rich nobles at the court.

The Wedding

The following story reads much like the Arabian Nights Tales, and will remind the reader especially of "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." It is a typical Oriental tale, but it teaches a lesson of contentment that is valuable to all peoples.

THE STONE-CUTTER

(A Japanese Fairy-Tale)

Contented
Labor

Once upon a time there lived a stone-cutter who went every day to a great rock in the side of a big mountain and cut out slabs for gravestones or for houses. He understood very well the kinds of stones wanted for the different purposes, and as he was a careful workman he had plenty of customers. For a long time he was quite happy and contented, and asked for nothing better than what he had.

Now in the mountain dwelt a spirit which now and then appeared to men, and helped them in many ways to become rich and prosperous. The stone-cutter, however, had never seen this spirit, and only shook his head, with an unbelieving air, when anyone spoke of it. But a time was coming when he learned to change his opinion.

The
Discontented
Workman

One day the stone-cutter carried a gravestone to the house of a rich man, and saw there all sorts of beautiful things of which he had never dreamed. Suddenly his daily work seemed to grow harder and heavier, and he said to himself, "Oh, if I were only a rich man and could sleep in a bed with silken curtains and golden tassels, how happy I should be!"

And a voice answered, "Your wish is heard and a rich man you shall be!"

At the sound of the voice the stone-cutter looked around, but could see nobody. He thought it was all fancy, and picked up his tools and went home, for he did not feel inclined to work any more that day. But when he reached the little house where he lived, he stood still with amazement; for instead of his wooden hut was a

stately palace filled with splendid furniture, and most splendid of all was the bed, in every respect like the one he had envied. He was nearly beside himself with joy, and in his new life the old one was soon forgotten.

It was now the beginning of summer, and each day the sun blazed fiercely. One morning the heat was so great that the stone-cutter could scarcely breathe, and he determined that he would stop at home until the evening. He was rather dull, for he had never learned how to amuse himself, and was peeping through the closed blinds to see what was going on in the street, when a little carriage passed by, drawn by servants dressed in blue and silver. In the carriage sat a prince, and over his head a golden umbrella was held to protect him from the sun's rays.

Luxury Bores
Him

"Oh, if I were only a prince!" said the stone-cutter to himself, as the carriage vanished around the corner. "Oh, if I were only a prince and could go in such a carriage and have a golden umbrella over me, how happy I should be!"

And the voice of the mountain spirit answered, "Your wish is heard; a prince you shall be."

And a prince he was. Before his carriage rode one company of men and another behind it; servants dressed in scarlet and gold bore him along; the coveted umbrella was held over his head; everything heart could desire was his. But yet it was not enough. He looked around still for something to wish for, and when he saw that in spite of the water he poured on his grass the sun scorched it, and in spite of the umbrella held over his head every day his face grew browner and browner, he cried in his anger, "The sun is mightier than I; oh, if I were only the sun!"

Made a Prince

And the mountain spirit answered, "Your wish is heard; the sun you shall be."

And the sun he was, and he felt himself proud in his power. He shot his beams above and below on earth

First, the Sun
and Then a
Cloud

and in heaven; and he burnt up the grass in the fields and scorched the faces of princes as well as of poorer folk. But in a short time he began to grow tired of his might, for there seemed nothing left for him to do. Discontent once more filled his soul, and when a cloud covered his face, and hid the earth from him, he cried in his anger, "Does the cloud hold captive my rays, and is it mightier than I? Oh, that I were a cloud and mightier than any!"

And the mountain spirit answered, "Your wish is heard; a cloud you shall be!"

And a cloud he was, and lay between the sun and the earth. He caught the sun's beams and held them, and to his joy the earth grew green again and flowers blossomed. But that was not enough for him, and for days and weeks he poured forth rain till the rivers overflowed their banks and the crops of rice stood in water. Towns and villages were destroyed by the power of the rain; only the great rock on the mountain-side remained unmoved. The cloud was amazed at the sight and cried in wonder, "Is the rock then mightier than I? Oh, if I were only the rock!"

And the mountain spirit answered, "Your wish is heard; the rock you shall be."

Turned into
a Rock

And the rock he was, and gloried in his power. Proudly he stood, and neither the heat of the sun nor the force of the rain could move him. "This is better than all!" he said to himself. But one day he heard a strange noise at his feet, and when he looked down to see what it could be he saw a stone-cutter driving tools into his surface. Even while he looked, a trembling feeling ran through him, and a great block broke off and fell to the ground. Then he cried in wrath, "Is a mere child of earth mightier than a rock? Oh, if I were only a man!"

And the mountain spirit answered, "Your wish is heard; and a man once more you shall be!"

And a man he was; and in the sweat of his brow he

toiled again at stone-cutting. His bed was hard and his food scanty, but he had learned to be satisfied with it, and not long for something or to be somebody else. And as he never asked for things he had not got, or desired to be greater or mightier than other people, he was happy at last, and heard the voice of the mountain spirit no longer.

A Man Once
More

—*From Lang's "Crimson Fairy Book."*

I never knew a child who was not charmed by the following fairy story, and who, once hearing it, would not call for it again and again:

ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, THREE-EYES

There was once a woman who had three daughters, of whom the eldest was named "One-Eye," because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead. The second daughter had two eyes, like other people, and she was called "Two-Eyes." The youngest had three eyes, two like her second sister, and one in the middle of her forehead like the eldest, and she bore the name of "Three-Eyes."

Queer
Daughters

Now because Little Two-Eyes looked just like other people, her mother and sisters could not endure her. They said to her, "You are no better than common folks, with your two eyes; you don't belong to us."

So they pushed her about, and threw all their old clothes to her for her to wear, and gave her only the pieces that were left to eat, and did everything that they could to make her miserable. It so happened that Little Two-Eyes was sent into the fields to take care of the goats, and she was often very hungry, although her sisters had as much as they liked to eat. So one day she seated herself on a mound in the field, and began to weep and cry so bitterly that two little rivulets flowed from her eyes. Once in the midst of her sorrow she looked up, and

Two-Eyes
Unhappy

saw a woman standing near her who said, "What are you weeping for, Little Two-Eyes?"

"I cannot help weeping," she replied, "for, because I have two eyes, like other people, my mother and sisters cannot bear me; they push me about from one corner to another and make me wear their old clothes, and give me nothing to eat but what is left, so that I am always hungry. To-day they gave me so little that I am almost starved."

"Dry up your tears, Little Two-Eyes," said the wise woman; "I will tell you something to do which will prevent you from ever being hungry again. You have only to say to your own goat:

'Little goat, if you're able,
Pray deck out my table,'

and immediately there will be a pretty little table before you full of all sorts of good things for you to eat, as much as you like. And when you have had enough, and you do not want the table any more, you need only say:

'Little goat, when you're able,
Remove my nice table,'

and it will vanish from before your eyes."

The words were scarcely spoken, when a beautiful little table stood ready before Little Two-Eyes; it had a white cloth and plates, and knives, and forks, and silver spoons, and such a delicious dinner, smoking hot, as if it had just come from the kitchen. Then Little Two-Eyes sat down and said the shortest grace she knew—"Pray God be our guest for all time, Amen," before she allowed herself to taste anything. But oh, how she did enjoy her dinner! And when she had finished, she said, as the wise woman had taught her:

"Little goat, when you're able,
Remove my nice table."

The Wise
Woman

The Magic
Table

In a moment, the table and everything upon it had disappeared. "That is a pleasant way to keep house," said Little Two-Eyes, and felt quite contented and happy. In the evening when she went home with the goat, she found an earthenware dish with some scraps which her sisters had left for her, but she did not touch them. The next morning she went away with the goat, leaving them behind where they had been placed for her. The first and second times that she did so, the sisters did not notice it; but when they found it happened every day, they said one to the other, "There is something strange about Little Two-Eyes, she leaves her supper every day, and all that has been put by for her has been wasted; she must get food somewhere else."

Two-Eyes
Suspected

So they determined to find out the truth, and they arranged that when Two-Eyes took her goat to the field, One-Eye should go with her to take particular notice of what she did and discover if anything was brought to her to eat and drink. So when Two-Eyes started with her goat, One-Eye said to her, "I am going with you to-day to see if the goat gets her food properly, while you are watching the rest."

But Two-Eyes knew what she had in her mind. So she drove the goat into the long grass, and said, "Come, One-Eye, let us sit down here and rest, and I will sing to you."

One-Eye seated herself and, not being accustomed to walk so far, or to be out in the heat of the sun, she began to feel tired, and as Little Two-Eyes kept on singing, she closed her eye and fell fast asleep.

One-Eye
Deceived

When Two-Eyes saw this, she knew that One-Eye could not betray her, so she said:

"Little goat, if you are able,
Come and deck my pretty table."

She seated herself when it appeared, and ate and drank very quickly, and when she had finished she said:

“Little goat, when you are able,
Come and clear away my table.”

It vanished in the twinkling of an eye, and then Two-Eyes woke up One-Eye, and said, “One-Eye, you are a clever one to watch goats; for, while you are asleep they might be running all over the world. Come, let us go home!”

The Mystery
Still Unsolved

So they went to the house, and Little Two-Eyes again left the scraps on the dish untouched, and One-Eye could not tell her mother whether Little Two-Eyes had eaten anything in the field, for she said to excuse herself, “I was asleep.”

The next day the mother said to Three-Eyes, “You must go to the field this time, and find out whether there is anyone who brings food to Little Two-Eyes; for she must eat and drink secretly.”

So when Little Two-Eyes started with her goat, Three-Eyes followed, and said, “I am going with you to-day to see if the goats are properly fed and watched.”

But Little Two-Eyes knew her thoughts; so she led the goat through the long grass to tire Three-Eyes, and at last she said, “Let us sit down here and rest, and I will sing to you, Three-Eyes.”

Three-Eyes
Discovers the
Truth

Three-Eyes was glad to sit down, for the walk and the heat of the sun had really tired her; and as her sister continued her song, she was obliged to close two of her eyes, and they slept, but not the third. In fact, Three-Eyes was wide-awake with one eye, and heard and saw all that Two-Eyes did; for poor Little Two-Eyes, thinking she was asleep, said her speech to the goat, and the table came with all the good things on it, and was carried away when Two-Eyes had eaten enough; and the cunning Three-Eyes saw it all with her one eye. But she pretended to be asleep when her sister came to waken her and told her she was going home.

That evening, when Little Two-Eyes again left the sup-

per they placed aside for her, Three-Eyes said to her mother, "I know where the proud thing gets her good eating and drinking"; and then she described all that she had seen in the field. "I saw it all with one eye," she said, "for she had made my other two eyes close with her fine singing, but luckily the one in my forehead remained open."

Then the envious mother cried out to poor Little Two-Eyes, "You wish to have better food than we, do you? You shall lose your wish." She took up a butcher's knife, went out and stuck the good little goat in the heart, and it fell dead.

The Goat
Killed

When Little Two-Eyes saw this, she went out into the field, and wept most bitter tears.

Presently the wise woman stood again before her, and said, "Little Two-Eyes, why do you weep?"

"Ah!" she replied, "I must weep. The goat who every day spread my table so beautifully has been killed by my mother, and I shall have again to suffer from hunger and sorrow."

"Little Two-Eyes," said the wise woman, "I will give you some good advice. Go home, and ask your sister to give you the inside of the slaughtered goat, and then go and bury it in the ground in front of the house-door."

The Wise
Woman's
Advice

On saying this the wise woman vanished.

Little Two-Eyes went home quickly, and said to her sister, "Dear sister, give me some part of my poor goat. I don't want anything valuable, only give me the inside."

Her sister laughed, and said, "Of course you can have that, if you don't want anything else."

So Little Two-Eyes took the inside; and in the evening, when all was quiet, buried it in the ground outside the house-door, as the wise woman had told her to do.

The next morning, when they all rose and looked out of the window, there stood a most wonderful tree, with leaves of silver and apples of gold hanging between them. Nothing in the wide world could be more beautiful or

more costly. They none of them knew how the tree could have come there in one night excepting Little Two-Eyes. She supposed it had grown up from the inside of the goat; for it stood over where she had buried it in the earth.

Then said the mother to One-Eye, "Climb up, my child, and break off some of the fruit from the tree."

The Magic Tree

One-Eye climbed up, but when she tried to catch a branch and pluck one of the apples, it escaped from her hand, and so it happened every time she made the attempt, and, do what she would, she could not reach one.

"Three-Eyes," said her mother, "climb up, and try what you can do; perhaps you will be able to see better with your three eyes than One-Eye can."

One-Eye slid down from the tree, and Three-Eyes climbed up. But Three-Eyes was not more skilful; with all her efforts she could not draw the branches, nor the fruit, near enough to pluck even a leaf, for they sprang back as she put out her hand.

At last the mother was impatient, and climbed up herself, but with no more success, for, as she appeared to grasp a branch, or fruit, her hand closed upon thin air.

"May I try?" said Little Two-Eyes; "perhaps I may succeed."

"You, indeed!" cried her sisters; "you, with your two eyes, what can you do?"

The Golden Apples

But Two-Eyes climbed up, and the golden apples did not fly back from her when she touched them, but almost laid themselves in her hand, and she plucked them one after another, till she carried down her little apron full.

The mother took them from her, and gave them to her sisters, as she said Little Two-Eyes did not handle them properly; but this was only jealousy, because Little Two-Eyes was the only one who could reach the fruit, and she went into the house feeling more spiteful towards her than ever.

It happened that while the three sisters were standing under the tree together, a young Knight rode by. "Run away quick, and hide yourself, Little Two-Eyes; hide yourself somewhere, for we shall be quite ashamed for you to be seen." Then they pushed the poor girl in great haste under an empty cask which stood near the tree, and several of the golden apples which she had plucked along with her.

The Knight came nearer; and presently he halted, and looked with pleasure and wonder at the beautiful tree with its silver leaves and golden fruit.

**The Knight
Appears**

At last he spoke to the sisters, and asked: "To whom does this beautiful tree belong? If a man possessed only one branch he might obtain all he wished for in the world."

"This tree belongs to us," said the two sisters, "and we will break off a branch for you if you like." They gave themselves a great deal of trouble in trying to do as they offered; but all to no purpose, for the branches of the tree evaded their efforts, and sprang back at every touch.

"This is wonderful," exclaimed the Knight, "that the tree should belong to you and yet you are not able to gather even a branch."

They persisted, however, in declaring that the tree was their own property. At this moment Little Two-Eyes, who was angry because her sisters had not told the truth, caused two of the golden apples to slip out from under the cask, and they rolled on till they reached the feet of the Knight's horse. When he saw them, he asked in astonishment where they came from.

**Little Two-
Eyes Under the
Cask**

The two ugly maidens replied that they had another sister, but they dared not let him see her, for she had only two eyes, like common people, and was named Little Two-Eyes.

But the Knight felt very anxious to see her, and called out, "Little Two-Eyes, come here." Then came Two-

Eyes, quite comforted, from the empty cask, and the Knight was astonished to find her so beautiful.

Then he said, "Little Two-Eyes, can you break off a branch of the tree for me?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I can, very easily, for the tree belongs to me." And she climbed up and, without any trouble, broke off a branch with its silver leaves and golden fruit and gave it to the Knight.

He looked down at her, as she stood by his horse and said: "Little Two-Eyes, what shall I give you for this?"

"Ah!" she answered, "I suffer from hunger and thirst, and sorrow, and trouble, from early morning till late at night; if you would only take me with you, and release me, I should be so happy."

Then the Knight lifted the little maiden on his horse, and rode home with her to his father's castle. There she was given beautiful clothes to wear, and as much to eat and drink as she wished, and as she grew up the young Knight loved her so dearly that they were married with great rejoicings.

Now when the sisters saw Little Two-Eyes carried away by the handsome young Knight, they were overjoyed at their good fortune. "The wonderful tree belongs to us now," they said; "even if we cannot break off a branch, yet everybody who passes will stop to admire it and make acquaintance with us."

But when they rose next morning, lo! the tree had vanished and with it all their hopes. And on this very morning when Little Two-Eyes looked out of her chamber window at the castle, she saw, to her great joy, that the tree had followed her.

Little Two-Eyes lived for a long time in great happiness; but she heard nothing of her sisters, till one day two poor women came to the castle to beg for alms. Little Two-Eyes saw them, and looking earnestly in their faces, she recognized her two sisters, who had become

Two-Eyes
Taken to the
Castle

The Tree
Follows Her

so poor that they were obliged to beg their bread from door to door.

But the good sister received them most kindly, and promised to take care of them and give them all they wanted. And then they did indeed repent and feel sorry for having treated her so badly in their youthful days.

—*Grimm Brothers' Fairy Tales.*

The following poem is rather long, but may be made interesting by dramatizing it and having two children read or recite it for an evening's pastime.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW

Mother: "And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"

Mary: "I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The midsummer night to see!"

Mother: "And what did you see, my Mary,
All upon the Caldon-Low?"

Mary: "I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

Mother: "And what did you hear, my Mary,
All upon the Caldon-Hill?"

Mary: "I heard the drops of water made,
And I heard the corn-ears fill."

Mother: "Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

Mary: "Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine;
A hundred fairies danced last night
And the harpers they were nine;

“And merry was the glee of the harp-string,
And their dancing feet so small;
But, oh! the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!”

Mother: “And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?”

Mary: “I’ll tell you all, my mother,
But let me have my way.

“And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
‘And this,’ they said, ‘shall speedily turn
The poor old miller’s mill;

“‘For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day!

“‘Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the milldam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!’

“And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth
And blew so sharp and shrill!

“‘And there,’ said they, ‘the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn;

“‘Oh, the poor blind widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be merry enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!’

“And some they brought the brown linseed,
And flung it down from the Low:

‘And this,’ said they, ‘by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s craft shall grow!

“‘Oh, the poor lame weaver!
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!’

“And then spoke up a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin:
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother!’

“And with that I could not help but laugh;
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldun-Low
There was no one left but me!

“And all on the top of the Caldun-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

“But as I came down from the hill-top
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go!

“And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green!

“And down by the weaver’s craft I stole,
 To see if the flax were high;
 But I saw the weaver at the gate
 With the good news in his eye!

“Now, this is all that I heard, mother,
 And all that I did see;
 So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
 For I am as tired as I can be!”

—*Mary Howitt.*

Lamb’s “Tales
 from Shakes-
 peare”

Few of the plays of Shakespeare are suitable reading for young people under fifteen years of age; for they deal with problems that are deeper than the experiences of childhood. Some attractive stories, however, are found in the “Tales from Shakespeare” retold by Charles and Mary Lamb. From “The Tempest,” the last and loveliest of all Shakespeare’s plays, we get the lesson that learning and power are given to man in order that he may use them as instruments for good.

THE TEMPEST

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father’s.

The Island
 Home of Pros-
 pero and
 Miranda

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men; and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his

art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy, Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange, misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape; he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful; therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the courage of compelling him to do these services.

The Sprite
Ariel and the
Monster Caliban

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Ariel Torments
Caliban

Having powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my

dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awak-

ened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

Set Adrift at
Sea in a Boat

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortune. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm."

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

Ariel Enters

“Well, my brave spirit,” said Prospero to Ariel, “how have you performed your task?”

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king’s son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. “But he is safe,” said Ariel, “in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before.”

“That’s my delicate Ariel,” said Prospero. “Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?”

“I left them,” answered Ariel, “searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship’s crew, not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour.”

“Ariel,” said Prospero, “thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet.”

“Is there more work?” said Ariel. “Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling.”

“How now!” said Prospero. “You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me.”

“Sir, in Algiers,” said Ariel.

“O was she so?” said Prospero. “I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible

The Young
Prince

Ariel Prays for
Liberty

to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

Ariel
Submissive

"O, my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing:

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange,
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

Ferdinand
Follows Ariel

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda's First
View of a
Young Man

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

Prospero Tests
the Prince

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence!" said the father, "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and a Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most

men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero; looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Ferdinand Is
Prospero's
Prisoner

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell; he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

Ferdinand Set
to Work

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daugh-

ter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for the young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visibly before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test.

Miranda
Professes Her
Love

Ferdinand
Offers to Make
Her a Queen

Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat he appeared visibly before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King and
Antonio
Tormented

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero: "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Prospero's
Brother, the
King, and
Gonzalo
Appear

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with

books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother; and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you, too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that parted us, and brought us thus together."

"No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life; he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh!

Antonio and
the King
Repent

Miranda
Charms the
King

how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

Prospero's
Goodness

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear

Ariel Set Free

master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sang this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magic books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

Prospero Gives
Up Magic

—*Retold by Charles and Mary Lamb.*

THE FAIRIES' LULLABY

[Enter Titania, with her train.]

Titania: Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then for the third part of a minute, hence;—
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now to sleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Song

- 1 *Fairy*: You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

- 2 *Fairy*: Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

- 2 *Fairy*: Hence, away! now all is well.
One aloof stand sentinel!

—*Shakespeare's "A Midsummer-Night's Dream."*

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,

I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green:
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
 In their gold coats spots you see;
 Those be rubies, fairy favors,
 In those freckles live their savors;
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 —Shakespeare's "*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*."

Book List*

- Fairy Gold*, a book of Old English fairy tales. (Everyman's Library.)
- Fairy Ring*,
Magic Casements, } Kate Douglas Wiggin.
- Grimm's Fairy Tales*.
Same, Translated by Crane.
- Jacob's Fairy Tales*, which include Celtic and Indian tales as well as English.
- Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales*. (Riverside Series and Everyman's Library.)
- Arabian Nights Entertainments*.
- Fairy Tales from the Swedish*, G. Dyurklo.
- The Russian Fairy Book*, D. H. Dole.
- The Did of Didn't Think*: a fairy story for boys and girls, H. E. Inman.
- The King of the Golden River*, John Ruskin.
- Cozy Corner Series*.
- Little Lame Prince*, Mrs. D. M. Mulock.
- Same*, Illustrated in Color.
- The Cricket on the Hearth*: a fairy tale of home, Charles Dickens.

*Any of the books named in this list may be obtained through the Publishers of the "Foundation Stones" Series.

- Water-Babies*, Charles Kingsley.
Ting-a-ling Tales, Frank R. Stockton.
Wonder Book of Horses, James Baldwin.
 Eighteen Stories from *The Horse Fair*.
The Crimson Fairy Book, Andrew Lang.
Japanese Fairy Tales, Williston.
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Lewis Carroll.
Same, Illustrated in Color, A. E. Jackson.
Wonder Book, }
Tanglewood Tales, } Nathaniel Hawthorne.
In Storyland, Elizabeth Harrison.
Prince Silver Wings, }
Star Fairies, } Edith Ogden Harrison.
Fairy Tales a Child Can Read and Act, Lillian E. Nixon.
At the Back of the North Wind, George MacDonald.

CHAPTER V

WORK

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done.
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.

—*Phoebe Cary.*



AND now, boys and girls, we are going to include you in our talks about books and their heroes, and the things in our own lives that are worth while. Not that we do not expect your fathers and mothers to come with us; for we know that their interest in you will keep them constantly in our company.

Once upon a time, you know, you used to say, "Let's go to bed early, so that we can get up in the morning-day and play." That was in your baby days. Now you say, "To-morrow we'll make a wagon out of these wheels," or, "We must have Uncle show us how to make a kite." We can hear you driving nails and sawing sticks, and what with the noise and the litter and the paste we are aware that the game of making things is in progress. And even if the kite will not fly and the wagon will not run, you are having a better time than when you played "horse" or "needle's eye" or, yes, even when you played "marbles"; for you are learning how to handle tools and to use your fingers and hands with skill. Who mentions the blood blister that was raised on his hand yesterday, or the slight cut on his finger,—that is only an incident in the game of learning to work?

Of course it takes some courage to go back to the task again after the failure and the hurt, and it requires some

ingenuity and resourcefulness to make up for lack of materials and tools, but it is that very ingenuity and courage that we shall need, if we are to do our best later on in the big world.

Some of you will like to draw pictures, others will want to learn to make garden, or sew, or cook, or row a boat, or set up a camp, or run an engine, and it may be that one among you will want to learn to write. There is a book in this Series called "Finding One's Place in Life," that will help you decide the kind of work you may want to engage in when you are grown, but just now we want to introduce you to some boys and girls in Book-Land, who accomplished things and learned to be brave, and honest, and true in the doing.

While I am talking about working without tools, and of having to exercise ingenuity and resourcefulness, I hear you exclaim, "O yes, that was how Robinson Crusoe did. I have read his book through three times already!" And don't forget "Swiss Family Robinson!" I remember that I read the last-named story through four times before I was twelve, and was not disturbed in the least that they had tropical and temperate zone fruits and frigid zone animals thriving together on one little tropical island! Things always turned out just to their hand, and it was such a joy to watch the development of the unexpected and see how they were rewarded for their efforts! Yes, Robinson Crusoe and the Swiss Family Robinsons must head our list of workers. You will learn much from these industrious and ingenious castaways.

Robinson
Crusoe and the
Swiss Family
Robinsons

But we are not cast away on islands; we have our friends to guide and direct us; so the problem is much easier to solve. It is true that every boy who likes to play also likes to work, but occasionally he finds it difficult to stick to a piece of work until it is done—and do it cheerfully. I know of a small boy, however, who had learned to do this; the following poem will tell you about him:

WHISTLE AND HOE

There's a boy just over the garden fence
Who is whistling all through the livelong day;
And his work is not just a mere pretense,
For you see the weeds he has cut away.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

Not a word of bemoaning his task I hear,
He has scarcely time for a growl, I know;
For his whistle sounds so merry and clear,
He must find some pleasure in every row.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

But then, while you whistle, be sure that you hoe;
For if you are idle the briars will spread;
And whistling alone to the end of the row
May do for the weeds, but it's bad for the bread.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

—*Anonymous.*

But we must not think that only boys should learn to work. I know of a little girl who is proud of her ability to do things. I shall let her tell you about it in her own poetic way. I recall that it was one of the proudest moments of my life when I was old enough to recite this beautiful poem before an audience. It is the first one of Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven." The little girl in the poem has learned to be friends with the many beautiful things in the world—the daisies, the moon, the velvet bee, the linnet.



"SEVEN TIMES ONE."

SEVEN TIMES ONE

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my seven times over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am so old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is
failing—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it:
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

Is it not delightful to feel the thrill of power—to feel that one is old enough to be trusted with responsibilities! Yes, it is a high tide in one's development to be old enough to write a letter, to be able to learn lessons—even to be seven times one!

I know of another little lassie who was having some difficulty in making the transition from play to work; but she, too, may relate her own funny experience:

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and
forward, too,
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't
know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother
my head.
“If you call her ‘Fifty-four’ for a while, you’ll learn it
by heart,” she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought
’twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child, such a perfectly
horrid name),
And I called her my dear little “Fifty-four” a hundred
times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two
times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so
proud,
Said, “Six times nine is fifty-two,” and I nearly laughed
aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, “Now, Dorothy,
tell if you can,”
For I thought of my doll and—sakes alive—I answered,
“Mary Ann!”

—*Anna Marie Pratt.*

Dorothy's experience helps us to see how difficult it is to combine work and play, or rather how unsatisfactory it is to make our play contribute to our work. It is hard to assume the responsibility for finishing a piece of work when there is so much fun and play awaiting us. Jacob Abbott, who in his lifetime wrote about two hundred books for young people, some of them called the "Rollo Books," understood this difficulty thoroughly. We give below an extract from "Rollo at Work." You may think that Rollo is a rather formal little lad, and that for an American boy he is too dependent upon the advice of others; but I think you will recognize in Rollo's problems some of your own, and you may catch from the story an inspiration for real work. At any rate, it may help you to understand yourself better and so to guide your conduct more intelligently.

Combining
Work and Play

ROLLO'S GARDEN

One warm morning early in spring, just after the snow was melted off from the ground, Rollo and his father went to take a walk. The ground by the side of the road was dry and settled and they walked along very pleasantly; and at length they came to a fine-looking farm. The house was not very large, but there were great sheds and barns and spacious yards and high wood-piles, and flocks of geese, and hens and turkeys, and cattle and sheep, sunning themselves around the barns.

At the Farm

Rollo and his father walked into the yard, and went up to the end door, a large pig running away with a grunt when they came up. The door was open, and Rollo's father knocked at it with the head of his cane. A pleasant-looking young woman came to the door.

"Is Farmer Cropwell at home?" said Rollo's father.

"Yes, sir," said she, "he is out in the long barn, I believe."

"Shall I go there and look for him?" said he.

"If you please, sir."

So Rollo's father walked along to the barn.

The Barn

It was a long barn indeed. Rollo thought he had never seen so large a building. On each side was a long range of stalls for cattle, facing towards the middle, and great scaffolds overhead, partly filled with hay and with bundles of straw. They walked down the barn floor, and in one place Rollo passed a large bull chained by the nose in one of the stalls. The bull uttered a sort of low growl or roar as Rollo and his father passed, which made him a little afraid; but his attention was soon attracted to some hens, a little farther along, which were standing on the edge of the scaffolding over his head and cackling with noise enough to fill the whole barn.

When they got to the other end of the barn, they found a door leading into a shed, and there was Farmer Cropwell with one of his men, and a pretty large boy, getting out some ploughs.

"Good morning, Mr. Cropwell," said Rollo's father. "What! are you going to ploughing?"

"Why, it is about time to overhaul the ploughs, and see that they are in good order; I think we shall have an early season."

"Yes, I find my garden getting settled and I came to talk with you about some garden seeds."

Garden Seeds

The truth was, that Rollo's father was accustomed to come every spring and purchase his seeds from this farm; and so, after a few minutes, they went into the house, taking Rollo with them, to get the seeds that were wanted out of the seed-room.

What they called the seed-room was a large closet, with shelves all around it, and Rollo waited there a little while, until the seeds were selected, put up in papers, and given to his father.

When this was all done, and they were coming out, the farmer said, "Well, my little boy, you have been very

still and patient, should not you like some seeds, too? Have you got any garden?"

"No, sir," said Rollo; "but perhaps my father will give me some ground for one."

"Well, I will give you a few seeds, at any rate." So he opened a little drawer and took out some seeds, and put them in a piece of paper and wrote something on the outside. Then he did so again and again until he had four little papers, which he handed to Rollo, and told him to plant them in his garden.

Rollo Is Given
Seeds Also

Rollo thanked him and took his seeds and returned home.

On the way home Rollo thought it would be an excellent plan for him to have a garden and he told his father so.

"I think it would be an excellent plan, myself," said his father. "But do you intend to make work or play of it?"

"Why, I must make work of it, must I not, if I have a real garden?"

"No," said his father; "you may make play of it if you choose."

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, you can take a hoe, and hoe about in the ground as long as it amuses you to hoe; and then you can plant your seeds, and water and weed them just as long as you find amusement in it. Then if you have anything else to play with you can neglect your garden a long time, and let the weeds grow, and not come and pull them up until you get tired of other play, and happen to feel like working in your garden."

A Garden for
Play

"I should not think that would be a very good plan," said Rollo.

"Why, yes," replied his father, "I do not know but that it is a good plan enough, that is, for *play*. It is right for you to play sometimes, and I do not know why you might not play with a piece of ground and seeds as well as with anything else."

"Well, father, how should I manage my garden if I was going to make work of it?"

"O, then you would not do it for amusement, but for the useful results. You would consider what you could raise to best advantage, and then lay out your garden; not as you might happen to *fancy* doing it, but so as to get the most produce from it. When you come to dig it over you would not consider how long you could find amusement in digging, but how much digging is necessary to make the ground productive; and so in all your operations."

"Well, father, which do you think would be the best plan for me?"

"Why, I hardly know. By making play of it, you will have the greatest pleasure as you go along. But, in the other plan, you will have some good crops of vegetables, fruit, and flowers."

Rollo hesitated for some time which plan he should adopt. He had worked enough to know that it was often very tiresome to keep on with his work when he wanted to go and play; but then he knew that after it was over, there was great satisfaction in thinking of useful employment, and in seeing what had been done.

That afternoon he went out into the garden to consider what he should do, and he found his father there, staking out some ground.

"Father," said he, "whereabouts should you give me the ground for my garden?"

"Why, that depends," said his father, "on the plan you determine upon. If you are going to make play of it, I must give you ground in a back corner where the weeds will be out of sight. But if you conclude to have a real garden, and to work industriously a little while every day upon it, I should give it to you there just beyond the pear tree."

Rollo looked at the two places, but he could not make up his mind. That evening he asked Jonas about it, and

Jonas advised him to ask his father to let him have both.

"Then," said he, "you can work on your real garden as long as there is any necessary work to be done, and then you can go and play about the other with James and Lucy when they are here."

Rollo went off immediately, and asked his father. His father said there would be some difficulties about that; but he would think of it, and see if there was any way to avoid them.

The next morning when he came to breakfast, he had a paper in his hand and he told Rollo he had concluded to let him have the two gardens on certain conditions which he had written down. He opened the paper, and read as follows:

Rollo Is Given
Both a
Working-
garden and a
Playing-garden

"*Conditions on which I let Rollo have two pieces of land to cultivate; the one to be called his working-garden, and the other his playing-garden:*

"1. In cultivating his working-garden, he is to take Jonas's advice, and follow it faithfully in every respect.

"2. He is not to go and work upon his playing-garden at any time, when there is any work that ought to be done on his working-garden.

"3. If he lets his working-garden get out of order, and I give him notice of it; then if it is not perfectly in order again within three days after receiving the notice, he is to forfeit the garden, and all that is growing upon it.

Conditions of
Forfeiture

"4. Whatever he raises, he may sell me, at fair prices at the end of the season."

Rollo accepted the conditions, and asked his father to stake out the two pieces of ground for him that day.

—*Jacob Abbott.*

The story, of course, goes on to tell of Rollo's successes and failures and of his great difficulty, after all his lessons and experiences, in learning the difference between work and play.

The same writer, understanding boys so well, very humorously wrote out for his own sons the following "Code." I am sure that you boys and girls will enjoy it fully, for it will recall many incidents of like barbarous actions that you have witnessed among disorderly boys and girls of your acquaintance.

THE CODE BARBARIAN

1. When you come in from sliding, leave your sled in the yard upon the snow. It will rust the irons a little and prevent its going too fast when you go out to slide next time. You may save breaking your neck by this means.

Sleds and Tools 2. Whenever you have been using the hoes or the shovels or any other tools, leave them anywhere about the yard. There is plenty of room for them on the ground.

3. If you get an invitation for a visit up in town, if you make as much difficulty and trouble as you can about dressing properly before you go, and then are rude and noisy when you get there, it will do a great deal towards preventing your being troubled with future invitations.

4. If you lose your knife or anything, it is a convenient plan to tell some other boy that you lent it to him one day and you have not seen it since. This throws off the responsibility on his shoulders. So, if you cannot find your hat, you can insist upon it, that you hung it upon its nail.

The Boy's Knife 5. If you get a new knife, and if you borrow one, go to boring a hole with the point or to digging out a boat. The advantage of this is that you will soon break the point, and after that you will be in no danger of pricking yourself.

6. Whenever it rains or looks very much like rain on holidays, always form some plan for a fishing excursion, or going up into the woods, or some other out-of-door expedition, where you can't go except in pleasant weather, and then set your heart upon it so strongly that

you can't enjoy any other plan. By this means you can spend the day in watching the clouds, fretting, and wishing that it would clear up, and that will keep you out of mischief.

7. When you go off on expeditions and are going through rough and difficult places, the larger boys ought to run on fast as they can, scrambling over logs, jumping the fences, and leaping the brooks, so as to leave the smaller and weaker boys behind. This will be an especially good plan if there should be one boy considerably younger than the rest. If he gets tired out and left hopelessly behind, it is no matter. What business has he to be so young and little?

Out-of-door
Excursions

8. When you fish, it is a good plan for two or three of you to put your lines in very near the same place, so if a lazy sucker should come along, he would be perplexed to know which to bite.

9. If one boy gets a bite or a nibble, let all the rest run and throw their lines into the same place. Who knows but that the fish will be so large that it will take several lines to pull him out? Then, besides, in case there should not be any fish, you could catch each other's lines.

Rules for
Fishing

10. When you come home throw your poles and lines down anywhere, especially where they will get wet. Fishing lines were made to get wet. Be sure and leave the old bait on the hook. It will harden there and keep the hook from sticking into anybody.

—*Jacob Abbott.*

Phoebe Cary, who, with her sister, Alice Cary, wrote many poems about children and for children, has given them some good advice in the following lines. They will help boys and girls to see themselves as others see them, and make them more contented and happy in their work and play and in their relation to other boys and girls.

SUPPOSE

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head;
Could you make it whole by crying,
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not your arm that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down;
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get;
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair;
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world can't please you,
Nor the way some people do;

Do you think the whole creation
 Will be altered just for you?
 And isn't it, my boy or girl,
 The wisest, bravest plan,
 Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
 To do the best you can?

—*Phoebe Cary.*

Some children have the faculty of turning work into play. From the point of view of ethics this may not be desirable; but the following amusing incident relates how one boy solved one problem to his own satisfaction.

Just a Bit of
 Fun

WHITEWASHING THE FENCE

[In this extract from "Tom Sawyer," Tom is shown in a dilemma. He wants to go swimming, but he must whitewash the fence. He does not wish to acknowledge the situation to his boy friends, for he fears their ridicule. Suddenly he hits upon a plan.

One of the boys, Ben Rogers, comes by and pauses, eating a particularly fine apple. Tom does not see him. Ben stares a moment, and then says]:

"Hi-yi! you're up a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave another gentle sweep, and surveyed the results as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to the work. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?"

"Why, it's you, Ben; I wasn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd ruther work, wouldn't you? Course you would."

Tom contemplated the boy a bit and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing and answered care-

An Artist at
 Whitewashing

lessly: "Well, maybe it is and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"O, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

The brush continued to move. "Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth,—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested; more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered—was about to consent,—but he altered his mind.

"No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do; Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence,—right here on the street, you know,—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence. It's got to be done very careful. I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done."

"No,—is that so? Oh, come now; lemme just try; only just a little. I'd let you if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injun; but Aunt Polly—well,—Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I am fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you all of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a bar-

Ben Desires to
Whitewash the
Fence

Tom Feigns
Reluctance

rel in the shade close by, dangling his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of the innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair, and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought it for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, besides the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's harp, a piece of blue-bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass doorknob, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window sash. He had had a nice, good idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom, Resigns
the Brush

Success as a
Trader

—Mark Twain.

Another story is told of an interesting little worker, whose ambitious calculations brought her only disappointment. It will be more amusing to you if you attempt to work out all the mathematical problems with which she was puzzling her foolish little mind.

THE MILKMAID

A milkmaid, who poised a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
“Let me see,—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

“Well then,—stop a bit,—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

“Well, sixty sound eggs,—no, sound chickens I mean;
Of these some may die,—we’ll suppose seventeen,
Seventeen! not so many,—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

“But then there’s their barley; how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed,
So that’s a mere trifle; now then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there’ll be.

“Six shilling a pair—five—four—three-and-six—
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix;
Now what will that make? Fifty chickens, I said,—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—*I’ll ask Brother Ned.*

“O, but stop,—three-and-sixpence a pair, I must sell ’em;
Well, a pair is a couple,—now then let us tell ’em;
A couple in fifty will go (my poor brain!)
Why, just a score of times, and five pair will remain.

“Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can’t reckon up so much money as this!
Well, there’s no use in trying, so let’s give a guess,—
I’ll say twenty pounds, *and it can’t be no less.*

“Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, ’tis clear.”

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head;
When, alas for her prospects! her milk pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.



THE MILKMAID.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
 “Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched.”
 —*Jeffreys Taylor.*

A good old friend of boys and girls described by Longfellow, is the Village Blacksmith. When we read of his devotion to his work, his great physical strength, of his care for his family, of how faithfully he kept the Sabbath, and how interested the school-children were in him, we feel that Longfellow has made a real contribution to the literature of Labor. He has written a poem with a real human interest, which appeals to all.

It may be interesting to you to know that, after the “Village Smithy” had long since passed away, the children of Cambridge had the old chestnut tree felled and made into a fine large armchair which they presented to the poet on his eightieth birthday, thus showing their appreciation of both the poem and the poet.

The Poet and
the Children

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.
 His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.
 Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,

Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Yes, we must all learn to work, and to think, and like the blacksmith, forge our deeds and thoughts, moulding thereby our characters. And there is still another side to the problem of learning to work. We must learn not only to work by ourselves, but to work with others. Rudyard Kipling has written a parable for us about the parts of a ship learning to work together, so that they may master the art of pulling together in time of storm. The story is entitled "The Ship That Found Herself." Here is a summary of it:

Learning to
Work With
Others

The *Dimbula* was a new ship, beautiful in her bright paint and fine machinery. She was in port to be christened and was now ready for her first voyage. The skipper had just taken the captain's daughter on a tour of inspection and of course the young lady was charmed by it all and was especially proud of the fact that she had helped make a ship of her. The skipper, however, soon informed the young lady that the *Dimbula* was far from being a ship yet, that she would have to "find herself" first. The young lady could not understand how this could be accomplished, but the skipper explained that if they should have rough weather on the voyage that would help somewhat.

The ship put to sea and soon ran into a heavy storm. Then the different parts began to complain. The deck beams complained of the capstan, and the capstan blamed the trouble on the green brute of a wave; the port and upper-deck stringers, the garboard strake, the bilge stringers and even the rivets, each in turn set up a complaint, urging the others to "ease off and not hold on so tight." Finally the Steam took a hand and when one little rivet threatened to pull out, he told the story of how one little rivet that he knew, did pull out and the rest followed his example, and the Steam had to creep into the nearest fog bank while the ship went down.

The New
Ship in a
Storm

Finally after much talk on the part of each individual part of the ship, it arrived in New York Harbor, where

the Steam discovered that all the numerous complaining voices had melted into one big sonorous voice—the ship had found herself.

Each Worker
Must Do His
Part Faithfully

It is an interesting story and you must read it entire in "The Day's Work." But you and I have the same lesson to learn as did the parts of the ship. All the workers on one piece of work must pull together if the work would be completed without ruin. Holding on to help another or to save the whole piece from destruction—that is what we must learn to do. I once knew a contractor who thought he was building a very good house, and indeed when it was finished it did look handsome to all outward appearance. But when the rains came, it was discovered that a poor workman had shingled the roof, and then, of course, the rain poured into the house and spoiled the beauty of the interior. The bricklayer had built the chimney, so that it would catch water, and the mason had slighted one corner of the foundation, so that it cracked. Unlike the parts of the good ship, *Dimbula*, the house could not stand against the storm; and the contractor saw that he had failed because his workmen had not done their best.

Josiah Wedg-
wood's Honest
Work

It is related of Josiah Wedgwood,* the renowned manufacturer of fine wares, that he was never satisfied until he had done his best. This was the source of his power and success. He would tolerate no inferior work. If it did not come up to his idea of what it should be, he would take up his stick, break the vessel, and throw it away, saying, "This won't do for Josiah Wedgwood." He pulled down kiln after kiln to effect some necessary improvement. He learned perfection through repeated failures. He invented or improved almost every tool used in his works, and he spent much time at the bench beside his workmen instructing them individually. That is why Wedgwood is such valuable ware; why it is perfect

*See Samuel Smiles' "Self-Help."

in proportions, glaze and form. It is of such rare quality that your mothers count a piece of Wedgwood ware among their most precious treasures.

It is, indeed, a good plan for boys and girls to consider this aspect of work. I know a little girl, for instance, who would not think of cheating in play, but who will slight the dish-washing and the dusting; and I know one boy, at least, who will not gather all the eggs, for it is too tedious to hunt them in the highest and farthest corners; and another boy who will not feed and water the family horse, with care and at the proper time. Yet these same youngsters will not permit their playfellows to cheat at "marbles," or at "hide and seek," or "dare base" or "croquet." They will have to learn from experience that the same spirit of "fair play" must be carried over into their work, if they are to make a success of life in the big world.

Cheating in
Work

John Ruskin, one of the greatest souls of all time, a man who knew life in all its aspects, has written down many good thoughts for us, and given us his idea of honesty in work. After reading his words how much nobler work seems to us! And how we feel just like "getting to work," to show our friends that we can be useful and that we are proud of our ability to accomplish things!

ON WORK

It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts; as physically impossible as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So all healthy-minded people like making money—ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it; but the main object of their life is not money, it is something better than money.

Money Not the
Main Object

A good soldier, for instance, mainly wishes to do his fighting well. He is glad of his pay—very properly so,

and justly grumbles when you keep him ten years without it; still, his main mission of life is to win battles—not to be paid for winning them.

Work First, Fee
Second

So of doctors. They like fees no doubt—ought to like them; yet if they are brave and well-educated, the entire object of their lives is not fees. They, on the whole, desire to cure the sick; and,—if they are good doctors, and the choice were fairly put to them—would rather cure their patient and lose their fee than kill him and get it. And so with all other brave and rightly trained men; their work is first, their fee second; very important always, but still *second*.

But in every nation, as I said, there are a vast class who are cowardly, or more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly the fee is first and the work second, as with brave people the work is first and the fee second.

And this is no small distinction. It is the whole distinction in a man. You cannot serve two masters; you *must* serve one or the other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master.

Fair Play and
Fair Work

Observe then, all wise work is mainly threefold in character. It is honest, useful, and cheerful. I hardly know anything more strange than that you recognize honesty in play, and you do not in work. In your lightest games, you have always someone to see what you call “fair play.” In boxing you must hit fair; in racing, start fair. Your watchword is fair play; your hatred, foul play. Did it ever strike you that you wanted another watchword also, *fair work*, and another hatred, *foul work*?

—John Ruskin.

Our poet, Longfellow, seemed to feel that workmen of his day were not so honest as in the olden time, and he makes use of this idea to instruct us how we may either fail or succeed in building our characters.

THE BUILDERS

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these Walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these Walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets, where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain
 And one boundless reach of sky.
 —*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Benjamin
 Franklin the
 Worker

There is no reason why work directed toward the accomplishment of some definite, useful end, should not be as interesting as play,—which is directed simply toward amusement. Benjamin Franklin was one great American who solved the problem of work, and I hope he will continue to be the favorite of every American boy for many generations to come. You will wish to read all of Franklin's Autobiography, which he relates in his quaint, simple, straightforward style; but we give that part of it which pertains to his plan for cultivating the common virtues, especially for the high place that he gives to industry as an element in his success.

EXTRACT FROM FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

“Diligent in
 His Calling”

Reading was the only amusement I allowed myself. I spent no time in taverns, games, or frolics of any kind; and my industry in my business continued as indefatigable as it was necessary. . . . My circumstances, however, grew daily easier. My original habits of frugality continuing, and my father having, among his instructions to me when a boy, frequently repeated a proverb of Solomon,—“Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men,” I thence considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction—though I did not think that I should ever literally *stand before kings*, which, however, has since happened; for I have stood before *five*, and even had the honor of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner.

We have an English proverb that says, “He that would

thrive must ask his wife." It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper-makers, etc. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast for a long time was bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a two-penny earthen porringer with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxuries will enter families and make a progress in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of twenty-three shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make but that her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and china in our house, which afterward, in a course of years as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value. . . .

Franklin's
Simple Life

It was about this time that I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at *moral perfection*. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time and to conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. But I soon found that I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined. While my attention was taken up and care employed in guarding against one fault, I was often surprised by another; habit took the advantage of inattention, inclination was sometimes too strong for reason. I concluded at length that the mere speculative conviction that it was our interest to be completely virtuous was not sufficient to prevent our slipping, and that the contrary habits must be broken and good ones ac-

He Aims to Be
Morally
Perfect

quired and established, before we can have any dependence on a steady, uniform rectitude of conduct. For this purpose I therefore tried the following method:

Franklin Enumerates the Virtues

In the various enumerations of the moral virtues I had met with in my reading, I found the catalogue more or less numerous, as different writers included more or fewer ideas under the same name. Temperance, for example, was by some confined to eating and drinking; while by others it was extended to mean the moderating of every other pleasure, appetite, inclination, or passion, bodily or mentally, even to our avarice and ambition. I proposed to myself, for the sake of clearness, to use rather more names, with fewer ideas annexed to each, than a few names with more ideas; and I included under thirteen names of virtues all that at that time occurred to me as necessary, or desirable, and annexed to each a short precept which fully expressed the extent I gave to its meaning.

The names of virtues with their precepts were:

1. Temperance.—Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.
2. Silence.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
3. Order.—Let all things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.
4. Resolution.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.
5. Frugality.—Make no excuse but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.
6. Industry.—Lose no time, be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.
7. Sincerity.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.
8. Justice.—Wrong none by doing injuries or omitting the benefits that are your duty.
9. Moderation.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries, so much as you think they deserve.

10. Cleanliness.—Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

11. Tranquillity.—Be not disturbed at trifles or at accidents common or unavoidable.

My intention being to acquire the habitude of all these virtues, I judged it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on one of them at a time; and when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another; and so on till I should have gone through the thirteen. And as the previous acquisition of some might facilitate the acquisition of certain others, I arranged them with the view as they stand above. *Temperance* first, as it tends to procure that coolness and clearness of head which is so necessary where constant vigilance was to be kept up and a guard maintained against the unremitting attraction of ancient habits and the force of perpetual temptations. This being acquired and established, silence would be more easy; and my desire being to gain knowledge at the same time that I improved in virtue, and considering that in conversation it was obtained rather by the use of the ear than of the tongue, and therefore wishing to break a habit I was getting into of prattling, punning, and jesting, which only made me acceptable to trifling company, I gave *silence* the second place. This and the next, *order*, I expected would allow me more time to attend to my project and my studies. *Resolution*, once become habitual, would keep me firm in my endeavors to obtain all the subsequent virtues; *frugality* and *industry* relieving me from any remaining debt, and producing affluence and independence, would make more easy the practice of *sincerity* and *justice*, etc.

Virtues to Be
Striven for One
at a Time

Order in Which
Virtues Are
Best Cultivated

It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owed the constant felicity of his life down to his

The Success of
Franklin's Pro-
gramme

seventy-ninth year, in which this is written. What reverses may attend the remainder is in the hand of Providence; but if they arrive, the reflection on past happiness enjoyed ought to help his bearing them with more resignation. To *temperance* he ascribes his long-continued health, and what is left to him of a good constitution; to *industry* and *frugality* the early easiness of his circumstances and acquisition of his fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled him to be a useful citizen and obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned; to *sincerity* and *justice* the confidence of his country and the honorable employs it conferred upon him; and to the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper and that cheerfulness in conversation which makes his company still sought for and agreeable even to his young acquaintances. I hope, therefore, that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit.

The Literature
of Work

The books selected for creating interest in work may be divided into two classes: namely, arts-and-crafts books and story-books. We have selected the most interesting as well as the most practical volumes of the first-named class, endeavoring at the same time to inspire as well as to instruct. The best literature of work is indicated, we trust, by the selections given in this chapter.

Book List*

Age: From Six to Fifteen.

I. For Girls.

Arts and Crafts

Saturday Mornings, Caroline F. Benton.

Mary's Garden and How It Grew, Frances Duncan.

*Any of the books named in this list may be obtained through the Publishers of the "Foundation Stones" Series.

A Little Cook-Book for a Little Girl, Caroline F. Benton.

How to Dress a Doll, Mrs. M. H. Morgan.

Three Hundred Things a Bright Girl Can Do.

When Mother Lets Us Sew, Mrs. Virginia Ralston.

Little Folks' Handy Book, Lena Beard. How to make simple toys.

Stories

Polly Oliver's Problem, } Kate Douglas

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, } Wiggin.

Goody-Two Shoes, Oliver Goldsmith.

II. For Boys.

Arts and Crafts

A Boy on a Farm, from *Rollo at Work and Rollo at Play*, edited by Clifton Johnson. Introduction by Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Woodworking for Beginners, C. G. Wheeler.

The Boy Craftsman, A. N. Hall.

When Mother Lets Us Garden.

Official Hand-Book of the Boy Scouts of America, Revised edition.

Stories

Franklin's Autobiography.

The Camp at Willow Clump Island, A. Russell Bond.

Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill, J. T. Trowbridge.

The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys, Guelielma Zollinger.

Robinson Crusoe, Daniel DeFoe.

CHAPTER VI

HEROISM

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

—*Longfellow.*

YES, I know what you are thinking by this time: "It is all very well to learn to work and to form the habit of being industrious, but unless the work be relieved occasionally by a chance adventure, or by an opportunity of proving one's self a hero, the work will lose its interest." The reason that the Boy Scout Societies and Camp-Fire Girls' Clubs are so popular is because they mingle work and play with adventure and true heroism.

That is the right ideal; for in order to be able to do heroic deeds, one must possess certain qualities of honor and industry, of courage and courtesy, of self-sacrifice and perseverance. Most of you have heard of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, and of how, when knighted, they had to take an oath of allegiance to truth, purity, and honor; to right the wrongs of the world; to serve the Christ; and to honor their king. That was a pledge that would keep them busy enough for the rest of their lives; for, like Franklin, they would have to spend some time in trying to arrive at moral perfection, and if in addition they attempted to right wrongs, they would not have much time for mischief. And in the attempt to keep all of this pledge they would indeed be honoring the king.

You will learn about these interesting Knights and

King Arthur
and His
Knights

their adventures in Sidney Lanier's "Boys' King Arthur," or Pyle's "Story of King Arthur and His Knights"; and when you are older you will enjoy these same stories told by Tennyson in his "Idyls of the King."

When you read these stories, you will discover that there was one of these Knights, Sir Galahad, who had better success than the others in conquering his foes and in attaining the good that he was in search of. Tennyson lets Sir Galahad tell us in his own words why he could do so much:

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

In those days the Knights were expected to go on a quest, in search of some treasure, or to right some wrong. One year, Sir Galahad and his brother Knights went in search of the Holy Grail, which was supposed to have been the cup from which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper. This cup was to be kept in the possession of a certain family as long as each member remained pure. But when one of them proved untrue, then it disappeared and the other Knights set out in search of it. It is hardly necessary to relate that of all the knights who were pledged to find the Grail, Sir Galahad was alone successful. One of the finest paintings by Watts is of Sir Galahad in his armor. I hope each of you may have a copy of it in your room at home, for he stands for all heroic qualities.

The story of Sir Galahad reminds us of another hero, one who won fame by slaying a great and terrible dragon. It is related that in ancient times near a town in Libya, in Asia Minor, there was a large pond which was the home of a great monster. Armies had been sent to destroy him, but they had always been driven back within

St. George and
the Dragon

the city. He had been fed all the sheep that belonged to the people, and finally they began to sacrifice human beings to satisfy his insatiable hunger, and keep him from entering the city. Finally a young man, by the name of George of Cappadocia, came in answer to a command received in a vision, and arrived just in time to rescue the king's daughter from the dragon's jaws. Of course he slew the dragon and received the gratitude and adulation of the people. George declared, however, that it was through the power of Jesus that he had been able to do this great deed, and the people begged him to stay and teach them the new faith. At his death he was called St. George, and in time he came to be the patron saint of Merry England.

The story of St. George and the dragon is, of course, only a legend, but I give below what purports to be a true incident occurring in the year 1332:

BETTER THAN SLAYING A DRAGON

The next story we have to tell is so strange and wild, that it would seem better to befit the cloudy times when history had not yet been disentangled from fable, than the comparatively clear light of the fourteenth century.

It took place in the island of Rhodes. This Greek isle had become the home of the Knights of St. John or Hospitaliers, an Order of sworn brethren who had arisen at the time of the Crusaders. . . .

Kindness of
the Knights to
Pilgrims

They were a benevolent Order of knights, priests, and nurses; their monasteries were both castles and hospitals; and the sick pilgrim or wounded Crusader was sure of all the best tendance and medical care that the times could afford, as well as of all the spiritual comfort and counsel that he might need; and if he recovered, he was escorted safely down to the seashore by a party strong enough to protect him from the hordes of robber Arabs. All this was for charity's sake, and without reward. The whole brotherhood was under the command

of a Grand Master who was elected in a chapter of all the knights, and to whom all vowed to render implicit obedience.

Some eighteen years after the conquest of Rhodes, the whole island was filled with dismay by the ravages of an enormous creature which lived in a morass at the foot of Mount St. Stephen, about two miles from the city of Rhodes. Tradition calls it a dragon, and whether it were a crocodile or a serpent is uncertain. There is reason to think that the monsters of early creation were slow in becoming extinct, or it is not impossible that a crocodile or a python might have been brought over by storms or currents from Africa, and have grown to a more formidable size than usual in solitude among the marshes while the island was changing owners. The reptile, whatever it might be, was the object of extreme dread; it devoured sheep and cattle when they came down to the water, and even young shepherd boys were missing. And the pilgrimage to the Chapel of St. Stephen, on the hill above its lair, was especially a source of danger; for pilgrims were believed to be snapped up by the dragon before they could mount the hill.

A Real Dragon

Several knights had gone out to attempt the destruction of the creature, but not one had returned, and at last the Grand Master, Helion de Villeneuve, forbade any further attacks to be made. The dragon is said to have been covered with scales that were perfectly impenetrable either to arrows or any cutting weapons; and the severe loss that encounters with him had cost the Order, convinced the Grand Master that he must be let alone.

The Grand Master's Command

However, a young knight, named Dieudonné de Gozon, was by no means willing to acquiesce in the decree; perhaps all the less because it came after he had once gone out in quest of the monster, but had returned, by his own confession, without striking a blow. He requested leave of absence, and went home for a time to his father's castle of Gozon, in Languedoc; and there he caused a model of

Dieudonné
Plans to Slay
the Dragon

the monster to be made. He observed that the scales did not protect the animal's belly, though it was almost impossible to get a blow at it, owing to its tremendous teeth and the furious strokes of its length of tail. He therefore caused this part of his model to be made hollow, and filled with food, and obtaining two fierce young mastiffs, he trained them to fly at the under side of the monster, while he mounted his war-horse, and endeavored to accustom it likewise to attack the strange shape without swerving.

When he thought the education of horse and dogs complete, he returned to Rhodes; but fearing to be prevented from carrying out his design, he did not land at the city, but on a remote part of the coast, whence he made his way to the Chapel of St. Stephen. There, after having recommended himself to God, he left his two French squires, desiring them to return home if he were slain, but to watch and come to him if he killed the dragon or were only hurt by it. He then rode down the hill-side, and towards the haunt of the dragon.

The Battle
with the
Dragon

It roused itself at his advance, and at first he charged it with his lance, which was perfectly useless against the scales. His horse was quick to perceive the difference between the true and the false monster, and started back so that he was forced to leap to the ground; but the two dogs were more staunch, and sprang at the animal, whilst their master struck at it with his sword, but still without reaching a vulnerable part; and a blow from the tail had thrown him down, and the dragon was turning upon him, when the movement left the undefended belly exposed. Both mastiffs fastened on it at once, and the knight regaining his feet, thrust his sword into it. There was a death grapple, and finally the servants, coming down the hill, found their knight lying apparently dead under the carcass of the dragon. When they had extricated him, taken off his helmet, and sprinkled him with water, he recovered, and presently was led into the city

amid the ecstatic shouts of the whole populace, who conducted him in triumph to the Grand Master.

We borrow Schiller's beautiful version of the conversation that took place, as the young knight, pale, with his black mantle rent, his shining armor dented, his scarlet surcoat stained with blood, came into the Knights' Great Hall.

Schiller's
Beautiful
Version

“Severe and grave was the Master's brow,
Quoth he, ‘A hero bold art thou,
By valour 'tis that knights are known;
A valiant spirit hast thou shown;
But the first duty of a knight,
Now tell, who vows for Christ to fight,
And bears the cross on his coat of mail.’
The listeners all with fear grew pale,
While, bending lowly, spake the knight,
His cheeks with blushes burning,
‘He who the cross would bear aright
Obedience must be learning.’ ”

Even after hearing the account of the conflict, the Grand Master did not abate his displeasure.

“‘My son, the spoiler of the land
Lies slain by thy victorious hand—
Thou art the people's god, but so
Thou art become thine Order's foe;
A deadlier foe thine heart has bred
Than this which by thy hand is dead,
That serpent still the heart defiling
To ruin and to strife beguiling.
It is that spirit rash and bold,
That scorns the bands of order;
Rages against them uncontrolled
Till earth is in disorder.

“‘Courage by Saracens is shown,
Submission is the Christian's own;

And when our Saviour, high and holy,
 Wandered a pilgrim poor and lowly
 Upon that ground with mystery fraught,
 The fathers of our Order taught
 The duty hardest to fulfil
 Is to give up your own self-will—
 Thou art elate with glory vain.

Away then from my sight!
 Who can his Saviour's yoke disdain
 Bears not his cross aright.'

"An angry cry burst from the crowd;
 The hall rang with their tumult loud;
 Each knightly brother prayed for grace,
 The victor downward bent his face,
 Aside his cloak in silence laid,
 Kissed the Grand Master's hand, nor stayed.
 The Master watched him from the hall,
 Then summoned him with loving call,
 'Come to embrace me, noble son,
 Thine is the conquest of the soul;
 Take up the cross, now truly won
 By meekness and by self-control.' "

The probation of Dieudonné is said to have been somewhat longer than the poem represents, but after the claims of discipline had been established, he became a great favourite with stern old Villeneuve, and the dragon's head was set up over the gate of the city, where Thevenot professed to have seen it in the seventeenth century, and said that it was larger than that of a horse, with a huge mouth and teeth and very large eyes.

Dieudonné de Gozon was elected to the Grand Mastership after the death of Villeneuve, and is said to have voted for himself. If so, it seems as if he might have had, in his earlier days, an overweening opinion of his own abilities. However, he was an excellent Grand Mas-

ter, a great soldier, and much beloved by all the poor peasants of the island, to whom he was exceedingly kind. He died in 1353, and his tomb is said to have been only inscribed with these words, "Here lies the Dragon-Slayer."

—*Charlotte M. Yonge.*

Of course, we do not have real dragons to contend with in our day, but we do have a number of evils that are just as hard to overcome. The dragon of Libya prospered because it was kept so well-fed; the dragon of Rhodes, because its hide was almost invulnerable. To-day we have the dragons of disobedience, ill-temper, bad language, and strong drink, and to these foul monsters our boys and girls must be sacrificed if they are to continue to exist. Now it often takes just as much courage and endeavor to drive out these modern dragons from one's life, as it did to slay the awful beasts of the days of St. George or Dieudonné. We may not be called Saints or Grand Masters if we overcome them, but our rewards will bring happiness and honor as great.

Dragons of
To-day

There are many other ancient heroes who won fame by their courage and honorable deeds. There is Rostum, the Persian, who was such a skilful fighter of single combats; Ulysses, the Grecian, who had so many wonderful adventures, on his return home after the Trojan war; Aeneas, the Trojan, who bearing his father, the old Anchises, on his back, escaped from burning Troy and came into Italy; the Cid, a Spanish hero, who was as fearless, and accomplished as much for righteousness, as King Arthur; Beowulf and Siegfried, Saxon and Norse slayers of dragons and saviors of their people.

Other Heroes

In time you will make the acquaintance of all these heroes, but meanwhile we must not forget another hero, Joseph, the dreamer. At first Joseph's dreams brought him only trouble, but in time they proved his salvation and that of his brothers.

The following is the incident in Joseph's career that marks the beginning of his adventures. It is adapted from the Bible, the story being arranged in paragraphs instead of verses.

JOSEPH, THE DREAMER*

Twelve sons called Jacob father, and a goodly number of sturdy men they were. But only two of them called Rachel mother. Of these two, Joseph and Benjamin, the first was his father's great favorite, and Jacob showed the lad so partial a love that it brought on him the enmity of his elder brothers. Joseph was loved because he was Rachel's boy and because he was very lovable and charming, a youth of rare qualities. His father showed his pride in him openly and gave him a rich and elegant coat woven in many colors, something finer than he had ever given Reuben, or Judah, Simeon, or Naphtali, Levi, or Dan. The others envied Joseph his fine coat and his place in his father's love, and Joseph was not very prudent in his manner toward them. They were older than he and were provoked and vexed at the things he said. Sometimes, too, he told his father about things they did and Jacob reproved them; and the sum of the whole matter was that the more Jacob loved Joseph the more his ten older brothers hated him. They could not speak peaceably to him.

The little brother Benjamin seems not to have aroused anybody's anger. Rachel, his mother, died when he was born; and she was buried in Bethlehem. She said when she was dying that the baby's name should be Benoni, son of my sorrow, but his father said, No, I will give him another name; and he was called Benjamin, son of my right hand. He was but an infant when some of his tall brothers were bearded men.

Joseph, His
Father's
Favorite

Little
Benjamin

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The ten kept their flocks and were often away from home for days together. Sometimes Joseph was with them. Oftener he stayed with his father and his little brother. He was a thoughtful lad and he had wonderful dreams. He told the dreams to the others and they hated him more than ever when they heard them.

And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed; For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold your sheaves stood round about and did obeisance to my sheaf.

**The First
Dream**

And his brothers said unto him, Shalt thou reign indeed over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet more for his dreams and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream and told it to his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me.

And he told it to his father and to his brothers; and his father rebuked him and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brothers indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?

**The Second
Dream**

And his brothers envied him, but his father observed the saying.

It was some time after the incident of the dreams that Joseph, a lad of seventeen, was sent by his father to visit his brethren who had gone a good distance off with their flocks, and was told to bring back tidings of them. The boy, bright, brave, and manly, bowed low to his father and kissed him, and the father watched him proudly until a turn in the road hid him from view.

**Joseph Sent to
His Brothers**

Years were to pass, slow and sad and bitter years, before that father and that son should meet again.

For this was what happened.

The boy did not immediately find his brothers. They

had gone far, their great flocks needing pasture or the wells being dry, and it was not till a stranger told him that they had gone to Dothan, much farther off than Shechem, that he came up with them.

The Plot

Far off they saw him, and their hearts were filled with the most cruel envy and the most cruel hate. Long before he came near they put their heads together, conspiring wickedly to kill the boy.

Look, they said, look, it is Joseph, his father's darling. But Israel cannot help him now. Behold this dreamer of dreams!

Come, they said, let us kill him and throw his body into a pit, and then we will make Israel think a wild beast caught him and devoured him.

No plot could have been more full of malice. Hard as stones were the hearts of these wicked men.

Reuben, the oldest brother, was not so hard as the rest. He did not want to kill the boy. He thought he would persuade them merely to cast him alive into the pit and leave him there. Then he meant to go back, save him, and take him home to his father. But Reuben's kind thought was never carried out.

**Joseph Is
Thrown into
the Pit**

The brothers fell on Joseph with the fury of wolves and bears and stripped him of his beautiful gay coat, taunting and jeering him with scornful words. Into a deep hole, the hole where had been a well, now dry, they roughly threw him, a weary, hungry, heart-broken boy, and then they sat down to supper, laughing no doubt at their cruel deed.

Reuben had no hand in what followed next. He did not sit down to eat bread with the others, for he felt, as the eldest, a responsibility for Joseph. Very likely he had sons of his own as old as this younger brother whom the sons of Jacob were so bent on killing. They at that time meant to leave him alone there to perish. Not one of them shared Reuben's kinder intention.

Here is the next step in the story.

As they were eating, they looked up and saw a company of Ishmaelites coming from Gilead with camels bearing spices and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down into Egypt.

Egypt at this time was a very rich country, where the people, not being shepherds, bought and sold goods, and there was a great deal of trading going on. Slaves, too, were bought in the markets of Egypt. Judah thought, why not sell our brother, instead of leaving him to die? There is no profit in killing him. Let us sell him to those merchant men. We shall make money by the transaction, and there will be an end forever of Joseph and his dreams. .

Joseph Is Sold
into Slavery

The rest, Reuben being absent, readily agreed to this; the Ishmaelites speedily drew the lad out of the pit and willingly paid the brothers twenty pieces of silver for him. Away they went to Egypt, and the wicked brothers divided the money and were contented. They had not even pity for poor Joseph carried off into slavery.

But Reuben came back and was dreadfully distressed when he heard the tale. He rent his clothes and lamented with tears. Still he did not feel enough real sorrow to tell his father the truth when they all went home without Joseph. He said, The child is not, and I, whither shall I go?

Poor Reuben! His fault was that he was very weak of will, though he had a kinder heart than the rest. This is what they did.

Deceiving
Jacob

They took Joseph's coat and killed a kid and dipped the coat in the blood.

And they brought the coat of many colors to their father and said, This we have found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or no.

And he knew it and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.

And Jacob rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth upon

his loins and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus the father wept for his son. But the Midianites sold Joseph into Egypt to Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh and Captain of the Guard.

Joseph's
Dreams Come
True

You may read the remainder of this story in the Bible or in the Bible story books that have been adapted for young folk. In any case you must know that in the course of time all of Joseph's dreams came true. He rose to be a ruler of Egypt and his brothers came to bow down to him.

There is another boy among the Hebrews who merits our admiration—David, the harpist, the shepherd lad, the slayer of the giant Goliath. When you read his story you may discover why he, too, succeeded in every seemingly impossible task.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

(Abridged and paragraphed.)

Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle against Israel, and Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched by the valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines.

And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side; and there was a valley between them.

The Champion
Goliath

And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had a helmet of brass upon his head and he was armed with a coat of mail. The staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron; and one bearing a shield went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and

said unto them, Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? Choose you a man for you and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us. I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together.

When Saul and all Israel heard these words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

Now there was a man whose name was Jesse, who had eight sons, and the three eldest sons had followed Saul to the battle. And David, his youngest son, fed his father's sheep at Bethlehem.

David the
Shepherd
Boy

And the Philistine drew near morning and evening, and presented himself forty days.

And Jesse said unto David, his son, Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren; and carry these ten cheeses unto their captain, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge.

And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle; for Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army.

And David left his carriage, and he ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren.

And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines and spake according to the same words; and David heard them.

David Sees
Goliath

And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him and were sore afraid. And the men of Israel said, Have ye seen this man that is come up to defy Israel?

And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying, What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? Who is this Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?

And the people answered him after this manner, saying, The man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel.

And David's eldest brother heard when he spake unto the men; and his anger was kindled against David, and he said, Why camest thou down hither, and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle.

David Rebuked
by His Eldest
Brother

And David said, What have I done now? Is there not a cause?

And when the words were heard which David spake, someone rehearsed them before Saul; and he sent for David.

And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.

And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him, for thou art but a youth and he a man of war from his youth.

And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, and I went out after him, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he has defied the armies of the living God. The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine.

David Offers
Himself as
Champion of
Israel

And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee.

And Saul armed David with his armour, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him.

And David took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the Philistine. David Chooses
His Weapons

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bore the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him; for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods. And he said, Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee unto mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with the sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands. David's
Defiance

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone,

and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

David Kills
the Giant With
a Stone From
His Sling

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Therefore, David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him; and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines; and the wounded of the Philistines fell down by the way, even unto Gath, and unto Ekron. And the children of Israel returned from chasing after the Philistines, and they spoiled their tents.

And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armour in his tent.

Reasons for
David's
Victory

This ends the first incident in David's career. Have you discovered why he was successful against such great odds? Was it not because, as he himself said, he was on the side of the Lord of hosts, and moreover, because he used methods with which he was familiar? He did not try to match the mailed warrior with armour and shield, for he knew that his skill in the use of simple weapons would be more efficient than in the use of untried weapons. In other words, David, even as a boy, had good judgment, or wisdom. No wonder, then, that David in his later years succeeded in so many different arts, and that he became a skilled musician, a poet, and king over Israel.

Many centuries have passed since knights and kings held all the honors for heroism. Nor are all the heroes among the boys and the men. We may turn now to a noble girl who had visions and responded to them—Joan of Arc, the little Maid of Orleans, who saved the French

army, and likewise the French nation, from destruction by the British. But unlike many of the ancient heroes, Joan lost her life in delivering her countrymen; so we think of her as a martyr as well as a heroine. Her heroism has been related by many good writers. We have selected the following story of her life because it is brief and at the same time interesting and pleasing:

JOAN OF ARC*

The story of the life of Joan of Arc is so unusual and so wonderful that it would be difficult to believe it to be true, if all that happened to her had not been told in a court of law, and written down during her life-time. Few facts in history come to us so directly, for these old records are still preserved in France, where they may be seen to-day. A True Story

Joan was born sometime between 1410 and 1412, in the little village of Domremy, France, being the fifth child of Jacques and Isabella d'Arc. Her parents were peasants in comfortable circumstances, and Joan did not suffer through poverty. She never learned to read and write—indeed very few people at that time were able to do so—but she became skilful in the use of the needle and helped her mother in all the household tasks. She was always good and obedient to her parents, and kind to everyone, especially the sick and the poor.

When work for the day was over, Joan ran about with her playmates, full of fun and frolic, dancing and singing for the pure joy of living. Often the children would run to the beautiful forest near the village, where there was an oak which they called the fairy tree. Here they would bring cakes for little feasts, at which they would dance, hanging garlands of flowers on the branches in honor of the good fairies. This was a custom of peasant children of France in those days. The Children
and the Fairy
Tree

*From "A Group of Famous Women," copyrighted by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Company, publishers.

Joan would sometimes steal away from her companions and sit quietly and thoughtfully alone. For she was living in a very unhappy time for France, and the misfortunes of her beloved country weighed upon her spirits.

War in France

Her father had told her of the sad condition of France, of how the kings of England had been for nearly a hundred years trying to make themselves kings of France, and how, little by little, they had taken possession of French lands until it was feared they would soon own the entire country, and France would have an English king. Charles, called the Dauphin, son of the old French king, did not dare to be crowned, and no prince was thought to become really king of France until that ceremony had taken place. For centuries, the French kings had been crowned and anointed with sacred oil at the Cathedral of Rheims, but as the city of Rheims was far away and in the power of the English, Charles thought he could not safely go there.

The Voices

As Joan grew older, she spent much of her time alone and in prayer, brooding over the wrongs of her country. She implored God to have pity on France. When about thirteen years of age, and while she was standing in her father's garden, she suddenly saw a great light and heard voices telling her to be good; and telling her also that she must go to the rescue of her country. Joan said that she was only a young, ignorant peasant girl, who could neither ride a horse nor use a sword. But the voices kept on speaking to her for years, always telling her the same thing, to go to the relief of the Dauphin.

Joan at last came to believe that the visions and the voices came from God, and she determined to obey them. When she told her father and mother what she determined to do, they tried to dissuade her, telling her that the voices she heard were imaginary, and that it was impossible for a girl to do what trained military men and great generals had failed to accomplish. Though it

was very hard for her to act contrary to the wishes of her parents, Joan said she must do the work God had planned for her. Soon her gentle persistence had its effect, and people stopped laughing at her and ridiculing her, some even beginning to believe in her mission.

The voices bade Joan go to the Dauphin, who was then living at Chinon, a castle on the Loire, and tell him that she had come to lead his army to victory, and that he would shortly go to Rheims to be crowned.

At first it seemed impossible for her to get to Chinon, but she went to Vancouleurs, where her uncle lived, and with his help she succeeded in persuading Robert de Bandricourt, the commander there, to give her an escort of a few armed men for the journey. Someone gave her a beautiful war-horse, which, to the surprise of all, she rode well, although she had never ridden a horse before in her life. She cut her long, black hair and dressed herself in doublet and hose like a boy, and this costume she wore during the remainder of her life.

**Joan Secures
an Escort**

On February 23, 1429, she rode out of Vancouleurs through a gate, which is standing to-day, and after several days' journeying came to Chinon. Here there was some delay, for Charles was surrounded by people who advised him not to grant Joan an interview, but she was finally permitted to enter the great hall of the castle, where crowds of men, knights, and nobles in gorgeous attire were assembled. But Joan was not dismayed. With confidence, but also with modesty, she walked up to one who was very plainly dressed, and fell on one knee before him, saying, "God send you long life, gentle Dauphin." The man pointed to another, richly dressed in gold and silk embroidered, saying, "That is the King." But Joan was not to be deceived, and her recognition of Charles, notwithstanding his disguise, caused all to wonder and many to believe in her.

**Joan Meets the
Dauphin**

The King asked her name and what she wanted.

"Fair Dauphin, my name is Jeanne the Maid; and the

King of Heaven speaks unto you by me, saying that you shall be anointed and crowned at Rheims," Joan replied.

She then asked to be allowed to lead his army to the relief of Orleans, which city was under siege by the English at that time, telling him that under her guidance the victory would be theirs. Many of the nobles laughed at the idea of a girl leading an army; but after talking with her, Charles granted her request and sent her to Tours, where preparations were made for the journey to Orleans.

At length all was in readiness and the start was made. On a bright spring day Joan rode away from Tours at the head of the King's army, wearing beautiful armor of white wrought iron. She carried an ancient sword, which she had divined was hidden behind the altar of St. Catherine at the chapel at Fierbois, and a banner embroidered with golden lilies. Such a sight was never seen before nor since.

It was night, April 29, when the French reached Orleans. They had safely passed an English fortress and entered the town without trouble. The people of Orleans, carrying torches, crowded around Joan, eager to see the brave girl who had come to their rescue. The women tried to kiss her hands, and all the people shouted and cheered. The entire city rejoiced, for Joan's calm confidence, her bravery and decision, inspired the soldiers with belief in her and the success of her undertaking.

Very soon Joan led her soldiers forth against the English, and they were successful in taking several forts. She had prophesied long before this time that she would be wounded during the fighting, and one evening, shortly before the siege was raised, she said to Brother Pasquerel, the priest who was with her, "To-morrow rise even earlier than to-day. Stay always at my side, for to-morrow I shall have much ado—more than I have ever had, and to-morrow blood shall flow from my body."

Joan Leads
the Army to
Battle

Fighting at
Orleans

The next day, while she was placing a ladder against a wall during the thick of the fight, an arrow from a crossbow entered her shoulder in spite of her armor, and blood flowed. The arrow was drawn out and the wound dressed. Whereupon she insisted upon returning to the battle, though it is said she cried a little on account of the pain.

At eight o'clock that night one of her generals came to her for permission to stop the fighting until morning. But Joan asked him to wait awhile. Then she rode into a vineyard and prayed. When she returned to the field, she found that a soldier had carried her banner into a ditch. She seized it, and waving it so that all the men saw it, cried, "When my standard touches the wall, we shall take the fort!" Soon the wind blew the fringe of the banner against the wall and, with a mad rush, the French climbed into the fort while the English fled.

**The First
Victory**

The next day, May 8, 1429, the siege was raised, and ever since the people of Orleans celebrate that day and pay honor to Joan, called by them "The Maid of Orleans."

Several other victories were won by the French under Joan's leadership, until the English were driven far to the North. Then Joan tried to induce Charles to go to Rheims to be crowned, so that the French people would feel that he was really their king. But the distance was great and the roads passed through towns which were occupied by friends of the English, and Charles, who loved his ease, was hard to move. At length, however, he was persuaded, and with an army of twelve thousand men, Charles started on his journey to Rheims, which city he entered on July 16, being crowned the next day with imposing ceremonies.

**The King Is
Crowned at
Rheims**

This was perhaps the happiest day of Joan's life. The great Cathedral was crowded with people, only the centre aisle being kept free for the procession. First came the Archbishop, accompanied by his canons in their robes of

state. Then came men of high rank, magnificently dressed. From the west door Joan and the King appeared side by side, and cheers and cries of welcome greeted them, followed by a deep silence preceding the solemnity of the coronation. The Archbishop of Rheims administered the coronation oath; then the Dauphin was anointed with the sacred oil and crowned, while the trumpeters played and the people shouted. The Maid knelt at the King's feet and wept for joy.

Joan's Reward

When asked by Charles to choose a gift as a reward for her work for her country, she begged that the people of her native town, Domremy, might be free from paying taxes. This was granted, and for three hundred years the taxes were remitted. On the books is written against the town of Domremy: "Nothing. For the sake of the Maid."

This was all Joan would accept. For herself, she desired nothing except to be allowed to go back to her village home to tend her sheep and be again with her mother. But Charles VII would not consent to that, for France was not yet free from the English.

Joan Is Deserted by the French and Burned at the Stake by the English

So it was decided to try to recapture Paris. Shameful to say, however, the King did not give Joan the assistance he should, withdrawing instead from the city. Soon afterwards, while leading an attack on the Duke of Burgundy, Joan was captured and sold to the English. King Charles made no effort to effect a ransom for her, nor did anyone else in France attempt to raise money to save her from her unhappy fate. She was charged with sorcery, put into prison in Rouen, and after a year was brought to trial. At the trial she was found guilty, was sentenced to death, and burned at the stake in the market-place in Rouen, May 30, 1431.

Joan of Arc had no grave; her ashes were thrown into the Seine. There remains no relic of her, no portrait, nor any article she ever touched. Still she will never be forgotten. It is now nearly five hundred years since



JOAN OF ARC AT DOMREMY.

Chapu

her death, yet to-day she is honored and revered, and many statues have been erected to her memory.

A mere child in years, she rescued her country from the English by brilliant victories, crowned the French King, and in return for this was burned alive at the stake, while those for whom she had fought looked on, making no effort to save her. She was seventeen years of age when she led the armies of France to victory, and but nineteen when she met her cruel death.

Joan's True
Greatness

Her pure, steadfast, simple faith, together with her devotion to God, and her patriotism, constitute her greatness. During her life in camp, in court, in her home, and in prison, she never forgot her womanly ideals, though she was called upon to do a man's work, and she stands to-day a shining example of pure and noble womanhood.

—*Edith Horton.*

Interesting and remarkable as her story is, Joan of Arc cannot but seem very remote both in time and place. In the early history of our own country we are not destitute of heroic girls. You have read of Pocahontas, the little Indian maiden who offered her life to save that of Captain John Smith. Her friendship for the white men was so consistent and so sincere that she, too, came to stand before kings; for she was taken to England and was honored by the king's court. It was not because she was an Indian, and therefore a curiosity to the English, that she was honored; but because of her willingness to sacrifice her life for one who was at the mercy of her savage people.

Pocahontas

Again, when I hear young people complaining about the hard things they have to do and the unhappiness it brings them, I think of still another, an English woman, who began as a little girl to interest herself in people and animals that were ill or in trouble. She comes down very near to our own time, for she died in 1910 at the age of ninety. Her name is as beautiful as her works—

Florence
Nightingale

Florence Nightingale, later tenderly spoken of as the "Angel of the Crimea"; for when she grew to be a woman, she sacrificed her personal pleasures, her ease, and even her health to relieve the sufferings of the wounded soldiers of the Crimean war. You will learn that it was because of her pioneer efforts that the great army of Red Cross nurses sprang into being, among them those war-nurses who since 1914 have been ministering on the battle-fields of Europe to the wounded and dying at the front. Laura E. Richards has told the story of Florence Nightingale so that you may love it.

Are you beginning to realize what it takes to make a hero, or a heroine? Sacrifice for others,—unselfishness, courage even in the face of death!

Linnaeus
and Finsen

Jacob Riis, in his "Hero Tales of the Far North," has given many interesting stories of real heroism. Among them is one about "Carl Linnaeus, King of the Flowers," telling the story of his development into a great botanist and scientist. Another is of "Niels Finsen, The Wolf-Slayer," the "wolf" in this case being a certain terrible disease, and the man himself a great physician who, in spite of his own poverty and fatal illness, gave to the world many great discoveries. The world recognized his sacrifice and his service, however, and a few months before his death, he was awarded the great Nobel Prize for signal service to humanity. Yes, the world does recognize heroes in the arts and sciences as well as in war and adventure; and even domestic and industrial life furnishes numerous examples of the hero type. Among such noble figures stands the hero of the following vividly told story:

CIVIC VALOR

At one o'clock we went with our schoolmaster to the front of the town-hall, to see the medal for civic valor bestowed on the lad who saved one of his comrades from the Po.

On the front terrace waved a huge tricolored flag. We entered the courtyard of the palace.

It was already full of people. At the farther end of it there was visible a table with a red cover, and papers on it, and behind it a row of gilded chairs for the mayor and the council; the ushers of the municipality were there, with their under-waistcoats of sky-blue and their white stockings. To the right of the courtyard a detachment of policemen, who had a great many medals, was drawn up in line; and beside them a detachment of custom-house officers; on the other side were the firemen in festive array; and numerous soldiers not in line, who had come to look on. Then all around were gentlemen, country-people, and some officers and women and boys who had assembled. We crowded into a corner where many pupils from other buildings were already collected with their teachers; and near us was a group of boys belonging to the common people, between ten and eighteen years of age, who were talking and laughing loudly; and we made out that they were all from Borgo Po, comrades or acquaintances of the boy who was to receive the medal. Above, all the windows were thronged with the employees of the city government; the balcony of the library was also filled with people, who pressed against the balustrade; and in the one on the opposite side, which is over the entrance gate, stood a crowd of girls from the public schools. It looked like a theatre. All were talking merrily, glancing every now and then at the red table, to see whether anyone had made his appearance.

The
Municipality
Gathers to
Honor a Hero

A Beautiful
Scene

A band of music was playing softly at the extremity of the portico. The sun beat down on the lofty walls. It was beautiful.

Suddenly all began to clap their hands, from the courtyard, from the balconies, from the windows.

I raised myself on tiptoe to look.

The crowd which stood behind the red table had parted,

and a man and woman had come forward. The man was leading a boy by the hand.

This was the lad who had saved his comrade.

The man was his father, a mason, dressed in his best. The woman, his mother, small and blond, had on a black gown. The boy, also small and blond, had on a gray jacket.

At the sight of all those people, and at the sound of that thunder of applause, all three stood still, not daring to look nor to move. A municipal usher pushed them along to the side of the table on the right.

All remained quiet for a moment, and then once more the applause broke out on all sides. The boy glanced up at the windows, and then at the balcony; he held his cap in his hand, and did not seem to understand very thoroughly where he was. It struck me that he looked a little like Coretti, in the face; but he was redder. His father and mother kept their eyes fixed on the table.

In the meantime, all the boys from Borgo Po who were near us were making motions to their comrade, to attract his attention, and hailing him in a low tone: "Pin! Pin! Pinot!" By dint of calling they made themselves heard. The boy glanced at them, and hid his smile behind his cap.

At a certain moment the guards put themselves in the attitude of *attention*.

The mayor entered, accompanied by numerous gentlemen.

The mayor, all white, with a big tricolored scarf, placed himself beside the table, standing; all the others took their places behind and beside him.

The band ceased playing; the mayor made a sign, and everyone kept quiet.

He began to speak. I did not understand the first words perfectly; but I gathered that he was telling the story of the boy's feat. Then he raised his voice, and it rang out so clear and sonorous through the whole court,

The Hero
Appears

The Mayor

that I did not lose another word: "When he saw, from the shore, his comrade struggling in the river, already overcome with the fear of death, he tore the clothes from his back, and hastened to his assistance, without hesitating an instant. They shouted to him, 'You will be drowned!'—he made no reply; they caught hold of him—he freed himself; they called him by name—he was already in the water. The river was swollen; the risk terrible, even for a man. But he flung himself to meet death with all the strength of his little body and of his great heart; he reached the unfortunate fellow and seized him just in time, when he was already under water, and dragged him to the surface; he fought furiously with the waves, which strove to overwhelm him, with his companion, who tried to cling to him; and several times he disappeared beneath the water, and rose again with a desperate effort; obstinate, invincible in his purpose, not like a boy who was trying to save another boy, but like a man, like a father who is struggling to save his son, who is his hope and his life. In short, God did not permit so generous a prowess to be displayed in vain. The child swimmer tore the victim from the gigantic river, and brought him to land, and with the assistance of others, rendered him his first succor; after which he returned home quietly and alone, and modestly narrated his deed.

**The Hero
Leaps into the
River**

"Gentlemen, beautiful, and worthy of veneration is heroism in a man! But in a child, in whom there can be no prompting of ambition or of profit whatever—in a child, who must have all the more ardor in proportion as he has less strength—in a child, from whom we require nothing, who is bound to nothing, who already appears to us so noble and lovable, not when he acts, but when he merely understands, and is grateful for the sacrifices of others—in a child, heroism is divine! I will say nothing more, gentlemen. I do not care to deck, with superfluous praises, such simple grandeur. Here before

**The Heroism
of a Child**

you stands the noble and valorous rescuer. Soldiers, greet him as a brother; mothers, bless him like a son; children, remember his name, engrave on your minds his visage, that it may nevermore be erased from your memories and from your hearts. Approach, my boy. In the name of the King of Italy, I give you the medal for civic valor."

An extremely loud hurrah, uttered at the same moment by many voices, made the palace ring.

The mayor took the medal from the table, and fastened it on the boy's breast. Then he embraced and kissed him. The mother placed one hand over her eyes; the father held his chin on his breast.

The mayor shook hands with both; and taking the decree of decoration, which was bound with a ribbon, he handed it to the woman.

Then he turned to the boy again, and said: "May the memory of this day, which is such a glorious one for you, such a happy one for your father and mother, keep you all your life in the path of virtue and honor! Farewell!"

The mayor withdrew, the band struck up, and everything seemed to be at an end, when the detachment of firemen opened, and a lad of eight or nine years pushed forward by a woman who instantly concealed herself, rushed towards the boy with the decoration, and flung himself in his arms.

Another outburst of hurrahs and applause made the courtyard echo; everyone had instantly understood that this was the boy who had been saved from the Po, and who had come to thank his rescuer. After kissing him, he clung to one arm, in order to accompany him out. These two, with the father and mother following behind, took their way towards the door, making a path with difficulty among the people who formed in line to let them pass,—policemen, boys, soldiers, women, all mingled together in confusion. All pressed forward and raised on

The Hero
Receives the
Medal

The Rescued
Lad Appears

tiptoe to see the boy. Those who stood near him as he passed, touched his hand. When he passed before the schoolboys, they all waved their caps in the air. Those from Borgo Po made a great uproar, pulling him by the arms and by his jacket and shouting, "*Pin! hurrah for Pin! Brave Pinot!*" I saw him pass very close to me. His face was all aflame and happy; his medal had a red, white, and green ribbon. His mother was crying and smiling; his father was twirling his mustache with one hand, which trembled violently, as though he had a fever. And from the windows and the balconies the people continued to lean out and applaud. All at once, when they were on the point of entering the portico, there descended from the balcony a veritable shower of pansies, of bunches of violets and daisies, which fell upon the head of the boy, and of his father and mother, and scattered over the ground. Many people stooped to pick them up and hand them to the mother. And the band at the farther end of the courtyard played, very, very softly, a most entrancing air, which seemed like a song by a great many silvery voices fading slowly into the distance on the banks of a river.

The Ovation

—*Edmondo de Amicis.*

Heroic deeds are not confined to any one station or occupation in society. Wherever there is risk of life, wherever there is duty, there is opportunity for the hero—wherever there is a human need, there is his open door. And bear steadily in mind that the heroic deed is not confined to big spectacular events. We have the heroic wherever we have unselfish deeds. A boy is heroic when he does a kindness without thought of reward; a mother may be heroic in her humble home, bearing silently and unselfishly the burdens of her hard fortune. The bestowal of a medal is not always the reward of true heroism.

Another Kind
of Heroism.

Book List*

- The Story of Sir Galahad*, Mary Blackwell Sterling.
The Story of Rolf and the Viking's Bow, Allen French.
A Book of Golden Deeds, Charlotte M. Yonge.
American Hero Stories, }
European Hero Stories, } Eva Tappan.
The Age of Fable, Thomas Bulfinch.
Siegfried, }
Beowulf, } Zenade A. Ragozin.
Odyssey for Boys and Girls, Alfred John Church.
Boys' Heroes, Edward Everett Hale.
The Story of King Arthur and His Knights, Howard Pyle.
Boy's King Arthur, Sidney Lanier.
Legends of King Arthur and His Court, F. N. Green.
Stories of William Tell and His Friends, H. E. Marshall.
Stories from the Chronicles of the Cid, Mary W. Plummer.
Men of Iron, Howard Pyle.
Hero Tales of the Far North, Jacob Riis.
Book of Legends, H. E. Scudder.
Stories of the Crusades, Ethel M. Wilmot.
Evangeline, H. W. Longfellow.
Careers of Danger and Daring, Cleveland Moffatt.
Cuore: Heart, Edmondo de Amicis. An Italian school-boy's journal.
Neighbors: Life Stories of the Other Half, }
Children of the Tenements, } Jacob Riis.

*Any of the books named in this list may be obtained through the Publishers of the "Foundation Stones" Series.

CHAPTER VII

ADVENTURE

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions;
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam.

—*Tennyson.*

WE TURN now to another kind of story, the story of adventure, which deals more particularly with the experiences of the girl and boy life. It is with this literature, I know, that you will be most entranced, and I fear that it will be difficult to induce you to listen to me when there are so many thrilling narratives awaiting your eager perusal.

But it is with this class of stories that the most danger lies; for in your thirst for exciting incidents you may choose books that will do you much harm. Not long ago I read the testimony of a criminal,—a man who had spent thirty-five years in robbery and vandalism, and was paying the penalty for his crimes. He stated that he had been started on that career of ignominy and shame by reading dime novels in boyhood.

In choosing books of adventure, then, we must act very much as we would in choosing friends: Those must be selected that possess high ideals, that encourage us

Charm of the
Story of
Adventure

to greater and better deeds, and to think deeper and wiser thoughts. Fortunately there are a number of story-books that will do all this for boys and girls. It is not necessary that lives be ruined for lack of good literature. We shall proceed with the utmost care in the selection of these delightful stories and give you books that are full of action, adventure and brave deeds.

You have already had a taste of adventure, for you have read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson," and now you are ready for Stevenson's "Kidnapped" and for his "Treasure Island." It is true they are stories of pirates and hidden treasure, but they are the best stories of the kind ever written. And you who did not like "Swiss Family Robinson," should read "Masterman Ready" by Captain Marryat, for it was written as an answer to the absurdities and improbabilities of the former book, and shows how a group of people shipwrecked on an island managed without miracles and without introducing impossible animals and birds.

I include one chapter from the book to show you how carefully the author keeps to the truth, and yet how he holds our interest throughout the incident.

FINDING A SPRING

William slept as sound as if he had been on shore in England, upon a soft bed in a warm room—so did old Ready, and when they awoke the next morning it was broad daylight. The poor dogs were suffering for want of water, and it pained William very much to see them with their tongues out, panting and whining as they looked up to him. "Now, Master William," said Ready, "shall we take our breakfast before we start, or have a walk first?"

"Ready, I cannot really drink a drop of water myself, and I am thirsty, unless you give a little to these poor dogs."

"I pity the poor dumb creatures as much as you do,

"Swiss
Family Robin-
son" and
"Masterman
Ready"

The Dogs Suffer
from Thirst

Master Willy; depend upon it, it's not out of unkindness; on the contrary, it is kindness to ourselves and them, too, which makes me refuse it to them; however, if you like, we will take a walk first, and see if we can find any water. Let us first go to the little dell to the right, and if we do not succeed, we will try farther on, where the water has run down during the rainy season."

William was very glad to go, and away they went, followed by the dogs, Ready having taken up the spade, which he carried on his shoulder. They soon came to the dell, and the dogs put their noses to the ground and snuffed about; Ready watched them; at last they lay down, panting.

The Dogs Help
in the Search
for Water

"Let us go on, sir," said Ready thoughtfully. They went on to where the run of water appeared to have been—the dogs snuffed about more eagerly than before.

"You see, Master William, these poor dogs are now so eager for water that if there is any, they would find it out where we never could. I don't expect water above ground, but there may be some below it. This beach is hardly far enough from the water's edge, or I should try in the sand for it."

"In the sand!—but would it not be salt?" replied William.

"No, not if it is a good distance from the sea beach; for you see, William, the sand by degrees filters the sea-water fresh, and very often, when the sand runs in a long way from the high water mark, if you dig down you will find good fresh water; at other times it is a little brackish, but still fit to use. I wish that this fact was better known among seamen than it is; it would have saved many a poor fellow from a great deal of agony. There's nothing so dreadful as being without water, Master William. I know what it is to be on an allowance of a pint a day, and I assure you it is cruel work."

When Sea-
water Becomes
Fresh

"Look, Ready, at Romulus and Remus—how hard they are digging with their paws there in the hollow."

"Thanks to Heaven that they are, Master William; you don't know how happy you have made me feel; for to tell you the truth, I was beginning to be alarmed."

"But why do they dig?"

"Because there is water there, poor animals. Now you see the advantage of having kept them in pain for a few hours. It is in all probability the saving of all of us, for we must either have found water or quitted this island. Now let us help the poor dogs with the spade, and they shall soon be rewarded for their sufferings."

The Dogs Find
Water to Drink

Ready walked quickly to where the dogs continued digging: they had already got down to the moist earth, and were so eagerly at work that it was with difficulty he could get them out of his way to use his spade. He had not dug two feet before the water trickled down, and in four or five minutes the dogs had sufficient to plunge their noses in and to drink copiously.

"Look at them, sir; how they enjoy it—so did the Israelites, fainting in the desert, when Moses struck the rock, and the water poured out in torrents for their relief. Do you recollect that part of the Scriptures, Master William?"

"To be sure I do. I have a picture of it at home."

Ready's
Gratitude

"Well, I don't think any Israelite among them felt more grateful than I do now, William. This was the one thing wanting, but it was the one thing indispensable. Now we have everything we could wish for on this island, and if we are only content, we may be happy,—ay, much happier than are those who are worrying themselves to heap up riches, not knowing who shall gather them. See, the poor animals have had enough at last—and how they have swelled themselves out! Now shall we go back to breakfast?"

"Yes," replied William; "I shall enjoy it now and have a good drink of water myself."

"That is a plenteous spring, depend upon it, sir," said Ready, as they walked back to where they had slept and

left their knapsacks; "but we must clear it out farther up among the trees, where the sun cannot reach it, and then it will be cool, and not be dried up. We shall have plenty of work for the next year, at least, if we remain here. Where we are now will be a capital spot to build our house on."

As soon as the breakfast was over, Ready said: "Now we must go down and explore the other point, for you see, Master William, I have not yet found a passage through the reef, and as our little boat must come round this side of the island, it is at the point on this side that I must try to find an entrance. When I was on the opposite point it did appear to me that the water was not broken close to this point; and should there be a passage we shall be very fortunate."

An Exploring Expedition

They soon arrived at the end of the point of land, and found that Ready was not wrong in his supposition; the water was deep, even close to the beach, and there was a passage many yards wide. The sea was so smooth and the water so clear that they could see down to the rocky bottom, and watched the fish as they darted along. "Look here," said Willy, pointing out about fifty yards from the beach; "a great shark, Ready!"

"Yes, I see him, sir," replied Ready: "there's plenty of them here, depend upon it; and you must be very careful how you get into the water here: the sharks always keep to the leeward of the island, and for one you'll find where Juno bathed your little brother, you will find fifty here. I am quite satisfied now, William, we shall do very well, and all we have now to think of is moving from the other side of the island as fast as possible."

The Sharks

"Shall we go back to-day?"

"Yes, I think so, for we shall only be idle here, and your mother is anxious about you, depend upon it. It is not twelve o'clock, I should think, and we shall have plenty of time; for you see it is one thing to walk through a wood and mark your way, and another to go

back again with the path pointed out to you. So I think we had better start at once; we will leave the spade and the axe here, for it is no use taking them back again. The musket I will carry, for although it is not likely to be wanted, still we must always be prepared. First, let us go back and look at the spring, and see how the water flows, and then we shall be off."

As they walked along the edge of the sandy beach, they found the sea-birds hovering close to them; all of a sudden a large shoal of fish threw themselves high and dry on the sand, and they were followed by several fish of a larger size, which also lay flapping on the beach, while the sea-birds, darting down close to the feet of William and Ready, and seizing up the fish, flew away with them.

"How very strange!" said William, surprised.

"Yes, sir; but you see how it is—the small fish were chased by the larger ones, which are bonettas, and in their fright ran upon the beach. These bonettas were so anxious to catch them that they came on shore also, and then the gannets picked them up. There's a moral in this, Master William—when people are too eager in their pursuit they run blindly into danger."

"But the little fish were not in pursuit."

"No; I referred to the large—with the little fish it was out of the frying pan into the fire, as the old proverb says; but let us go on to the spring."

They found the hole which Ready had dug quite full of water, and, tasting it, it proved very sweet and good. Overjoyed at this discovery, they covered up the articles they agreed to leave behind them, and calling the dogs, set off on their journey back again to the cove.

—From "*Masterman Ready*" by Captain Marryat.

The story of "Kidnapped" relates a similar adventure. One incident especially gives an account of a small lad's experience on a desert islet, without friends or

The Sea-birds
Feast on Fish

Ready
Moralizes
a Bit

food. It is so vivid in detail that you can almost feel the chill of the wind, the discomfort of the water-soaked lad, and the feeling of desolation that possesses him.

THE ISLET

With my stepping ashore, I began the most unhappy part of my adventures. It was half-past twelve in the morning, and though the wind was broken by the land, it was a cold night. I dared not sit down (for I thought I should have frozen), but took off my shoes and walked to and fro upon the sand, barefoot and beating my breast, with infinite weariness. There was no sound of man or cattle; not a cock crew, though it was about the hour of their first waking; only the surf broke outside in the distance, which put me in mind of my perils and those of my friend. To walk by the sea at that hour of the morning, and in a place so desert-like and lonesome, struck me with a kind of fear.

Alone in the
Cold and
Darkness

As soon as the day began to break, I put on my shoes and climbed a hill—the ruggedest scramble I ever undertook—falling, the whole way, between big blocks of granite or leaping from one to another. When I got to the top the dawn was come. There was no sign of the brig, which must have lifted from the reef and sunk. The boat, too, was nowhere to be seen. There was never a sail upon the ocean; and in what I could see of the land, was neither house nor man.

I was afraid to think what had befallen my shipmates, and afraid to look longer at so empty a scene. What with my wet clothes and weariness and my belly that now began to ache with hunger, I had enough to trouble me without that. So I set off eastward along the south coast, hoping to find a house where I might warm myself, and perhaps get news of those I had lost. And at the worst, I considered the sun would soon rise and dry my clothes.

Hungry

After a little, my way was stopped by a creek, or

Cut Off From
the Mainland

inlet of the sea, which seemed to run pretty deep into the land; and as I had not means to get across, I must needs change my direction or go about the end of it. It was still the roughest kind of walking; indeed, the whole, not only of Earraid, but of the neighboring part of the Mull (which they call the Ross), is nothing but a jumble of granite rocks with heather in among. At first the creek kept narrowing, as I looked to see; but presently to my surprise it began to widen out again. At this I scratched my head, but had still no notion of the truth; until at last I came to a rising ground, and it burst upon me all in a moment that I was cast upon a little, barren isle, and cut off on every side by the salt seas.

Instead of the sun rising to dry me, it came on to rain, with a thick mist; so that my case was lamentable.

I stood in the rain, and shivered, and wondered what to do, till it occurred to me that perhaps the creek was fordable. Back I went to the narrowest point and waded in. But not three yards from shore, I plunged in head over ears, and if ever I was heard of more it was rather by God's grace than my own prudence. I was no wetter (for that could hardly be), but I was all the colder for this mishap; and having lost another hope, was the more unhappy.

Thirsty

And now, all at once, the yard came in my head. What had carried me through the roost, would surely serve me to cross this little quiet creek in safety. With that I set off, undaunted, across the top of the isle to fetch and carry it back. It was a weary tramp in all ways, and if hope had not buoyed me up, I must have cast myself down and given up. Whether with the sea salt, or because I was growing fevered, I was distressed with thirst, and had to stop, as I went, and drink the peaty water out of the bogs.

I came to the bay at last, more dead than alive; and at the first glance, I thought the yard was something farther out than when I left it. In I went, for the third time, into

the sea. The sand was smooth and firm and shelved gradually down; so that I could wade out till the water was almost to my neck and the little waves splashed into my face. But at that depth my feet began to leave me and I durst venture in no further. As for the yard, I saw it bobbing very quietly some twenty feet in front of me.

I had borne up well until this last disappointment; but at that I came ashore, and flung myself down upon the sands and wept.

The time I spent upon the island is still so horrible a thought to me, that I must pass it lightly over. In all the books I have read of people cast away, they had either their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach along with them, as if on purpose. My case was very different. I had nothing in my pockets but money and Allan's silver button, and being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means. No Tools

I knew indeed that shellfish were counted good to eat; and among the rocks of the isle I found a great plenty of limpets, which at first I could scarcely strike from their places, not knowing quickness to be needful. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call buckies; I think periwinkle is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold and raw as I found them; and so hungry was I that, at first, they seemed to me delicious.

Perhaps they were out of season, or perhaps there was something wrong in the sea about my island. But at least I had no sooner eaten my first meal than I was seized with giddiness and retching, and lay for a long time no better than dead. A second trial of the same food (indeed I had no other) did better with me and revived my strength. But as long as I was on the island, I never knew what to expect when I had eaten; sometimes all was well, and sometimes I was thrown into a miserable sickness; nor could I ever distinguish what particular fish it was that hurt me. Shellfish Cause
Deathly
Sickness

All day it streamed rain; the island ran like a sop; there was no dry spot to be found; and when I lay down that night, between two boulders, my feet were in a bog.

The second day, I crossed the island to all sides. There was no one part of it better than another; it was all desolate and rocky; nothing living on it but game birds which haunted the outlying rocks in a prodigious number. But the creek, or straits, that cut off the isle from the mainland of the Ross, opened out on the north into a bay, and the bay again opened into the Sound of Iona; and it was in the neighborhood of this place that I chose my home, though if I had thought upon the very name of home in such a spot, I must have burst out crying.

I had good reason for my choice. There was in this part of the isle a little hut of a house like a pigs' hut, where fishers used to sleep when they came there upon their business; but the turf roof of it had fallen entirely in; so that the hut was of no use to me and gave me less shelter than my rocks. What was more important, the shellfish on which I lived grew there in great plenty; when the tide was out, I could gather a peck at a time; and this was doubtless a convenience. But the other reason went deeper. I had become in no way used to the horrible solitude of the isle, but still looked around me on all sides (like a man that was hunted) between fear and hope that I might see some human creature coming. Now from a little up the hillside over the bay, I could catch a sight of the great ancient church and the roofs of the people's houses in Iona. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up, morning and evening, as if from a homestead in the hollow of the land.

I used to watch this smoke, when I was wet and cold, and had my head half turned with loneliness; and think of the fireside and the company, till my heart burned. It was the same with the roofs of Iona. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, al-

Chooses a
Home on
the Islet

Sees Smoke
from Chimneys
of the Ross

though it put a point on my own sufferings, yet it kept hope alive, and helped me eat my raw shellfish (which had soon grown to be a disgust), and saved me from the sense of horror I had whenever I was alone with the dead rocks, and fowls, and the rain and the cold sea.

It continued to rain and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day. This was a day of incidents. In the morning I saw a red deer, a buck with a fine spread of antlers, standing in the rain on the top of the island; but he had scarce seen me rise from under my rock, before he trotted off upon the other side. I supposed he must have swum the straits; though what should bring any creature to Earraid, was more than I could fancy. A Red Deer

A little after, as I was jumping about after my limpets, I was startled by a guinea piece which fell upon the rock in front of me and glanced off into the sea. When the sailors gave me my money again, they kept back not only about a third of the whole sum, but my father's leather purse; so that from that day out, I carried my gold loose in my pocket with a button. I now saw there must be a hole, and clapped my hand to the place in a great hurry. But this was to lock the stable door after the steed was stolen. I had left the shore at Queensferry with near on fifty pounds; now I found not more than two guinea pieces and a silver shilling.

It is true I picked up a third guinea a little later where it lay shining on a piece of turf. That made a fortune of three pounds and four shillings, English money, for a lad, the rightful heir of an estate, and now starving on an isle at the extreme end of the wild Highlands. Loses His Money

This state of my affairs dashed me still further; and indeed my plight on that third morning was truly pitiful. My clothes were beginning to rot, my stockings in particular were worn quite through, so that my shanks went naked; my hands had grown quite soft with the continual soaking; my throat was very sore, my strength had much abated, and my heart so turned against the horrid stuff

I was condemned to eat that the very sight of it came near to sicken me. And yet the worst was not yet come.

There is a pretty high rock on the northwest of Earraid, which (because it had a flat top, and overlooked the Sound) I was much in the habit of frequenting; and as soon as the sun came out, I lay down on top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I cannot tell. It set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. On the south of my rock, a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could thus come quite near me on that side and I be none the wiser.

Well, all of a sudden, a coble with a brown sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it, came flying round that corner of the isle, bound for Iona. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees and reached up my hands and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear—I could even see the color of their hair; and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue and laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew on, right before my eyes for Iona.

I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them piteously; even after they were out of reach of my voice, I still cried and waved to them, and when they were quite gone, I thought my heart would have burst. All the time of my troubles, I wept only twice. Once, when I could not reach the oar, and now, the second time when these fishers turned a deaf ear to my cries. But this time I wept and roared like a wicked child, tearing up the turf with my nails, and grinding my face in the earth. If a wish would kill men, those two fishers would never have seen morning; and I should likely have died upon my island.

When I was a little over my anger, I must eat, eat again, but with such loathing of the mess that I could

Sunshine and
a Boat

The Fishers
Do Not Heed
His Cries

now scarcely control. Sure enough, I should have done as well to fast, for my fishes poisoned me again; and there came over me that dreadful sense of illness, which we have no name for either in Scotch or English. I thought I should have died, and made my peace with God, forgiving all men, even my uncle and the fishers, and as soon as I had made up my mind to the worst, clearness came upon me; I observed that night was falling dry; my clothes were dried a good deal; truly I was in better case than ever before since I had landed on the isle; and so I got to sleep at last with a thought of gratitude.

Sleep and
Rest

The next day (which was the fourth of this horrible life of mine) I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shellfish, agreed well with me and revived my courage.

I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming down the sound, and with her head as I thought in my direction.

I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought these men might have thought better of their cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment, such as yesterday's, was more than I could bear. I turned my back, accordingly, upon the sea, and did not look again until I had counted many hundreds. The boat was still heading for the island. The next time I counted the full thousand, as slowly as I could, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid!

The Boat
Returns

I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the seaside and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last, my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry that I must wet it with the seawater before I was able to shout.

All this time the boat was coming on, and now I was able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of a bright yellow and the other black. But now there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

Ridiculed in
Gaelic

As soon as they were come within easy speech, they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications, they drew no nearer in, and what frightened me most of all, the man tee-hee'd with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of the hand. I told him I had no Gaelic: and at this he became very angry, and I began to suspect he thought he was talking English. Listening very close, I caught the word "what-effer" several times; but all the rest was Gaelic, and might have been Greek and Hebrew for all me.

"Whatever," I said to show him I had caught a word.

"Yes, yes,—yes, yes," says he, and then he looked at the other men as much as to say, "I told you I spoke English," and began again as hard as ever in Gaelic.

This time I picked out another word, "tide." Then I had a flash of hope. I remember he was always waving his hand toward the mainland of the Ross.

"Do you mean when the tide is out?" I cried, and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

Escapes from
the Islet

At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser at once began to tee-hee with laughter), leaped back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came out upon the shores of the creek; and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water, through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout upon the main island.

A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on Ear-

raid, which is only what they call a tidal islet, and except in the bottom of the neaps, can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dry-shod, or at the most by wading. Even I, who had the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched the ebbs, the better to get my shellfish—even I (I say) if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have soon guessed the secret and got free. It is no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder is that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion, and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger upon that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers, I might have left my bones there, in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear; not only in past sufferings, but in my present case; being clothed like a beggarman, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat.

Berates His
Own Stupidity

I have seen wicked men and fools, a great many of both; and I believe they both get paid in the end; but the fools first.

—From “*Kidnapped*,” by Robert Louis Stevenson.

It might be well at this point to pause for a little chat about the qualities of a good story. You say, “Oh, all that is necessary is that it be interesting.” Very true, but what do you mean by “interesting”? In answer I would say that if a story is to hold your interest, it must first be *probable*. You must be able to believe such events might have happened in such a locality or in such a particular time. It is altogether probable, for instance, that a young boy who had lived in the interior all of his life, should be unable to understand how to make his escape from a tidal island. But there is another thing that makes the above story seem true: It is told by the boy himself—thus giving in detail his feelings, his fears, his anger, his illness, his despair, his renewed hope, and

Characteristics
of a Good
Story

finally his awakening to the fact that it was not necessary to be marooned on the island at all, and the consequent disgust with himself.

Again the story seems probable because the details are given with such minuteness and vividness; as in "Masterman Ready" we feel that the accuracy of detail, the author's adherence to truth, enlist our confidence, and we believe in the story at once.

But we demand more than the mere feeling that "it might have happened,"—we insist that the *action move rapidly*. Young folk, especially, are in a hurry to get on with the story, and although the author might enjoy lingering over a piece of good description, they do not care to have it get in the way of the story. Moreover, we insist that the incidents move toward a given end—something must happen, some change must be brought about by the action of the story. We call this arrangement of the incidents to bring about a given end, the *plot* of the story.

Rapid Action

In the fairy story, the plot consists usually in a conflict between the friends and enemies of the hero or heroine. For instance, Cinderella is the one character in that story who is concerned with the outcome. Her stepmother and sisters are keeping her from attaining happiness. They are her enemies. But her fairy godmother comes to her rescue, and begins to plan for Cinderella. This is really the turning point in the story, for we begin to see that there may be a chance for Cinderella to escape from the tyranny of her enemies. You will find this same plan—this conflict of forces for and against the central character—in every good story, although these forces may not always take the form of personal friends and enemies. In "Masterman Ready," for example, Ready's wisdom and his knowledge of seamanship served in place of "friends" or fairies to save the shipwrecked family from perishing on an unknown island.

The Plot

Another element that keeps the reader interested is

that of *suspense*. This device is secured by keeping back the outcome until the very last. Each incident moves nearer the goal, but does not reveal it. Occasionally if the plot is intricate, the author gives us a hint of what is coming; he forecasts the change in the forces that are in the ascendancy, yet reveals nothing definite. The islet incident of "Kidnapped" makes a slight use of forecast when the poor boy says: "If a wish would kill men, those two fishers would never have seen morning; and I should likely have died upon my island." The inference is that he is finally to be rescued through the assistance of these two men. Suspense

Finally, we demand that a story have a *satisfactory end*. By this we mean, of course, that the outcome must be in harmony with the incidents of the story. We must feel that, under the circumstances, the story could not have resulted otherwise.

But in time most of you will tire of tales of pure adventure and will turn to stories about girls and boys who live more normal lives—young folk who have unusual experiences perhaps, but who meet them more naturally.

The first book of this kind that comes to my mind is "Hans Brinker," a story of "glittering ice and flashing skates, but above all a story of real heroism," a glimpse of life in quaint old Holland. And next I would have you enjoy "Castle Blair," a story about which John Ruskin said: "The book is good, and lovely, and true, having the best description of a noble child (Winnie) in it that I ever read; and nearly the next best description of the next best thing—a noble dog." You will indeed miss a real treat if you do not make the acquaintance of these children in their old castle in Ireland. They have so many interesting experiences and so many real difficulties in solving the problems of their life. "Hans
Brinker" and
"Castle Blair"

The following incident, though the least stirring of all in "Castle Blair," will show you how they set about

to determine the existence of fairies. It seems that a doubt had arisen about fairies, and the children were determined to put the matter to the test; so Winnie went alone at three o'clock in the morning to a certain spot, where she had heard the fairies held a nightly dance. Her report and its effect upon the other children follow, related from the point of view of the newly arrived cousin, Adrienne.

TESTING FOR FAIRIES

Adrienne opened the door and found herself straightway in the presence of all the children. The large window at the end of the room was open wide, and Winnie seated sideways on the window-sill, with her head resting against the gray stone framework, was eating a large hunch of bread. A flock of pigeons and white ducks clamored for scraps on the terrace outside; curled up in her lap lay four small kittens, and the big mother cat sat sunning herself upon the window-sill; but Winnie seemed to be paying only a mechanical attention to her pets. She was white from want of food, and there was a general air of preoccupation and disappointment in her attitude,—disappointment which seemed to have communicated itself in a measure to the other children who stood grouped around her.

Winnie's
Disappointment

"No," she was saying as Adrienne entered, "it's just Peggy's rubbish and there's an end of it."

"Well, but," said Murtagh doubtfully, "they might be there another day and not be there to-day."

"No," returned Winnie decidedly; "I don't believe they're ever there. It was quite dark when I got upon the Liss, and I hid under a bush and watched with my eyes wide open till it was blazing light all over everywhere, and I didn't see a single thing, and there—there's an end of it. It's rubbish!" She flung a piece of crust out on the grass, as she spoke, so that the poor, ill-used ducks had to turn round and waddle quite a journey be-

No Fairies!

fore they got it. But perhaps even ducks can look reproachful, for she broke almost immediately another bit from her hunch of bread, and threw it to a fat laggard, with a compassionate—"There, poor old Senior, that's for you." And then turning gently to Murtagh, she said: "Never mind, Myrrh, you know it wasn't any use believing it if it wasn't true."

Murtagh did not answer. But suddenly an idea crossed Bobbo's mind, and he exclaimed, half-doubtfully: "Win, do you think—they might have known you were coming, and perhaps they didn't choose for you to see them?"

Bobbo's
Suggestion

The notion seemed to find some favor with the other children. Winnie glanced at Murtagh to see what he thought; but Murtagh, who had been aware of Adrienne's entrance, was looking to her, so Winnie's eyes followed his.

"No, I do not think that exactly," said Adrienne, slowly, finding that she was expected to speak. She seated herself on the window-sill, opposite Winnie, and began to stroke the old cat. Then she continued in the same slow, thoughtful tone: "Once I used to believe in fairies as you do, and I used to want to see them, but I never did. I used to think I did sometimes, but I never did. Then I began to think they could not be true, and that made me very unhappy, for I loved them so. I don't think you can love them as much as I did. Everything that happened to me I used to think the fairies were there; you see I wasn't like you; I was all alone, and hadn't anybody but the fairies. When it was fine, I thought the fairies were in the sun; when it rained I thought they were in the rain. I thought they were in the flowers, in the moon,—everywhere, in everything. But still I began to be afraid they could not be true.

A Little Girl
Who Believed
in Fairies

"I do not know how long that lasted, but I remember quite, quite well the day when it was all finished—the very last day when I ever believed in them.

"It was when I was eight years old. It was one wet

winter afternoon. I was watching the rain, when suddenly it came to me that there were no fairies at all. It seemed such a dreadful thing to know; and I couldn't help it,—I just hid my face in the hearthrug, and cried like a little baby.

"I was very unhappy for a long while. One of my uncles came to live with us and he told us about the true fairies; I mean the angels; and I have believed them ever since. And so you need not be disappointed because the fairies do not really dance where Winnie went to look, because the angels are better, and they are true."

—*From "Castle Blair," by Flora L. Shaw.*

There is another book written long ago that ought not to go out of print so long as there are boys in the world—"The Crofton Boys," by Harriet Martineau. It is true that it deals with English schoolboy life, but the hero is a brave lad, and bravery is a virtue very much in need of development among boys. Of all the writers of story-books for children, Laura E. Richards ought to hold a high place in children's hearts. Her insight into child-nature, together with her literary style, makes her works very desirable. Her "Captain January" is a great favorite of mine, and I am sure he must be of all who come to know him. And of course we cannot forget Louisa M. Alcott with her "Little Women" and "Little Men," and "Old-Fashioned Girl," and the rest,—all of which you will want to read.

Many boys and girls like to read books in a series; that is, several books that have the same character or set of characters running through them. There are not many authors, however, who can maintain a good literary style and keep up the interest throughout a large number of such books.

Besides the Alcott books, the series known as the "Five Little Peppers" is a favorite with most children.

Fairies and
Angels

Laura E. Rich-
ards and
Louisa M.
Alcott

Personally, I have wished that the author of this series had stopped with "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," for the continuation seems to lessen the charm.

Only recently I had occasion to examine another sort of serial books. I was attracted to them by the enthusiasm of some of my young friends who were eagerly devouring them. I secured a set and read them with interest. I found myself fascinated by them, but without exactly approving of them. The children in the stories were not normal; they were not taught to work, nor to meet the problems of everyday life. Things turned out too much as if touched by a fairy godmother's wand—surprise trips to Europe, impossible boy-and-girl feats in the mountains—instead of life being ennobled by overcoming real difficulties in the normal way, through personal effort, and with little or no help from millionaires who become suddenly interested in poor boys or girls. Books that give too rose-colored a tint to life may be charming, but are often misleading, and may prove harmful in that they furnish no inspiration or incentive to individual effort. Fairy books and wonder books have their place in early childhood where they serve a distinct purpose in stimulating the imagination. The adolescent mind needs other food.

Books in
a Series

The Boy Scout books are very attractive, especially those that treat of the freedom of the great out-of-doors. As a preliminary to our remarks about these stories, I want you to read the following poem. It gives what we call in story-writing "atmosphere"—the spirit of daring and adventure that most Boy Scout stories possess.

Boy Scout
Books

THE RANCHMAN'S RIDE

Hurrah for a ride on the prairies free
On a fiery, untamed steed,
Where the curlews fly and the coyotes cry,
And the fragrant breeze goes whispering by;
Hurrah! and away with speed.

With left hand light on the bridle-rein,
 And saddle-girths cinched behind,
 With lariat tied at the pommel's side,
 And lusty bronchos, true and tried,
 We'll race with the whistling wind.

We are off and away, like a flash of light,
 As swift as the shooting star,
 As an arrow flies towards its distant prize,
 On! on we whirl toward the shimmering skies;
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

As free as a bird o'er billowy sea,
 We skim the flowered Divide,
 Like seamew strong we fly along,
 While the earth resounds with galloping song,
 As we plunge through the fragrant tide.

Avaunt with your rides in crowded towns!
 Give me the prairies free,
 Where the curlews fly and the coyotes cry,
 And the heart expands 'neath the azure sky;
 Ah! that's the ride for me.

—*William Laurence Chittenden.*

"Every Boy's
 Library"

Most of the so-called Boy Scout books are not authorized by the Boy Scout Society; but the library commission of the Boy Scouts of America has selected a list of twenty-five or more books under the title, "Every Boy's Library." These books do for American boys what the "Wolf Patrol" by J. Finnemore, "Midshipman Easy," by Captain Marryat, and "Tom Brown at Rugby" by Thomas Hughes, have done for English boys. I need mention only a few of these books to give you a hint of the interesting tales they contain: "Tom Strong, Washington's Scout," by A. B. Mason; "The Cruise of the Cachalot," by T. T. Bullen; and "Baby Elton, Quarter Back," by Leslie W. Quirk.



ENGLISH BOY SCOUTS AND WOLF CUB.

For the girls also, there are many stories that tell of interesting and adventurous heroines: "The Ranch on the Oxhide," by Henry Inman; "The Prairie Rose," by Bertha E. Bush; and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. They all suggest a range of material that is full of interest. Moreover, the girls will be interested in some of the boys' books.

Girls' Adventure Stories

In the following selection, I give what I consider a model Boy Scout story. Even though the scene is not laid in our own country, the game that it describes may, of course, be played by any group of boys anywhere.

THE WOLVES AND THE RAVENS

On the next Saturday afternoon, accordingly, the Wolf and the Raven Patrols fraternized in the old sandpit on the heath, and Mr. Elliott attended as umpire. The boys were far from being strangers to each other, for they had often met before in a slugging match, but all such foolish old feuds were laid aside, and they prepared eagerly for a friendly struggle in this most fascinating sport of scouting.

"Now, Slynn," said Mr. Elliott to the leader of the Ravens, "as your scouts are the visitors, I think you ought to have the choice of the game at which to challenge the Wolf Patrol."

"Well, sir," said Chippy, "wot about 'Scout Meets Scout'? I think that would suit us, if it 'ud suit the Wolves."

A New Game

"Yes," said Mr. Elliott, "that would give you some good fun. And, as it happens, that is a game I have been thinking over. I believe you would enjoy it better still if you combined it with hunting. You've all got a ball apiece, haven't you?"

Yes, everybody had a ball of some sort, and all were listening eagerly to the instructor. Mr. Elliott drew a small parcel from his pocket, and opened it. Inside there were sixteen little flags—eight yellow and eight black.

"You see I am prepared with your patrol colors," he said. "The truth is, I was intending to suggest this game myself as one to be taken. Now, let every scout fix a flag in his hat."

The Wolves took the yellow, and the Ravens took the black, and the flags were fixed.

"The next thing," said Mr. Elliott, "is full trot for the Beacon;" and away they all went.

The Beacon was a small hill which rose sharply from the heath, and stood quite alone. It was not very high, perhaps a hundred feet, but from the top you could see far over the heath on every side. In old days a beacon-fire had been lighted on it to warn or arouse the country in times of danger; a fire had burned there when the Spanish Armada came.

The scouts swarmed up the side, and raced each other to the top. Then they gathered once more about the umpire.

"Now," said Mr. Elliott, "here's my idea of 'Scout Meets Scout.' The Wolves will go to that patch of burnt gorse which is about half a mile east of the Beacon. The Ravens will go to that big oak which is about half a mile west. Those are the boundaries, and no one must pass them. North and south the land becomes open quite close to us, and nobody may go out there. It isn't likely he would wish to, for he would be seen at once. When I blow my whistle, the two sides will begin to work towards each other, and the hunt opens. The scout who strikes an enemy with his ball captures that enemy's flag. The flag is handed over, and the beaten scout comes up at once to report to me on the Beacon. He is dead, and will leave the contest. That patrol wins which finally captures the whole of the flags belonging to the other patrol."

"But, Mr. Elliott, suppose you hit a man who has already taken two or three flags belonging to your own side, what then?" asked Billy Seton.

"He gives up everything," replied the instructor,

The Starting-point

The Umpire's Directions

"both his own flag and those he has taken. You see, it is a fight to a finish. The last man will simply collect the whole of the flags. The patrol with the finest scout is bound to win, and it gives everybody first-rate practice. There are heaps of hiding-places, and you may employ any means to decoy or deceive an opposing scout, except using his patrol cry, or, as the book says, disguise. But disguise is out of the question at the present moment. Now, away with you!"

Off the boys dashed, the Wolves scouring down the eastern face of the Beacon, the Ravens down the western. Within five minutes both patrols were in position, and they signified this to Mr. Elliott by holding up their patrol flags. Chippy had made the flag for the Ravens and made it very well, too, cutting the raven out of a scrap of an old green curtain, and stitching it on to a piece of calico. When the umpire saw the patrol flags raised above the gorse clumps which hid the patrols, he blew a long blast on his powerful whistle, and the contest began.

Wolves and
Ravens in
Place

On the side of the Wolf Patrol, Dick Elliott ordered his men to spread out widely in the thick cover of gorse-bushes and low-growing thickets, and to push slowly and cautiously toward the Ravens.

"You've got to be jolly careful," said Dick, "for if there are many like that patrol leader of theirs we shall be snapped up before we know where we are. Work in pairs, and one scout will support the other."

So the Wolves split into four couples, and spread themselves as widely as possible on their front. On the other hand, Chippy sent his men out singly, but also on a well-extended front; and creeping, gliding, stealing from patch to patch of cover, and watching closely on every hand, the Wolves and the Ravens drew nearer and nearer to each other.

Working in
Pairs and
Singly

Dick, with the corporal, Billy Seton, had taken up a post in the centre of their patrol line, and they advanced

together. Dick looked on every hand, and was very satisfied with the way his men took cover. He could not catch a glimpse of one of them among the gorse and heather and brushwood.

Suddenly Dick stopped dead. He scented danger. Twenty yards ahead a wren was perched on the topmost twig of a thornbush chattering and scolding furiously. Now, there is no bird which gives prompter warning of an intruder than a wren. Whether the intruder be two-legged, man or boy, or four-legged, stoat, weasel, or pole-cat, the plucky little wren always gives the enemy a piece of her mind.

"That bird's been disturbed," thought Dick, and he dropped behind a great tuft of withered fern and waited and watched. Billy Seton crawled up without a sound and lay beside him. Three minutes passed, and then Dick saw a shock of black hair pushed right under a low-growing blackthorn, a dozen yards in front.

It was one of the Ravens coming along flat on the ground like a snake. The Raven put his head out of the blackthorn bush and looked and listened carefully. He seemed reassured by the silence, and made a swift dash across the open for the very patch of cover where his opponents were in hiding. Both were ready for him, but he came in on Billy's side, and fell to Billy's deftly-thrown ball.

"You're done for, old chap!" chuckled Billy. "Hand over your flag and leg it for the hill, and report yourself."

The Raven pulled a wry face for a moment, then remembered Law 8, and tried to look cheerful.

"It's a fair cop!" he remarked. "'Ere's the flag. 'Ope you'll soon lose it!"

The others grinned and retired to their ambush, while No. 7 of the Ravens ran to the Beacon to report himself as out of hunt.

Twenty minutes of careful reconnoitering passed, but Dick and Billy had seen no further token of any Raven

on the move. They gained a thick hazel copse, and crept into the heart of it to wait in ambush a little for any sign of an opponent's presence. Peering through the boughs, Billy whistled below his breath.

"What is it?" whispered Dick.

"Look at the top of the Beacon," replied Billy. "We can see it from here."

Dick looked and understood Billy's whistle. Four of the Wolf Patrol were up there with Mr. Elliott, while of the Ravens there was but one, the scout whom they had discovered.

The Ravens
Winning

"Our fellows have been bagged pretty easily," whispered Billy, "I shouldn't be surprised if that artful patrol leader isn't at the bottom of it."

"Oh, by Jingo! Look there, look there!" burst out Dick, but below his breath. Billy rounded his eyes, and the leader and corporal looked at each other in anxious surprise. Two more of the Wolves were climbing the hill; they were being sent in as captives.

"Why," murmured Billy, "there are only the two of us left. Every man Jack of the Wolves has been settled except us, Dick!"

"Yes, and there are seven Ravens out for our blood!" said Dick. "We've got to do something, I can tell you, or it's a very easy win for Skinner's Hole."

"What's the best plan?" whispered Billy. "Stay here a bit," replied Dick. "We're in good hiding and they'll scatter freely, and very likely be more careless in showing themselves, for they know there are only two of us left."

Only Two
Wolves Left

Each clutching his ball ready to fire, the two remaining Wolves lay closely in their ambush, eye and ear strained to catch the first glimpse, the faintest sound. Within five minutes a Raven appeared, stealing as softly as a cat, though his boots were heavy and clumsy, over the short, crisp heath-grass. His very care led to his capture. He was watching the grass so closely, lest he

should step on a dried twig or fern-stalk, that he only looked up when Dick's ball bounced off his shoulder. He gave up his flag and retired, and the odds against the Wolves were now six to two.

"Billy," said Dick, "we must separate. If they catch us together, it's all over with the Wolf Patrol this time; but apart we can only be collared one at a time."

"Right," said Billy. "Which way do we move?"

Dick and Billy
Separate

"The Beacon's in front of us," replied Dick. "I'll work round it to the right, you to the left. If we're not caught, we'll meet at the oak tree where the Ravens started."

Billy nodded, and the two survivors of the patrol slipped out of the hazel copse and went against their friends, the enemy.

Billy's suspicion that the patrol leader of the Ravens had had much to do with the downfall of the Wolves had been correct. Chippy, working well ahead of his line, had soon discovered that the Wolves were in pairs. He hid himself in a hole under a mass of bilberry bushes, and soon one pair of scouts passed him. He let them go a short distance, followed them up, and bagged them one after the other. Then he began to work across the front of the Wolves, feeling certain that another pair would not be far away.

How Chippy
Bagged the
Wolves

Within ten minutes he had located his next pair of victims. One of them lost his mate and gave the Wolf call very low. But, unluckily for the Wolves, that call did much mischief. First of all, it brought up Chippy, who promptly settled the caller, and then it brought up the caller's companion, whom Chippy bagged also. So the leader of the Ravens now wore four yellow flags in his hat—two on either side of his own black one.

Right away on the other side, No. 3 of the Ravens, a very wide-awake scout, had captured Nos. 7 and 8 of the Wolves by sheer speed and clever throwing, and, so far, the Ravens had made a sweep of their opponents. But

the odds were not so great as they looked; Dick and Billy were by far the cleverest of the Wolves, and the destruction by the Ravens had been accomplished by their two cleverest men.

Before long the odds went far to be equalized by the capture which Dick made of No. 3 of the Ravens. This clever scout fell a victim to his own impulsiveness. He saw six Wolves on the hill; he became most eager to seize the other two; he forgot that for a scout there is only one word—caution, caution, always caution.

**Dick Captures
Raven No. 3**

So he jumped into a little gully to hide himself, without first making sure that no one was there already. As it happened, Dick had crept into it three minutes before, and No. 3 felt Dick's missile before he knew what was in the wind. Rather crestfallen, he gave up his own black flag and the two yellow ones, of which he had been so proud, and made his way to the Beacon. Dick had now five flags in his cap—two black and three yellow, and he redoubled his diligence now that he had become so valuable a prize. He went on and on, but he never saw another Raven. Soon he became aware that Billy had not only seen some, but seized them, also, for Raven after Raven marched up to the summit, until Billy's captives numbered three fresh ones. When the patrol leader and his corporal met at last under the oak, they greeted each other joyfully.

**Billy Does Good
Work Also**

"Well done, Billy!" said Dick. "You've pulled 'em down in great style. I've only had one, but he'd got a couple of our fellows' flags."

"Oh," said Billy, "a couple of them were very easy shots. The third chap was rather more sticky, but I had him at last."

"Now, we'll work back and tackle the other two," said Dick. "There are two on each side in the game now."

"All right," said Billy, "we'll go for 'em in style this time. There'll be some flags handed over, whoever gets collared!"

Each of them showed five flags in his hat. Billy had his own yellow and four of the Ravens' black. Dick had three yellow, his own and two recaptured, and two black. And now they plunged into cover for the final round.

Billy was the first to come in touch with the enemy. He was stealing low under cover of a patch of hollies, when faint, but clear, he caught the Ravens' patrol call—"Kar kaw! Kar kaw!"

"Where's that merry hooter?" thought Billy. "He's giving himself away, calling for the other fellow. He's mine if I can spot him."

Again the call came, a short distance ahead, and Billy crept forward with the utmost caution. The cry seemed to come from the other side of a space littered with blocks of turf. Some cottagers who lived on the heath had the right to cut turves, and this was a place where they worked. Here and there the turves were gathered into little heaps. In the centre of the open ground was a larger heap.

"I can get a shot, perhaps, from the centre of that bigger heap," said Billy to himself, and he began to worm his way across the ground. He reached the big heap and crouched behind it, and peered round in search of the Raven who had been uttering his patrol call.

"Where is he?" muttered Billy to himself, and at the next second he knew. A faint hiss sounded in the corporal's very ear. Billy thought of the vipers that swarmed in some parts of the heath and jumped around in affright, and at that instant a ball was flipped into his eye from some unseen thumb and finger.

"Hang it all!" said Billy, "I'm bagged. Where are you?"

"Wot cheer, brother!" came a husky whisper from the centre of the turf-stack.

Billy gave the stack a kick, and it collapsed, and revealed Chippy crouching there with a cheerful grin on

Billy Is
Deceived by
a Call

Billy Captured

his face. He had built himself round with turves, and lay securely hidden.

"Nice little lot o' flags ye've got!" murmured Chippy. "It'll be a case of all round me hat this time."

Billy felt disgusted at the neat way he had been taken in, but he proceeded to hand his flags over at once. Presently his usual friendly smile broke out.

"After all, Slynn, it was a fair catch. What a jolly **A Good Loser** artful dodge to draw me up with your patrol call!"

"Not bad," chuckled Chippy, "I know'd ye'd think there was a lost Raven a-flitterin' about, an' then ye'd come to look him up."

"Well, I must be off and report myself," said Billy, and off he strolled, leaving the leader of the Raven Patrol to fix in his hat the fine trophy of flags he had captured.

Chippy was some little time at his task, for he had now five black flags—his own and four he had taken from Billy; and five yellow flags—four he had already seized, and the fifth was Billy's own original badge. He was scarcely ready to renew his quest, when a long shrill call rang from Mr. Elliott's whistle. This signal had been arranged for the moment when only two rival scouts remained in the field. Now the battle must be finished during the next twenty minutes, or the contest was drawn. Some such sharp close was necessary, or a pair of over-cautious scouts might scout about or hide up and never find each other.

**Only Two
Scouts Left**

The two left were the rival leaders. Just about the time that Billy was drawn into range, Dick bagged the other Raven, and when Mr. Elliott saw the two defeated scouts running for the Beacon, he sounded his whistle.

The scouts out of the game had not had a dull time of it. If they were not in the combat, they enjoyed a splendid view of it as spectators. From the top of the hill almost every movement of the fighters below could be watched, and the excitement now rose high among both

Wolves and Ravens, as they saw their leaders running through the cover below in eager search of each other.

There was no hanging about in hiding. That would mean loss of too much precious time, but each patrol leader moved warily as well as swiftly, as he sought his opponent. Neither sign nor sound was made on top of the hill. That would have been unfair; the men below must be left unaided or unhindered to fight it out. But there was laughter which no one could suppress when Dick and Chippy passed each other on either side of the copse, and neither had the least idea that the other was near. Then there was a joyful murmur among the Wolves, as Dick swung round the far end of the copse, saw Chippy and darted after him. But the Raven was on the alert, and observed Dick almost at once, and turned to the combat.

Now it depended on the sureness of the eye and the speed of the throw; whoever touched the other first with his ball would secure the victory for himself and his patrol.

There were several quick feints, but neither loosed his ball. Then Dick ran right in, and Chippy threw straight at him. The Wolves raised a howl of joy when their patrol-leader dodged the flying ball. Then Dick let fly in turn, as Chippy sprang away to the right. But no sooner did the latter's quick eye detect that the ball had left Dick's hand than he dropped flat on his face, and the ball skimmed just clear of him.

Down the hill streamed the two patrols, for the battle was over. By the laws of the game no second shot may be taken at the same enemy.

"Who has won, Mr. Elliott?" cried the boys, as they raced up to where the rival leaders were laughing at each other's failure in bringing off the finishing touch.

"I shall call it a drawn battle," said the umpire, "with the advantage slightly on the side of the Ravens, as their men have more flags than the others;" and this decision

Interested
Spectators

The Final
Combat

gave much satisfaction, and all voted it a first rate piece of sport.

—From “*Wolf Patrol*,” by J. Finnemore.

In the appended book list we have endeavored to make a varied selection, but as choice as possible; keeping in mind that the books must be interesting as well as of literary value.

Book List*

I. Story-Books for Both Boys and Girls.

Robinson Crusoe, Daniel DeFoe.

Treasure Island, }
Kidnapped, } R. L. Stevenson.

Masterman Ready, }
Midshipman Easy, } Captain Marryat.

Castle Blair, Flora Laura Shaw.

Hans Brinker, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge.

Captain January, Laura E. Richards.

Crofton Boys, Harriet Martineau.

Tom Brown's School-Days, Thomas Hughes.

Tales of a Traveler, Washington Irving.

Little Women, }
Little Men, } Louisa M. Alcott.
Old-Fashioned Girl, }

Mother Carey's Chickens, } Kate Douglas

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, } Wiggin.

Pollyanna, *The Glad Book*, Eleanor A. Porter.

Wide-Awake Girls, Katherine R. Ellis.

The Hoosier School-Boy, Edward Eggleston.

The Secret Garden, Frances Hodgson Burnett.

The Deerslayer, }
The Last of the Mohicans, } J. Fenimore
etc., } Cooper.

Daniel Boone (Biography), J. S. C. Abbott.

David Crockett (Biography).

*Any of the books named in this list may be obtained through the Publishers of the “Foundation Stones” Series.

II. Typical Boy Scout Books.

Wolf Patrol, John Finnemore.

Tom Strong, Washington's Scout, A. B. Mason.

Buccaneers and Privates of Our Coast, Frank R. Stockton.

Tom Paulding, Brander Matthews.

The Call of the Wild, Jack London.

The Ranch on the Oxhide, Henry Inman.

Tecumseh's Young Braves, E. T. Tomlinson.

The Blazed Trail, Stewart Edward White.

Baby Elton, Quarter Back, Leslie W. Quirk.

Buffalo Roost, T. H. Cheley.

The Horseman of the Plains, Joseph A. Altsheler.

Pitching in a Pinch, Christy Matthewson.

For the Honor of the School, R. H. Barbour.

Captains Courageous, Rudyard Kipling.

Scouting for Washington, J. P. True.

The Scout Master of Troop V,

The Torch Bearer (A Camp-Fire Girls' Story), } I. T. Thurston.

Young Barbarians, Ian MacLaren.

Colonel Carter's Christmas, F. Hopkinson Smith.

Adventures of Tom Sawyer, } Mark Twain.

Prince and Pauper,

Gold-Seeking on the Dalton Trail, A. R. Thompson.

Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, John Fox, Jr.

III. Standard Classics.

Vicar of Wakefield, Oliver Goldsmith.

The Man Who Laughs, Victor Hugo.

The Tale of Two Cities, Charles Dickens.

Ivanhoe, Sir Walter Scott.

David Copperfield, Charles Dickens.

Silas Marner,

Mill on the Floss, } George Eliot.

CHAPTER VIII

PATRIOTISM

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large profession and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

—J. G. Holland.

O WORD in our language carries with it more of meaning than the one word, *patriotism*. To some it means only that quality which is exhibited in fighting for one's country; to others it suggests dying for one's country; but rightly and fully understood, it implies courage, self-sacrifice, self-denial, loyalty, reverence for law, love of home, devotion to country, and hatred of traitors.

We must emphasize, however, the idea of loyalty as a prime essential of patriotism; for if we believe that dying for our country, or putting our lives in jeopardy for her, is all there is of patriotism, there would be no chance for this fine national quality to develop in times of peace.

The Prime
Essential of
Patriotism

There is a courage higher than physical courage—even moral courage; and it is through this kind of bravery that the patriotism of peace is expressed. Read again

Holland's "God Give Us Men"—that expresses forcefully and truly the noble qualities of the patriot of peace. Our country needs just that kind of patriots: Men and women who have the courage of their convictions, who dare speak the truth, and who dare condemn traitors in public life.

Social
Heroism

You will one day discover that it is sometimes more heroic, more patriotic to live for your country than to die for her. To tell the truth to the assessor when he comes to find out all the details of your wealth, is a test of patriotism as well as of character. To vote for the man who is best fitted for the office, is a duty to one's country as well as to one's conscience. To give one's influence openly for law enforcement, when the law-breakers chance to be in business in one's own town, may be a greater service to one's country, and even involve more danger and bodily risk, than engaging in battle to defend her borders against a foreign foe. And when you come to realize all this, you will be able, we hope, to stand firm for the highest ideals in your community, in the State, and in the Nation itself. We must hold the right attitude toward all three, if we would be good citizens, good patriots of peace.

Hats Off to
Old Glory!

It is true that in fostering patriotic sentiments, our deepest feelings of devotion must often find expression in openly acknowledging our allegiance to our country. Every boy should instinctively respond with "Hats Off" when Old Glory passes by.

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky;

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase,—
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverent awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;

Hats off!

The flag is passing by.

—*Holcomb Bennett.*

And the flag-song that brings every loyal American to his feet is the one that was composed by Francis Scott Key, on September 12, 1814. He was being held a temporary prisoner on a British ship, while the attack on Fort McHenry was raging, and the uncertainty of the outcome, together with the feeling of the justice of our cause, inspired him to write these immortal lines. It is unfortunate that this noble poem was not set to music more suited to the range of the ordinary voice.

Another Flag-song

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam-
ing?—

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the peril-
ous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming:

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.

'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,

'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,

A home and a country they'd leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-
lution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;

Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued
land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto,—In God is our trust.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

—*Francis Scott Key.*

In eulogizing Francis Scott Key, Henry Watterson, that grand old Southern orator, thus honors our flag:

“The Star-Spangled Banner! Was ever flag so beautiful, did ever flag so fill the souls of men? The love of woman; the sense of duty; the thirst for glory; the heart-throbbing that impels the humblest American to stand by his colors, fearless in the defense of his native soil and holding it sweet to die for it; the yearning which draws him to it when exiled from it—its free institutions and its blessed memories, all are embodied and symbolized by the broad stripes and bright stars of the nation’s emblem, all live again in the lines and tones of Key’s anthem.”

Henry
Watterson’s
Tribute to
the Flag

When we realize all that our flag stands for, we see why we should always honor its appearance. Daniel Webster, one of America’s greatest orators, if not indeed the greatest, has given, in ringing, eloquent notes, the highest ideal of our proper attitude toward our American Union. I wish I could paint you a picture of Daniel Webster himself, and show you what a noble, dignified presence he had, as he appeared before a great audience to champion a cause which he felt to be just. At his best, he was not a mere politician, but a real statesman and a true patriot.

Webster’s Ideal
of Patriotism

At one time I had the pleasure of visiting the famous collection of historical relics at Plymouth, Massachusetts. The collection then was in charge of an aged man,—a man so old that, like Tennyson’s Sir Bedivere, the Knight, there was not much left of him but a voice, and that a very weak one. After pointing out the relics of the Mayflower, so prized in Plymouth, this old man

An Aged
Enthusiast

turned and pointed to three portraits of Daniel Webster which hung on the wall, indicating which one he considered the best, the truest copy of Webster's stern and manly features. Then raising his voice to its utmost strength, the ancient caretaker told us, with infinite pride, that he himself was the only man living who had heard many of Webster's great speeches, it having been his rare privilege to sit under the spell of thirteen of those brilliant orations.

The following extract is the peroration from the famous speech that Webster delivered in the United States Senate January, 1830, in reply to Senator Hayne's plea for the right of "Nullification." The entire speech lasted two days. You will feel a touch of the spell which held the old man of Plymouth when you read Webster's plea for our country.

THE AMERICAN UNION

The Blessings
and Benefits
of the Union

I profess, Sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of the Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the

Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this Government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

A Rebuke to
the Enemies
of the Union

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun of heaven, may I not see it shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States severed, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the glorious Ensign of the Republic, now known and honored through the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured,—bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, “What is all this worth?” nor those other words of delusion and folly—“Liberty first and Union afterwards”; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—“*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.*”

Webster's
Prayer for
the Union

—Daniel Webster.

A Voice from
the South

In thus quoting from the prophetic utterances of Webster, we approach a new test of patriotism. The South and the North did meet in sectional strife, and the North won. What then was to be the attitude of our conquered brothers toward the National Union? It remained for Henry W. Grady to answer that question. In 1886 he delivered an address—equal to that of Webster in patriotic sentiment,—a speech which led the North once more to honor her Southern brothers and to clasp hands of friendship with them as true comrades.

THE NEW SOUTH TO NEW ENGLAND

The New South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured, and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

The Spirit of
the New South

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy; and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back.

In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England—from Plymouth Rock all the way—would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To



REUNION OF THE BLUE AND THE GRAY AT GETTYSBURG.

the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled his name with his heroic blood. But, Sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

Thanks God
for Defeat of
Old South

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died, hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us,—rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but stanch witness in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people which gathered above the couch of your dying Captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last

The Appeal to
the North

sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion?

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity the refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment,

"Those opposed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way.'"

—Henry W. Grady.

I have gleaned from ancient history a short story of a girl who, for the love of tinsel and ornament, betrayed her city into the hands of the enemy. One so often thinks that it is only boys and men who have the keeping of the state in their hands, but girls must learn that they also have a part in this to play and a responsibility for which they will be held accountable. In justice to the girls, however, it must be added that there have been very few Tarpaeias in history.

THE GIRL TRAITOR

Tarpaeia was the daughter of a Roman guard whose business was to stand at the outer gate of the citadel to keep watch of the enemy.

The Prophecy
of Webster

A Word to
the Girls

At this time the Sabines were besieging Rome. Their camp was only a few hundred yards from the city wall. Just a short distance outside the gate was a public well and Tarpaeia used to go to the well for water. She would often meet the Sabine soldiers and talk with them. The soldiers wore silver rings and bracelets on their left arms, and these ornaments attracted Tarpaeia's attention.

The soldiers soon learned that she was the daughter of the guard, and they planned to tempt her to betray the city. So they showed her their beautiful ornaments. Finally Tarpaeia promised to unlock the gate that her father guarded, if they would give her what they wore on their left arms. She did not remember that the soldiers were also heavy brass shields on their left arms.

Tarpaeia
Covets the
Sabine
Ornaments

Soon the night came when Tarpaeia was to perform her wicked act. When all was still, she left her bed, procured the key, and quietly unlocked the great city gate. The Sabine soldiers were waiting outside the walls. Silently they passed through the gate and entered the citadel.

Tarpaeia stood near the gate as the soldiers filed in. Of course, she looked for her reward, and held out her hand to the first soldier who entered. Instead of giving her the silver rings and bracelets, he dropped his heavy brass shield upon her head. It was so heavy that it bore her to the ground.

Tarpaeia
Betrays Rome

Then came the second soldier, and he said, "Here, take your reward," and he threw his great shield upon her. Then came the third, and the fourth, and the fifth—all hurled their shields down upon her. Soon poor Tarpaeia was buried beneath a mass of brass shields, and her body was crushed. This was the reward that the Sabine soldiers gave her for betraying the city.

As she lay dead near the gate that she had unlocked, the enemies of Rome passed into the city.

—From "Golden Path Book."

There is still another story, which comes home closer to us than that of Tarpaia. It was written by that grand old American, Edward Everett Hale, whose memories of seventy years of American history will delight you some day. This story preaches patriotism more eloquently than any sermon could.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

(Abridged)

**Guilty of
Treason**

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "legion of the West." When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans, he met this gay, bright young fellow at a dinner party. Burr marked him, and talked to him.

Soon a grand catastrophe came in the great treason-trial at Richmond. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried; and to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed an order to march anywhere, had the order been signed "By command of His Excellency, Aaron Burr."

When the president of the court asked Nolan whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out in a fit of frenzy,

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

Fatal Words

He did not know how the words shocked the old judge, who called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes with a face as white as a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court! The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again!"

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. The judge was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night.

“Mr. Marshal,” the judge continued, “take the prisoner to Orleans, and deliver him to the naval commander there. Make my respects to him, and say that the prisoner is to be placed on board one of the ships where he is to be provided with such quarters, rations and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank if he were a passenger on the vessel on the business of his Government. He is never unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner. But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it!”

The Sentence

Accordingly Nolan was put on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise. Here no company liked to have him with them, because his presence cut out all talk of home, of politics, of letters, of peace or war. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us except to touch hats, and we finally submitted.

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy. Everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusions to it. He had the foreign papers that came into the ship, only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisements or stray paragraphs that alluded to America.

His Strange
Exile Begins

One of the officers had a lot of English books, among which was the “Lay of the Last Minstrel.” Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, so Nolan was permitted to join our circle one afternoon when a lot of us sat on deck reading aloud. In his turn Nolan took up the book, and read without a thought of what was coming,

“Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!”

We all saw something was to pay; but Nolan expected to get through, I suppose, and plunged on,

“Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!”

Scott’s
Patriotic Lines

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind enough for that, and staggered on,

“The wretch, concentrated all in self,—”

Here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but starting up, swung the book into the sea, and vanished into his stateroom.

We did not see him again for two months, and he was not the same man afterward. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. He was always shy now and had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When we were nearly home, we met an outward bound vessel which took poor Nolan and his traps on board to begin his second cruise. There was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

The Slave
Schooner

One day we overhauled a little schooner which had slaves on board. The officer who boarded the boat sent back for someone who could speak Portuguese. Nolan said he would interpret if the Captain wished, and was sent. “Tell them they are free,” said Vaughn, the officer in charge. When this was done, there was a yell of delight, leaping and dancing. “Tell them that I will take them to Cape Palmas.” This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was so distant, that they would be eternally separated from home there. Their wild delight changed to a howl of dismay.

Vaughn was disappointed, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood out on Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men and said,

"They say 'Not Palmas'; they say, 'Take us home, take us to our own country; take us to our own house!' One says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he was caught in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since. And this one says that he has not heard a word from home in six months."

**"Take Us
Home to Our
Own Country!"**

Even the slaves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughn's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get the words Vaughn said,

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I have to sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

On his way back to the ship, Nolan said to the youth with him, "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a home and without a country. Oh, for your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you. No matter what happens to you, who flatters or abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. You belong to your country as you belong to your mother. Stand by her as you would stand by your mother. Oh! if anybody had said so to me when I was your age!"

This was thirty-five years after his banishment. In the next fifteen years he aged very fast, but he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment. One morning he was not so well and sent for me to come to his stateroom. I could not help a glance around, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The Stars and Stripes were traced up above and around a picture of Washington. The dear

**The Exile's
Shrine**

The Dying
Exile

old boy saw my glance, and said, "Here, you see, I have a country!" And he pointed to a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory. "Oh, Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! Stop! Do not speak until I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag, or prays for it, or hopes for it, as I do. Oh, Danforth, how like a wretched night's dream when one looks back on such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!"

I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated in his whole manhood's life the madness of a boy's treason?

"Nolan," said I, "I will tell you everything you ask about."

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face, and he pressed my hand, and said, "God bless you!"

News of Home
at Last

I did as well as I could, but it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country, and its prosperity, and he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down and kissed me, and said, "Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone." And I went away.

But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. But in an hour, when the Doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. We looked in his Bible and there was a slip of paper in the place where he had marked the text:

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore

God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city."

On the slip of paper he had written,

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not someone set up a stone for my memory, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it,

His Last
Message

In Memory of
Philip Nolan,

Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.

He loved his country as no other man has loved her,
but no man deserved less at her hands."

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

Do you not see that loyalty is the key word to patriotism? Loyalty to friends, loyalty to home, loyalty to superior officers, loyalty to good causes, loyalty to country!

Loyalty

Every American should know by heart Longfellow's superb picture of our Republic:

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging, breathless, on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our
 tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee!
 —From "*The Building of the Ship*,"
 by H. W. Longfellow.

DEVOTION TO THE WORLD STATE

An Expanded
Ideal

True as it is that we cannot emphasize too strongly the idea of loyalty to our own country, the United States of America—it is even more imperative that we should not underrate nor discredit other countries. We must respect their integrity as nations, we must recognize their claims to greatness; and remember that although we may perhaps have a superior form of government, still all are children of one Father, and hence we are brothers to all. So we must expand our ideal of patriotism, and include in it, not only devotion to our own country, but also devotion to that larger country, the World State, that exists as yet only in dreams.

The World's
Peace Congress

The greatest souls of all nations are praying and planning for this federation of the world. If it were in existence, such a cruel, wasteful war as that which has devastated the beauty and glory of Christian Europe, could not be carried on. We thought the dream was about to be realized when the World's Peace Congress was organized, and when the foundations of the World's Peace Palace were laid at The Hague. But some of those who were loudest in its promotion, when a crisis came, ignored this court of justice for nations, seemingly declaring, by their deeds, that they did not believe in the dream. At any rate they evidently are unable to expand their ideal of patriotism sufficiently to include all men as brothers.

It is to be hoped that, after this frightful and need-

less tragedy in Europe, the eyes of all nations may be opened to the ideal of a new patriotism, a world devotion, and that a Senate of Nations will be organized to settle all international disputes. And it may be that from this chaos of the nations, there may arise a new and nobler order, the United States of the World. May it be your happy privilege, young Americans, to help the world realize this vision! America is already standing for the great ideal of a world peace.

A Senate
of Nations

There are some, however, who feel that a world peace is not desirable. They tell us that the so-called martial virtues cannot be cultivated except through war, that high courage and self-sacrifice, that patriotic devotion to country, willingness to lay down one's life for one's country—all these are developed only through military conflict. In answer to these arguments, William James, a great thinker, wrote an essay on the "Moral Equivalent of War." He asserts that there is a substitute for the glories of war, that these virtues of self-forgetfulness and hardihood and manly co-operation may be developed through an organization similar to the army. By means of this new army-like organization, the young men of the nation should be formed into companies and drilled, *not to conquer a foreign foe, but to make a conquest over nature.*

Answering
Arguments
Against
World Peace

James's idea is to train the young men of America to perform great engineering feats, such as Goethals and the army really have performed in constructing the Panama Canal; and that in such service the military ideals of courage and hardihood and discipline will be realized. He would have this citizen army serve in such work as coal-mining, road-building, tunnel-making and forest-preserving, each able-bodied American, rich and poor alike, being required by law to serve his country for a certain length of time in this warfare against nature. Here would be opportunity for heroism of the highest type!

Civic Valor

**Details of the
New Service**

When this new peaceful militarism shall be fully perfected, there will be a place, too, for the Red Cross nurses, for they will be sent into the slums of the cities to attend the neglected poor and sick. The National Guards will under command inspect the sanitation and the protection-to-life of the great manufacturing establishments. They will be required to go among the workers in sweat shops and relieve the oppressed toilers, and it may well be part of their service to bring something of cheer and gaiety into the lives of those who must toil unceasingly without rest or vacation. And when these Guards perform the appointed service well, they will be promoted gradually to work requiring more skill and risk. The service must be constructive always, although not without risk to life or limb; and when each citizen has thus paid his blood tax, has done his part in this war against nature, he will come back into society with healthier sympathies and sounder ideas. He may carry himself proudly before all the world because he has served his country cheerfully and honorably.

**Civic Temper
vs. Military
Temper**

Mr. James thinks this dream not impossible of accomplishment; but the only way to bring it about is to proclaim the idea, and to arouse the civic temper as past ages have aroused the military temper. Under this New Order we dream of, the statesman will concern himself, not with how many additional battleships are needed this year, but how much good this Civic Army can accomplish, how far their endeavors can be carried, and what rewards for highly useful or brilliant service can be bestowed.

Through such a beneficent army of workers, instead of fighters, our country would be able to take an advanced stand for World Peace. When such a condition exists, America will indeed have it within her power to hasten the time when the nations of the world shall "learn war no more." All hail to the New State, the New Patriotism!

Tennyson was one of the first to dream of a world peace, a new world order. In that wonderful poem, "Locksley Hall," in which he meditates on the past, and recalls his early thoughts, emotions, and dreams, he says:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
 Saw the Vision of the World, and all the wonder that
 would be;
 Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
 sails,
 Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
 bales;
 Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a
 ghastly dew
 From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
 blue;
 Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
 rushing warm,
 With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the
 thunder-storm;
 Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-
 flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.
 There the common-sense of most shall hold a fretful
 realm in awe,
 And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

Are not these the words of a prophet? Is it not wonderful that he, the poet, the dreamer, could look into the future and see airships fighting battles "in the central blue" as they have done in recent wars? The truth of that part of his prophecy leads us to hope that the not-far-distant future will also see the realization of the latter part concerning "the Federation of the World."

Tennyson's
 Prophecy

And while we have waited for this prophecy of the future to be fulfilled, battles have raged and the story of the Battle of Waterloo has been repeated over and over

again, if not in Waterloo, yet in many another historic spot in Western Europe. How sympathetically Lord Byron sensed the horrors of war is shown in the following well-known poem:

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear.
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost, fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,

And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
 rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe!
 They come! They come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have their Saxon foes:—
How in the moon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's, fame rings in each clans-
 man's ears!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,

Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent.

—*Lord Byron.*

Wise Words
of Lincoln

It seems to be customary among nations, when they go to war, to encourage their soldiers to believe that they must win because, as the saying goes, God is on their side. For those national leaders who are sincere in making this claim, we have no criticism; but we would commend rather the words of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, who, when someone inquired if he thought God was really on his side, replied: "I am not concerned about the Lord's attitude in the matter; the great thing that concerns me is, whether I am on the Lord's side."

A Great
War-song

Such a spirit on the part of the greatest leader in the nation was bound to be a great moral power. It was the inspiration of the same feeling that prompted Julia Ward Howe to write the greatest war-song of modern times, a poem that proclaims the irresistible power of God and the certain triumph of peace.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift
sword.

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps.

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:

“As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;

Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,

Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

We also love the sentiment of the poem which lauds the physical beauty as well as the heroic story of our land, and calls our attention to America's great mission among nations. Let us not lose sight of these things in our eager pursuit of wealth, our enjoyment of material prosperity.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,

For amber waves of grain,

For purple mountain majesties

Above the fruited plain!

America! America!

God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with brotherhood

From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—*Katharine Lee Bates.*

This ideal of the mission of America is growing slowly in our country, but we are still a long way from realizing it. Too often we take no further thought of the people of other nations seeking haven among us than to despise the poor, distressed immigrants who come to our shores. They cannot speak our language; they are homesick, deceived often by false promises made by their own countrymen, disappointed and unhappy—no wonder that most of them present an unheroic, ignoble appearance.

One day in Rome, while riding on the street car with a party of American girls, I noticed the sharp look of the conductor, as he caught sight of us entering the car. When he collected our two-cent fares, he asked in English, "Are you from New York?" We explained that we had sailed from New York. "You don't get to ride in New York for two cents," said he. "Ah, it's no place for a poor foreigner," he continued. "I got fifty cents a day for ten hours' work, and had to pay five cents for car fare morning and evening. It's a bad place, a bad place!" and he shook his head ruefully, as he passed down the car, evidently thinking that his own native land was best, in spite of our boast of a "free country where everyone has an equal chance."

A Street
Car Ride
in Rome

Let us remember that these foreign children who come to us to help build up our great nation, come from countries that have a past of which we Americans ourselves might be proud. The following stanzas emphasize the careless attitude of some of us toward these poor immigrants and give at the same time a glimpse of the achievements of their distinguished countrymen. It also hints of the glorious future in America of these poor despised people.

The
Immigrant's
Past and
Future

THE SCUM O' THE EARTH

I.

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng,
We call them "scum o' the earth";
Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates' land?—
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong
Fresh from the Master Praxiteles' hand?
So you're of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—
Deathless in story and song—
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylae's
pass?

Ah, I forget the straits, alas!
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-
worth,
That have doomed you to march in our
"immigrant class,"
Where you're nothing but "scum o' the
earth."

II.

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and for me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody
That Dvorak took whole from the dancers.
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavic way:
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.
While watching these folk and their mystery,
I forget that they're nothing worth;
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,
And men of all Slavic nations
Are "Polacks"—and "scum o' the earth."

III.

Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
A-stare at Manhattan's pinnacles now
In the first sweet shock of a hushed surprise;
Within your far-rapt seer's eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the Santa Maria's prow
In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,

When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, it's hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Caesar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of a different birth?—
You're only a "dago," and "scum o' the
earth."

IV.

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you "scum o' the earth,"
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong,—
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have not I known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That Shepherd of spirits, ere long,
Who should carry the lambs on His heart
And tenderly feed His flock?
Man—lift that sorrow-bowed head.
Lo! 'tis the face of the Christ!
The vision dies at its birth.
You're merely a butt for our mirth.
You're a "sheeny"—and therefore despised
And rejected as "scum o' the earth."

V.

Countrymen, bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers,

For that we spat on these marvelous folk,
Nations of darers and dreamers,
Seions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
"Rabble and refuse," we name them,
And "scum o' the earth," to shame them.
Mercy for us of the few, young years,
Of the culture so callow and crude,
Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation, strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

—*Robert Haven Schauffler.*

Apropos of this subject of the loyalty and spirit of devotion often shown by the despised immigrants, the following incident will be found illuminating:

THE LITTLE PATRIOT OF PADUA

A French steamer set out from Barcelona, a city in Spain, for Genoa; there were on board Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, and Swiss. Among the rest was a lad of eleven, poorly clad, and alone, who always held himself aloof, like a wild animal, and stared at all with gloomy eyes. He had good reasons for looking at everyone with forbidding eyes. Two years previous to this

time his parents, peasants in the neighborhood of Padua, had sold him to a company of mountebanks, who, after they had taught him how to perform tricks, by dint of blows and kicks and starving, had carried him all over France and Spain, beating him continually and never giving him enough to eat. On his arrival in Barcelona, being no longer able to endure ill-treatment and hunger, and being reduced to a pitiable condition, he had fled from his slave-master and had betaken himself for protection to the Italian consul, who, moved with compassion, had placed him on board of this steamer, and had given him a letter to the treasurer of Genoa, who was to send the boy back to his parents—to the parents who had sold him like a beast. The poor lad was lacerated and weak. He had been assigned to the second-class cabin. Everyone stared at him; some questioned him, but he made no reply, and seemed to hate and despise everyone, to such an extent had privation and affliction saddened and irritated him. Nevertheless, three travelers, by dint of persisting in their questions, succeeded in making him unloose his tongue; and in a few rough words, a mixture of Venetian, French, and Spanish, he related his story. These three travelers were not Italians, but they understood him; and partly out of compassion, partly because they were excited with wine, they gave him soldi, jesting with him and urging him on to tell them other things; and as several ladies entered the saloon at the moment, they gave him some more money for the purpose of making a show, and cried: “Take this! Take this, too!” as they made the money rattle on the table.

Sold Like
a Beast
to Mounte-
banks

The Lad Is
Given Money

The boy pocketed it all, thanking them in a low voice, with his surly mien, but with a look that was for the first time smiling and affectionate. Then he climbed into his berth, drew the curtain, and lay quiet, thinking over his affairs. With this money he would be able to purchase some good food on board, after having suffered for lack of bread for two years; he could buy a jacket as soon as

The Travelers
Revile Italy

he landed in Genoa, after having gone about clad in rags for two years; and he could also, by carrying it home, insure for himself from his father and mother a more humane reception than would have fallen to his lot if he had arrived with empty pockets. This money was a little fortune for him; and he was taking comfort out of this thought behind the curtain of his berth, while the three travelers chatted away, as they sat round the dining-table in the second-class saloon. They were drinking and discussing their travels and the countries which they had seen; and from one topic to another they began to discuss Italy. One of them began to complain of the inns, another of the railways, and then, growing warmer, they all began to speak evil of everything. One would have preferred a trip in Lapland; another declared that he had found nothing but swindlers and brigands in Italy; the third said that Italian officials do not know how to read.

A Patriot's
Reply

"It's an ignorant nation," repeated the first. "A filthy nation," added the second. "Ro—" exclaimed the third, meaning to say "robbers"; but he was not allowed to finish the word; a tempest of soldi and half-lire descended upon their heads and shoulders, and leaped upon the table and the floor with a demoniacal noise. All three sprang up in a rage, looked up, and received another handful of coppers in their faces.

"Take back your soldi!" said the lad, disdainfully, thrusting his head between the curtains of his berth; "I do not accept alms from those who insult my country."

—*Edmondo de Amicis.*

THINKING IN WORLD UNITS

Shall we finally catch the whole idea of true patriotism? Do we begin to see that, although it does include loyalty to home or fatherland, it also recognizes the rights of other nations, and the ultimate triumph of world peace? Do we realize at last that as long as we

are selfishly and narrowly confined to our own interests, we shall forget our larger duty to God and to our fellow men?

Let us cultivate the ability to think in *world units*. I know how it is with most boys, for instance; they will do anything for the boy companions who belong to their set, for those who live in their locality; but no favors are granted, or no quarter given, to the boys of another part of town. When the youth grows older, however, he is able to think in units of "our town"—the whole city, not a little section of it. When he develops still wider interests, he can think in units of the county and the State, so that he is able to consider the welfare of the State as a whole rather than of only a single locality in the State. And so when it comes to national issues, he still further enlarges his unit of thought, and he decides upon principles of government and legislative measures that will be good for the whole nation.

**A Broader
Patriotism**

One reason why Washington was a great President as well as a great general, was because he was not partisan, was not narrow in his thought, but was just and broad, and liberal and honest, in his dealings with both friend and foe. What we need most to-day is great men who can think not only in nation units, but in world units. The time will come when we shall produce such men; and then, indeed, the United States of America will be worthy to lead the world into the light of a better day—the dawn of a new brotherhood.

**The New
Brotherhood**

Book List*

Green Door, Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman.

Little Daughters of the Revolution, Nora Perry.

The Man Without a Country, Edward Everett Hale.

*For other books bearing upon Patriotism, see the list under History and Biography.

Any of the books named in this list may be obtained through the Publishers of the "Foundation Stones" Series.

- A Boy of the First Empire,*
The True Story of George Washington, } E. S. Brooks.
Century Book for Young Americans, }
Lessons for Junior Citizens, E. S. Brooks, Edited by
Mabel Hill.
- Joan of Arc,* M. Boutet de Monvell. Highly Illustrated.
Tom Strong, Washington's Scout, Alfred Bishop Mason.
Story of Our Navy for Young Americans, Willis John
Abbott. Illustrated by reproduction of Moran's
Paintings.
- Young Citizen's Reader,* Paul S. Reinsch.
American Hero Stories, Eva M. Tappan.
American Book of Golden Deeds, James Baldwin.
Pilgrim Stories, M. B. Pumphrey.
Stories of American History, Teaching Lessons of Pa-
triotism, Nathaniel Shatswell Dodge.
Two Little Confederates, Thomas Nelson Page.
Stories of the Republic, Brooks, Roosevelt, and others.

CHAPTER IX

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshipers.

—*Bryant.*

OT long ago I heard a youth remark, "I don't like history. I hate to study it in school; give me a good story any day instead." This boy had somehow acquired an unfortunate taste in reading, for history is as fascinating as fiction if only you come in contact with the right author.

Every young American should be interested in the events that established our Republic; the events that include not only the coming of the English to New England, but of the French to Canada and the Mississippi Valley, of the Spanish to Florida and Mexico, and later of the pioneers to the great West. Moreover, in reading history we learn not only of great events, but we learn of the men who controlled those turning-points in history. We come to know how events were influenced by the integrity, or by the dishonor, of the great leaders; how their loyalty and perseverance and courage oft-times turned the tide in favor of right, and sometimes, how their inefficiency, recklessness, and treachery brought their nation into disrepute. It is thus in the recorded history of a country that we read the characters of men and note their power to make or mar their country's glory.

Why Read
History?

At first you should begin with the histories that deal with Colonial America. In these stories you learn of

the Mayflower Pilgrims; the sufferings of the early colonists; the tragic massacres by the Indians; the dramatic rescues from death at the hands of the savages; the growth of freedom in the hearts of the colonists, which led to the Boston Tea Party, the Battle of Lexington, and finally to the Declaration of Independence.

But you should not confine your reading to the history of our own country, you must become acquainted with that of other countries and especially with the history of our mother country, England. Mrs. H. E. Marshall has written an interesting work, called "An Island Story," which I would commend as a first book in English history. When you are older and wish to make use of more detailed work, you will consult Green's "Shorter History of the English People," or Macaulay's "History of England." The latter is especially delightful for its literary style and its dramatic pictures.

You will want to read also the tragic history of the French Revolution. Abbot's "History of the French Revolution" is a good one for young folk. Harriet Martineau's "The Peasant and the Prince" gives an intensely interesting picture of France just before the Revolution, and it should be read before the history.

Written in a more attractive style, more thrilling with adventure and the heroism of chivalry, is Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," which reads like a piece of dramatic fiction. If you think history dull, read Prescott. And to get more of the thrilling scenes of the conquest of our own great West, read Parkman's histories: "The Pioneers of France in the New World," "A Half Century of Conflict," "Montcalm and Wolfe," and "The Oregon Trail,"—all give us wonderfully interesting pictures of a bygone age.

As a youth Francis Parkman was interested in Indians and very early decided to write the history of the struggle between the English settlers and the French and Indians for the possession of the American forests and

Read French
and English
History

The Conquest
of Our Own
Great West

plains. It was the dream of his life. In college his chums accused him of having "Injuns on the brain." It is no wonder, then, that his histories of that period are the best, and that he is ranked by many as the greatest American historian.

I give you one story from Parkman's works to show you that his material was gathered at first hand. You will see from his histories that he came in close personal touch with that fast vanishing race, the Indian, a privilege not often accorded to historians. And it was well that he did; for there were no archives, no musty tomes to which he could go to find out what were the habits and life of the savages of the plains.

Parkman and
the Indians

It is well known that the close neighbor, companion or follower of the Indian was the buffalo; and that with the passing of the Indian, the buffalo also disappeared. Parkman took a trip into the wild West on "the Oregon Trail," and he records his experiences on a buffalo hunt, which gives us a very clear idea of the prairies and of that shaggy animal of the Great Plains, the American bison. I quote only the narrative portions pertaining to the adventure in which Parkman was the principal actor.

THE BUFFALO HUNT*

Twice twenty leagues

Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps.

—Bryant.

Four days on the Platte, and yet no buffalo! Last year's signs of them were provokingly abundant; and wood being extremely scarce, we found an admirable substitute in the *bois de vache*, which burns exactly like peat, producing no unpleasant effects. The wagons one morning had left the camp; Shaw and I were already on horse-

On the
Platte

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back, but Henry Chatillon still sat cross-legged by the dead embers of the fire, playing pensively with the lock of his rifle, while his sturdy Wyandot pony stood quietly behind him, looking over his head. At last he got up, patted the neck of the pony (whom, from an exaggerated appreciation of his merits, he had christened "Five Hundred Dollar"), and then mounted with a melancholy air.

"What is it, Henry?"

"Ah, I feel lonesome; I never been here before, but I see away yonder over the buttes, and down there on the prairie, black—all black with buffalo!"

In the afternoon he and I left the party in search of an antelope; until at the distance of a mile or two on the right, the tall white wagons and the little black specks of horsemen were just visible, so slowly advancing that they seemed motionless; and far on the left rose the broken line of scorched desolate sand-hills. The vast plain waved with tall rank grass that swept our horses' bellies; it swayed to and fro in billows with the light breeze, and far and near antelope and wolves were moving through it, the hairy backs of the latter alternately appearing and disappearing as they bounded awkwardly along; while the antelope, with the simple curiosity peculiar to them, would often approach us closely, their little horns and white throats just visible above the grass tops, as they gazed eagerly at us with their round black eyes.

I dismounted and amused myself with firing at the wolves. Henry attentively scrutinized the surrounding landscape; at length he gave a shout, and called on me to mount again, pointing in the direction of the sand-hills. A mile and a half from us, two minute black specks slowly traversed the face of one of the bare, glaring declivities, and disappeared behind the summit. "Let us go," cried Henry, belaboring the sides of "Five Hundred Dollar"; and I following in his wake, we galloped rapidly through the rank grass toward the base of the hills.

From one of their openings descended a deep ravine,

The Vast
Plains

Buffalo Sighted

widening as it issued on the prairie. We entered it, and galloping up, in a moment were surrounded by the bleak sand-hills. Half of their steep sides were bare; the rest were scantily clothed with clumps of grass and various uncouth plants, conspicuous among which appeared the reptile-like prickly-pear. They were gashed with numberless ravines; and as the sky had suddenly darkened, and a cold gusty wind arisen, the strange shrubs and the dreary hills looked doubly wild and desolate. But Henry's face was all eagerness. He tore off a little hair from the piece of buffalo-robe under his saddle, and threw it up, to show the course of the wind. It blew directly before us. The game were therefore to the windward, and it was necessary to make our best speed to get round them.

Prairie Craft

We scrambled from this ravine, and galloping away through the hollows, soon found another, winding like a snake among the hills, and so deep that it completely concealed us. We rode up the bottom of it, glancing through the shrubbery at its edge, till Henry abruptly jerked his rein and slid out of his saddle. Full a quarter of a mile distant, on the outline of the farthest hill, a long procession of buffalo were walking, in Indian file, with the utmost gravity and deliberation; then more appeared, clambering from a hollow not far off, and ascending, one behind the other, the grassy slope of another hill; then a shaggy head and a pair of short broken horns appeared issuing out of a ravine close at hand; and with a slow, stately step, one by one, the enormous brutes came into view, taking their way across the valley, wholly unconscious of an enemy. In a moment Henry was worming his way, lying flat on the ground, through grass and prickly-pears, toward his unsuspecting victims. He had with him both my rifle and his own. He was soon out of sight, and still the buffalo kept issuing into the valley. For a long time all was silent; I sat holding his horse and wondering what he was about, when suddenly, in

The Buffalo
at Last

rapid succession, came the sharp report of the two rifles, and the whole line of buffalo, quickening their pace into a clumsy trot, gradually disappeared over the ridge of the hill. Henry rose to his feet, and stood looking after them.

"You have missed them," said I.

"Yes," said Henry; "let us go." He descended into the ravine, loaded the rifles, and mounted his horse.

We rode up the hill after the buffalo. The herd was out of sight when we reached the top, but lying on the grass, not far off, was one quite lifeless, and another violently struggling in the death agony.

"You see I miss him!" remarked Henry. He had fired from a distance of more than a hundred and fifty yards, and both balls had passed through the lungs, the true mark in shooting buffalo.

The darkness increased, and a driving storm came on. Tying our horses to the horns of the victims, Henry began the bloody work of dissection, slashing away with the science of a connoisseur, while I vainly endeavored to imitate him. Old Hendrick recoiled with horror and indignation when I endeavored to tie the meat to the strings of rawhide, always carried for this purpose, dangling at the back of the saddle. After some difficulty we overcame his scruples; and heavily burdened with the more edible portions of the buffalo, we set out on our return. Scarcely had we emerged from the labyrinth of gorges and ravines, and issued upon the open prairie, when the prickling sleet came driving, gust upon gust, directly in our faces. It was strangely dark, though wanting still an hour of sunset. The freezing storm soon penetrated to the skin, but the uneasy trot of our heavy-gaited horses kept us warm enough, as we forced them unwillingly in the teeth of the sleet and rain by the powerful suasion of our Indian whips.

The prairie in this place was hard and level. A flourishing colony of prairie-dogs had burrowed into it in

Two Victims
of the Chase

Securing
the Buffalo
Meat

every direction, and the little mounds of fresh earth around their holes were about as numerous as the hills in a cornfield; but not a yelp was to be heard; not the nose of a single citizen was visible; all had retired to the depths of their burrows, and we envied them their dry and comfortable habitations.

An hour's hard riding showed us our tent dimly through the storm, one side puffed out by the force of the wind, and the other collapsed in proportion, while the disconsolate horses stood shivering close around, and the wind kept up a dismal whistling in the boughs of three old half-dead trees above. Shaw, like a patriarch, sat on his saddle in the entrance, with a pipe in his mouth, and his arms folded, contemplating, with cool satisfaction, the piles of meat that we flung on the ground before him. A dark and dreary night succeeded; but the sun rose with a heat so sultry and languid that the Captain excused himself on that account from waylaying an old buffalo-bull, who with stupid gravity was walking over the prairie to drink at the river. So much for the climate of the Platte!

Arrived
at Camp

We encamped the next night upon the bank of the river. Among the emigrants there was an overgrown boy, some eighteen years old, with a head as round and about as large as a pumpkin, and fever-and-ague fits had dyed his face of a corresponding color. He wore an old white hat, tied under his chin with a handkerchief, his body was short and stout, but his legs of disproportioned and appalling length. I observed him at sunset, breasting the hill with gigantic strides, and standing against the sky on the summit, like a colossal pair of tongs. In a moment after, we heard him screaming frantically behind the ridge, and nothing doubting that he was in the clutches of Indians or grizzly bears, some of the party caught up their rifles and ran to the rescue. His outcries, however, proved but an ebullition of joyous excitement; he had chased two little wolf pups to their burrow,

An Emigrant
Boy

and he was on his knees, grubbing away like a dog at the mouth of the hole, to get at them.

Before morning he caused more serious disquiet in the camp. It was his turn to hold the middle-guard; but no sooner was he called up than he coolly arranged a pair of saddle-bags under a wagon, laid his head upon them, closed his eyes, opened his mouth, and fell asleep. The guard on our side of the camp, thinking it no part of his duty to look after the cattle of the emigrants, contented himself with watching our own horses and mules; the wolves, he said, were unusually noisy; but still no mischief was anticipated until the sun rose, and not a hoof or horn was in sight! The cattle were gone! While Tom was quietly slumbering, the wolves had driven them away.

Then we reaped the fruits of R's precious plan of traveling in company with emigrants. To leave them in their distress was not to be thought of, and we felt bound to wait until the cattle could be searched for, and, if possible, recovered. But the reader may be curious to know what punishment awaited the faithless Tom. By the wholesome law of the prairie, he who falls asleep on guard is condemned to walk all day, leading his horse by the bridle, and we found much fault with our companions for not enforcing such a sentence upon the offender. Nevertheless, had he been of our own party I have no doubt that he would in like manner have escaped scot-free. But the emigrants went farther than mere forbearance; they decreed that since Tom couldn't stand guard without falling asleep, he shouldn't stand guard at all, and henceforward his slumbers were unbroken. Establishing such a premium on drowsiness could have no very beneficial effect upon the vigilance of our sentinels; for it is far from agreeable, after riding from sunrise to sunset, to feel your slumbers interrupted by the butt of a rifle nudging your side, and a sleepy voice growling in your ear that you must get up, to shiver and freeze for three weary hours at midnight.

The Loss of
the Cattle

Faithless Tom

"Buffalo! Buffalo!" It was but a grim old bull, roaming the prairie by himself in misanthropic seclusion; but there might be more behind the hills. Dreading the monotony and languor of the camp, Shaw and I saddled our horses, buckled our holsters in their places, and set out with Henry Chatillon in search of the game. Henry, not intending to take part in the chase, but merely conducting us, carried his rifle with him, while we left ours behind as encumbrances. We rode for some five or six miles and saw no living thing but wolves, snakes, and prairie-dogs. A Second Hunt

"This won't do at all," said Shaw.

"What won't do?"

"There's no wood about here to make a litter for the wounded man; I have an idea that one of us will need something of the sort before the day is over."

There was some foundation for such an apprehension, for the ground was none of the best for a race, and grew worse continually as we proceeded; indeed it soon became desperately bad, consisting of abrupt hills and deep hollows, cut by frequent ravines not easy to pass. At length, a mile in advance, we saw a band of bulls. Some were scattered grazing over a green declivity, while the rest were crowded more densely together in the wide hollow below. Making a circuit, to keep out of sight, we rode toward them, until we ascended a hill, within a furlong of them, beyond which nothing intervened that could possibly screen us from their view. We dismounted behind the ridge just out of sight, drew our saddle-girths, examined our pistols, and mounting again, rode over the hill, and descended at a canter toward them, bending close to our horses' necks. Instantly they took the alarm; those on the hill descended; those below gathered into a mass, and the whole got in motion, shouldering each other along at a clumsy gallop. We followed, spurring our horses to full speed; and as the herd rushed, crowding and trampling in terror through an opening in the Rough Riding

hills, we were close at their heels, half-suffocated by the clouds of dust.

But as we drew near their alarm and speed increased; our horses showed signs of the utmost fear, bounding violently aside as we approached, and refusing to enter among the herd.

Pontiac's Fears

The buffalo now broke into several small bodies, scampering over the hills in different directions, and I lost sight of Shaw; neither of us knew where the other had gone. Old Pontiac ran like a frantic elephant up hill and down hill, his ponderous hoofs striking the prairie like sledge-hammers. He showed a curious mixture of eagerness and terror, straining to overtake the panic-stricken herd, but constantly recoiling in dismay as we drew near. The fugitives, indeed, offered no very attractive spectacle, with their enormous size and weight, their shaggy manes and the tattered remnants of their last winter's hair covering their backs in irregular shreds and patches, and flying off in the wind as they ran.

Missed Aim

At length I urged my horse close behind a bull, and after trying in vain, by blows and spurring, to bring him alongside, I shot a bullet into the buffalo from this disadvantageous position. At the report, Pontiac swerved so much that I was again thrown a little behind the game. The bullet entering too much in the rear, failed to disable the bull, for a buffalo requires to be shot at particular points, or he will certainly escape. The herd ran up a hill, and I followed in pursuit. As Pontiac rushed headlong down on the other side, I saw Shaw and Henry descending the hollow on the right at a leisurely gallop; and in front, the buffalo were just disappearing behind the crest of the next hill, their short tails erect, and their hoofs twinkling through a cloud of dust.

At that moment, I heard Shaw and Henry shouting to me; but the muscles of a stronger arm than mine could not have checked at once the furious course of Pontiac, whose mouth was as insensible as leather. Added to this,

I rode him that morning with a common snaffle, having the day before, for the benefit of my other horse, unbuckled from my bridle the curb which I ordinarily used. A stronger and hardier brute never trod the prairie; but the novel sight of the buffalo filled him with terror, and when at full speed, he was almost uncontrollable. Gaining the top of the ridge, I saw nothing of the buffalo; they had all vanished amid the intricacies of the hills and hollows. Reloading my pistols, in the best way I could, I galloped on until I saw them again scuttling along at the base of the hill, their panic somewhat abated. Down went old Pontiac among them, scattering them to the right and left, and then we had another long chase.

Pontiac in
Full Pursuit

About a dozen bulls were before us, scouring over the hills, rushing down the declivities with tremendous weight and impetuosity, and then laboring with a weary gallop upward. Still, Pontiac, in spite of spurring and beating, would not close with them. One bull at length fell a little behind the rest, and by dint of much effort, I urged my horse within six or eight yards of his side. His back was darkened with sweat; he was panting heavily, while his tongue lolled out a foot from his jaws. Gradually I came up abreast of him, urging Pontiac with leg and rein nearer to his side, when suddenly he did what buffalo in such circumstances will always do; he slackened his gallop, and turning toward us, with an aspect of mingled rage and distress, lowered his huge, shaggy head for a charge. Pontiac, with a snort, leaped aside in terror, nearly throwing me to the ground, as I was wholly unprepared for such an evolution. I raised my pistol in a passion to strike him on the head, but thinking better of it, fired the bullet after the bull, who had resumed his flight; then drew rein, and determined to rejoin my companions. It was high time. The breath blew hard from Pontiac's nostrils, and the sweat rolled in big drops from his sides; I myself felt as if drenched in warm water.

The Bull
Charges

Pledging myself (and I redeemed the pledge) to take my revenge at a future opportunity, I looked around for some indications to show me where I was, and what course I ought to pursue; I might as well have looked for landmarks in the midst of the ocean. How many miles I had run, or in what direction, I had no idea; and around me the prairie was rolling in steep swells and pitches, without a single distinctive feature to guide me. I had a little compass hung at my neck; and ignorant that the Platte at this point diverged considerably from its easterly course, I thought that by keeping to the northward I should certainly reach it. So I turned and rode about two hours in that direction. The prairie changed as I advanced, softening away into easier undulations, but nothing like the Platte appeared, nor any sign of a human being; the same wild endless expanse lay around me still; and to all appearance I was as far from my object as ever. I began now to consider myself in danger of being lost; and therefore, reining in my horse, summoned the scanty share of woodcraft that I possessed (if that term be applicable upon the prairie) to extricate me. Looking around, it occurred to me that the buffalo might prove my best guides. I soon found one of the paths made by them in their passage to the river; it ran nearly at right angles to my course; but turning my horse's head in the direction it indicated, his freer gait and erected ears assured me that I was right.

But in the meantime my ride had been by no means a solitary one. The whole face of the country was dotted far and wide with countless hundreds of buffalo. They trooped along in files and columns, bulls, cows, and calves, on the green faces of the declivities in front. They scrambled away over the hills to the right and left; and far off, the pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with innumerable specks. Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone, or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended. They would leap up at my approach,

Lost on the
Prairie

Hundreds
of Buffalo

then gallop heavily away. The antelope were very numerous; and as they are always bold when in the neighborhood of buffalo, they would approach quite near to look at me, gazing intently with their great round eyes, then suddenly leap aside, and stretch lightly away over the prairie, as swiftly as a race-horse. Squalid, ruffian-like wolves sneaked through the hollows and sandy ravines. Several times I passed through villages of prairie-dogs, who sat, each at the mouth of his burrow, holding his paws before him in a supplicating attitude, and yelping away most vehemently, energetically whicking his little tail with every squeaking cry he uttered. Prairie-dogs are not fastidious in their choice of companions; various long, checkered snakes were sunning themselves in the midst of the village, and demure little gray owls, with a large white ring around each eye, were perched side by side with the rightful inhabitants. The prairie teemed with life. Again and again I looked toward the crowded hillsides, and was sure I saw horsemen; and riding near, with a mixture of hope and dread, for Indians were abroad, I found them transformed into a group of buffalo. There was nothing in human shape amid all this vast congregation of brute forms.

Prairie Dogs
and Their
Companions

When I turned down the buffalo-path the prairie seemed changed; only a wolf or two glided past at intervals, like conscious felons, never looking to the right or left. Being now free from anxiety, I was at leisure to observe minutely the objects around me; and here, for the first time, I noticed insects wholly different from any of the varieties found farther to the eastward. Gaudy butterflies fluttered about my horse's head; strangely formed beetles, glittering with metallic lustre, were crawling upon plants that I had never seen before; multitudes of lizards, too, were darting like lightning over the sand.

Strange Insects

I had run to a great distance from the river. It cost me a long ride on the buffalo-path, before I saw, from

On the Right
Trail Again

the ridge of a sand-hill, the pale surface of the Platte glistening in the midst of its desert valleys, and the faint outline of the hills beyond waving along the sky. From where I stood, not a tree nor a bush nor a living thing was visible throughout the whole extent of the sun-scorched landscape. In half an hour I came upon the trail, not far from the river; and seeing that the party had not yet passed, I turned eastward to meet them, old Pontiac's long swinging trot again assuring me that I was right in doing so.

Having been slightly ill on leaving camp in the morning, six or seven hours of rough riding had fatigued me extremely. I soon stopped, therefore; flung my saddle on the ground, and with my head resting on it, and my horse's trail-rope tied loosely to my arm, lay waiting the arrival of the party, speculating meanwhile on the extent of the injuries Pontiac had received.

A United
Party

At length the white wagon coverings rose from the verge of the plain. By a singular coincidence, almost at the same moment two horsemen appeared coming down from the hills. They were Shaw and Henry, who had searched for me awhile in the morning, but well knowing the futility of the attempt in such a broken country, had placed themselves on the top of the highest hill they could find, and picketing their horses near them, as a signal to me, had lain down and fallen asleep. The stray cattle had been recovered, as the emigrants told us, about noon. Before sunset, we pushed forward eight miles farther.

—From "*The Oregon Trail*," by Francis Parkman.

Besides Parkman's, there is another set of histories which also records the story of the French and the Indians, giving thrilling narratives of Indian warfare and heroic deeds of the builders of the West. It is written by Theodore Roosevelt and is called "*The Winning of the West*." Mr. Roosevelt, recognizing the great value

of Parkman's works, dedicated his history "To Francis Parkman, to whom Americans who feel a pride in the pioneer history of their country are so greatly indebted."

I include the following selection for two reasons: first, to show the struggles that took place before the wilderness could be won, and secondly, to give you a new insight into the character of George Washington by showing you his power of self-control. You have read of Washington's honesty, truthfulness, dignity, and honor, but you seldom read of his having to exercise self-control in the matter of temper. It is the man, however, who has temper and controls it, who builds character, not the man who is never stirred to the depths of anger. When you read this story, you will wonder how the West was ever conquered by such ill-trained soldiers; and you will not be surprised that Washington was exasperated by such a weak display of generalship. But you will be glad that his sense of justice overcame his feeling of anger.

A New View
of George
Washington

ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT*

(Abridged)

On November 4th the men were under arms, as usual by dawn, St. Clair intending to throw up entrenchments and then make a forced march in light order against the Indian towns. But he was forestalled. Soon after sunrise, just as the men were dismissed from parade, a sudden assault was made upon the militia, who lay unprotected beyond the creek. The unexpectedness and fury of the onset, and heavy firing, and the appalling whoops and yells of the throngs of painted savages, threw the militia into disorder. After a few moments of resistance they broke and fled in wild panic to the camp of the regulars, among whom they drove in a frightened herd, spreading dismay and confusion.

The Indian
Assault

The drums beat, and the troops sprang to arms, as

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soon as they heard the heavy firing at the front; and their volleys for a moment checked the onrush of the plumed woodland warriors. But the check availed nothing. The braves filed off to one side and the other, completely surrounded the camp, killed or drove in the guards and pickets, and then advanced close to the main lines.

A furious battle followed. After the first onset the Indians fought in silence, no sound coming from them save the incessant rattle of their fire, as they crept from log to log, from tree to tree, ever closer and closer. The soldiers stood in close order, in the open; their musketry and artillery fire made a tremendous noise but did little damage to a foe they could hardly see. Now and then through the hanging smoke, terrible figures flitted, painted black and red, the feathers of the hawk and eagle braided in their long scalp locks; but save for these glimpses the soldiers knew the presence of their sombre enemy only from the fearful rapidity with which their comrades fell dead and wounded in the ranks. They never even knew the numbers or leaders of the Indians. At the time it was supposed that they outnumbered the whites; but it is probable that the reverse was the case, and it may even be that they were not more than half as numerous.

At first the army as a whole fought firmly; indeed there was no choice, for it was ringed by a wall of flame. The officers behaved very well; but they were the special targets of the Indians, and fell rapidly. St. Clair's clothes were pierced by eight bullets, but he was himself untouched. He wore a blanket cloak with a hood; he had a long queue, and his thick hair flowed from under his three-cornered hat; a lock of his hair was carried off by a bullet. Several times he headed the charges, sword in hand. General Butler had his arm broken early in the fight, but he continued to walk to and fro along the line, his coat off and the wounded arm in a sling. Another bullet struck him in the side, inflicting a mortal wound,

The Painted
Warriors

General Butler
Wounded

and he was carried to the middle of the camp, where he sat propped up by knapsacks. . . . The charging troops could accomplish nothing permanent. The men were too clumsy and ill-trained in forest warfare to overtake their fleet, half-naked antagonists. The latter never received the shock; but though they fled they were nothing daunted, for they turned the instant the battalion did and followed firing. They skipped out of reach of the bayonets, and came back as they pleased; and they were only visible when raised by a charge. . . . Among the packhorsemen were some who were accustomed to the use of the rifle and to life in the woods; and these fought well. One, named Benjamin Van Cleve, kept a journal, in which he described what he saw of the fight. . . . Van Cleve noticed that the dead officers and soldiers who were lying about the guns had all been scalped and that "the Indians had not been in a hurry, for their hair was all skinned off."

The Agile,
Wily Indians

As the officers fell, the soldiers, who at first stood up bravely enough, gradually grew disheartened. No words can picture the hopelessness and horror of such a struggle as that in which they were engaged. They were hemmed in by foes who showed no mercy and whose blows they could in no way return. If they charged they could not overtake the Indians; and the instant the charge stopped the Indians came back. If they stood they were shot down by an unseen enemy; and there was no stronghold, no refuge to which to flee. . . . There was but one thing to do. If possible, the remnant of the army must be saved, and it could only be saved by instant flight, even at the cost of abandoning the wounded. The broad road by which the army had advanced was the only line of retreat. The artillery had already been spiked and abandoned. Most of the horses had been killed, but a few were still left, and on one of these St. Clair was mounted. He gathered together those fragments of the different battalions which contained the few

In Retreat

men who still kept heart and head, and ordered them to charge and regain the road from which the savages had cut them off.

There never was a wilder rout; as soon as the men began to run, and realized that in flight lay some hope of safety, they broke into a stampede which soon became uncontrollable. Horses, soldiers, and the few camp followers who had accompanied the army were all mixed together.

Van Cleve (the pack horseman) ran steadily on foot. By the time he had gone two miles most of the mounted men had passed him. A boy on the point of falling from exhaustion, now begged for help; and the kind-hearted backwoodsman seized the lad and pulled him along for nearly two miles farther, when he himself became so weak that he nearly fell. There were still two horses in the rear, one carrying three men, the other two; and behind the latter, Van Cleve, summoning his strength, threw the boy, who escaped. His violent exertions gave him a cramp in both thighs, so that he could barely walk; and in consequence, the strong and active passed him, so that he was within a hundred yards of the rear where the Indians were tomahawking the old and wounded men. So close were they for a moment, his heart sank in despair, but he threw off his shoes, the touch of the cold ground revived him and he again began to trot forward.

He got around the bend in the road, passing half a dozen other fugitives; and long afterwards he told how well he remembered thinking that it would be some time before they would all be massacred and his own turn come. However, at this point the pursuit ceased, and a few miles farther on he had gained the middle of the flying troops and, like them, came to a walk.

When the remnant of the defeated army reached the banks of the Ohio, St. Clair sent his aide, Denny, to carry the news to Philadelphia, at that time the national

**A Small Boy
Escapes**

**Van Cleve's
Lucky Escape**

capital. The river was swollen, there were incessant snow storms, and ice formed heavily, so that it took twenty days of toil and cold before Denny reached Wheeling and got horses. For ten days more he rode over the bad winter roads, reaching Philadelphia with the evil tidings on the evening of December 19th. It was thus six weeks after the defeat of the army before the news was brought to the anxious federal authorities.

The young officer called first on the Secretary of War; but as soon as the Secretary realized the importance of the information, he had it conveyed to the President. Washington was at dinner, with some guests, and was called from the table to listen to the tidings of ill fortune. He returned with unmoved face, and at the dinner, and at the reception which followed, he behaved with his usual stately courtesy to those whom he was entertaining, not so much as hinting at the news he had heard. But when the last guest was gone, his pent-up wrath broke forth in one of those fits of volcanic fury which sometimes shattered his iron inward calm. Walking up and down the room, he burst out in wild regret for the rout and disaster, and bitter invective against St. Clair, reciting how, in that very room, he had wished the unfortunate commander success and honor and had bidden him above all things beware of a surprise. "He went off with that last solemn warning thrown into his ears," spoke Washington, as he strode to and fro, "and yet to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked, by a surprise, the very thing I guarded him against! O God, God! he's worse than a murderer! How can he answer to his country!"

Washington's
Self-control
and Fairness

Then calming himself with a mighty effort: "General St. Clair shall have justice—he shall have justice." And St. Clair did receive justice and mercy, too, from both Washington and Congress.

—From "*Winning of the West*," by Theodore Roosevelt.

The histories of our great Civil War are numerous and of varied worth. The one written by James F. Rhodes is as fair to both sides as any that I have examined.

The following selection gives a glimpse of the struggle from the point of view of a Southern historian, a man who was a devoted follower of Jackson and Lee. In reading this selection, we are impressed with the horrors of war as well as with its heroic deeds. Let us so order our laws that civil strife may never again rend our great country!

Histories of the
Civil War

THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON

Here I joined him at the moment when General Fitz Lee, who commanded the cavalry under Stuart, informed him that, by ascending a neighboring eminence, he could obtain a good view of the enemy's works. Jackson immediately rode to the point thus indicated, in company with Generals Fitz Lee and Stuart; and the works of Hooker were plainly descried over the tops of the trees.

The whole was seen at a glance, and, to attack to advantage, it was obviously necessary to move further still around the enemy's flank.

"Tell my column to cross that road," Jackson said to one of his aides; and the troops moved on steadily until they reached the Old Turnpike, at a point between the Wilderness Tavern and Chancellorsville.

Here instant preparations were made for attack. The force which Jackson had, consisted of Rodes's, Colston's, and A. P. Hill's divisions—in all, somewhat less than twenty-two thousand men—and line of battle was immediately formed for an advance upon the enemy. Rodes moved in front, Colston followed within two hundred yards, and Hill marched in column, with the artillery as a reserve.

Jackson gave the order to advance at about six in the evening, and, as the sinking sun began to throw its long shadows over the Wilderness, the long line of bayonets

Jackson's
Forces Before
Chancellors-
ville

was seen in motion. Struggling on through the dense thickets on either side of the turnpike, the troops reached the open ground near Melzi Chancellor's—and there, before them, was the long line of the enemy's works.

Jackson rode in front, and, as soon as his lines were formed for the attack, ordered the works to be stormed with the bayonet.

From the narrative of what followed I shrink with a sort of dread, and a throbbing heart. Again that sombre and lugubrious Wilderness rises up before me, lit by the pallid moon; again the sad whippoorwill's cry; again I see the great soldier, motionless upon his horse—and then I hear the fatal roar of the guns which laid him low!

**A Tragic
Memory**

Jackson had halted thus, and remained motionless in the middle of the road, listening intently, when, suddenly, for what reason has never yet been discovered, one of his brigades in the rear, and on the right of the turnpike, opened a heavy fire upon the party.

Did they take us for Federal cavalry, or were they firing at random, under the excitement of the moment? I know not, and it is probable that the truth will never be known. But the fire had terrible results. Some of the staff were wounded; others threw themselves from their horses, which were running from the fire toward the Federal lines, not two hundred yards distant; and Captain Boswell, engineer upon the General's staff, was killed, and his body dragged by his maddened horse to Chancellorsville.

**Jackson's
Staff Is Fired
Upon by His
Own Men**

As the bullets whistled around him, Jackson wheeled his horse to the left, and galloped into the thicket. Then came the fatal moment. The troops behind him, on the left of the road, imagined that the Federal cavalry was charging; and, kneeling on the right knee, with bayonets fixed, poured a volley upon the General, at the distance of thirty yards.

Two balls passed through his left arm, shattering the

bone, and a third through his right hand, breaking the fingers. Mad with terror, his horse wheeled and ran off; and, passing under a low bough, extending horizontally from a tree, Jackson was struck in the forehead, his cap torn from his head, and his form hurled back almost out of the saddle. He rose erect again, however; grasped the bridle with his bleeding fingers; and, regaining control of his horse, turned again into the high road, near the spot which he had left.

Jackson
Desperately
Wounded

The fire had ceased as suddenly as it began, and not a human being was seen. Of the entire staff and escort, no one remained but myself and a single courier. The rest had disappeared before the terrible fire, as leaves disappear before the blasts of winter.

Jackson reeled in the saddle, but no sound had issued from his lips during the whole scene. He now declared, in faint tones, that his arm was broken; and, leaning forward, he fell into my arms.

More bitter distress than I experienced at that moment I would not wish to have inflicted upon my deadliest enemy. Nor was my anxiety less terrible. The lines of the enemy were in sight of the spot where the General lay. At any moment they might advance, when he would fall into their hands.

The Silent
Horseman

No time was to be lost. I sent the courier for an ambulance; and, taking off the General's military satchel and his arms, endeavored to stanch his wound. While I was thus engaged, I experienced a singular consciousness that other eyes than the General's were intently watching me. I can only thus describe the instinctive feeling which induced me to look up—and there, in the edge of the thicket, within ten paces of me, was a dark figure, motionless on horseback, gazing at me.

"Who is that?" I called out.

But no reply greeted my address.

"Is that one of the couriers? If so, ride up there, and see what troops those are that fired upon us."

At the order, the dark figure moved, went slowly in the direction which I indicated, and never again appeared. Who was that silent horseman? I know not, nor ever expect to know.

I had turned again to the General, and was trying to remove his bloody gauntlets, when the sound of hoofs was heard in the direction of our own lines, and soon General A. P. Hill appeared, with his staff. Hastily dismounting, he expressed the deepest regret at the fatal occurrence, and urged the General to permit himself to be borne to the rear, as the enemy might, at any moment, advance.

Danger of
Capture by the
Enemy

As he was speaking, an instant proof was afforded of the justice of his fears.

“Halt! surrender! Fire on them, if they do not surrender!” came from one of the staff in advance of the spot, toward the enemy; and in a moment the speaker appeared with two Federal skirmishers, who expressed great astonishment at finding themselves so near the Southern lines.

It was now obvious that no time was to be lost in bearing off the General, and Lieutenant Morrison, one of the staff, exclaimed: “Let us take the General up in our arms and carry him off!”

“No; if you can help me up, I can walk!” replied Jackson, faintly.

And, as General Hill, who had drawn his pistol and mounted his horse, hastened back to throw forward his line, Jackson rose to his feet.

He had no sooner done so, than a roar like thunder came from the direction of Chancellorsville, and a hurricane of shell swept the road in which we stood. A fragment struck the horse of Captain Leigh, of Hill’s staff, who had just ridden up with a litter, and his rider had only time to leap to the ground when the animal fell. This brave officer did not think of himself, however; he hastened to Jackson, who leaned his arm upon his shoul-

A Hurricane
of Shell

der; and, slowly dragging himself along, his arm bleeding profusely, the General approached his own lines again.

Hill was now in motion, steadily advancing to the attack, and the troops evidently suspected, from the number and rank of the wounded man's escort, that he was a superior officer.

"Who is that?" was the incessant question of the men; but the reply came as regularly, "Oh, only a friend of ours."

"When asked, just say it is a Confederate officer!" murmured Jackson.

The Advancing
Troops Suspect

And he continued to walk on, leaning heavily upon the shoulders of the two officers at his side. The horses were led along between him and the passing troops; but many of the soldiers peered curiously around them, to discover who the wounded officer was.

At last one of them recognized him, as he walked, bare-headed, in the moonlight, and exclaimed, in the most pitious tone ever heard:

"Great God! that is General Jackson!"

"You are mistaken, my friend," was the reply of one of the staff; and, as he heard this denial of Jackson's identity, the man looked utterly bewildered. He said nothing more, however, and moved on, shaking his head. Jackson then continued to drag his feet along—slowly and with obvious pain.

Jackson Is
Exhausted

At last his strength was exhausted, and it was plain that he could go no farther. The litter brought by Captain Leigh was put in requisition, the General laid upon it, and four of the party grasped the handles and bore it on toward the rear.

Such, up to this moment, had been the harrowing scenes of the great soldier's suffering; but the gloomiest and most tragic portion was yet to come.

No sooner had the litter begun to move, than the enemy, who had, doubtless, divined the advance of Hill, opened a frightful fire of artillery from the epaulements

near Chancellorsville. The turnpike was swept by a veritable hurricane of shell and canister—men and horses fell before it, mowed down like grass—and, where a moment before had been seen the serried ranks of Hill, the eye could now discern only riderless horses, men writhing in the death agony, and others seeking the shelter of the woods.

That sudden and furious fire did not spare the small party who were bearing off the great soldier. Two of the litter-bearers were shot, and dropped the handles to the ground. Of all present, none remained but myself and another; and we were forced to lower the litter to the earth, and lie beside it, to escape the terrific storm of canister tearing over us. It struck millions of sparks from the flint of the turnpike, and every instant I expected would be our last.

**The Litter-
bearers Are
Shot Down**

The General attempted, during the hottest portion of the fire, to rise from the litter; but this he was prevented from doing; and the hurricane soon ceased. He then arose erect, and leaning upon our shoulders, while another officer brought on the litter, made his way into the woods, where the troops were lying down in line of battle.

As we passed on in the moonlight, I recognized General Pender, in front of his brigade, and he also recognized me.

“Who is wounded, Colonel?” he said.

“Only a Confederate officer, General.”

But, all at once, he caught sight of General Jackson’s face.

“Oh! General!” he exclaimed, “I am truly sorry to see you wounded. The lines here are so much broken that I fear we will be obliged to fall back!”

**Jackson’s Last
Order**

The words brought a fiery flush to the pale face of Jackson. Raising his drooping head, his eyes flashed, and he replied:

“You must hold your ground, General Pender! You must hold your ground, sir!”

Pender bowed, and Jackson continued his slow progress to the rear.

He had given his last order on the field.

Fifty steps farther, his head sank upon his bosom, his shoulders bent forward, and he seemed about to fall from exhaustion. In a tone so faint that it sounded like a murmur, he asked to be permitted to lie down and die.

A Distressing
Accident

Instead of yielding to this prayer, we placed him again upon the litter—some bearers were procured—and, amid bursting shells, which filled the moonlit sky above with their dazzling coruscations, we slowly bore the wounded General on, through the tangled thicket, toward the rear.

So dense was the undergrowth that we penetrated it with difficulty, and the vines which obstructed the way more than once made the litter-bearers stumble. From this proceeded a most distressing accident. One of the men, at last, caught his foot in a grape-vine, and fell—and in his fall, he dropped the handle of the litter. It descended heavily, and then, as the General's shattered arm struck the ground, and the blood gushed forth, he uttered, for the first time, a low, piteous groan.

We raised him quickly, and at that moment, a ray of moonlight, glimmering through the deep foliage overhead, fell upon his pale face and his bleeding form. His eyes were closed, his bosom heaved—I thought that he was about to die.

A Weird and
Awful Picture

What a death for the man of Manassas and Port Republic! What an end to a career so wonderful! Here, lost in the tangled and lugubrious depths of this weird Wilderness, with the wan moon gliding like a ghost through the clouds—the sad notes of the whippoorwill echoing from the thickets—the shells bursting in the air, like showers of falling stars—here, alone, without other witnesses than a few weeping officers, who held him in their arms, the hero of a hundred battles, the idol of the Southern people, seemed about to utter his last sigh! Never will the recollection of that scene be obliterated.

Again my pulses throb, and my heart is oppressed with its bitter load of anguish, as I go back in memory to that night in the Wilderness.

I could only mutter a few words, asking the General if his fall had hurt him—and, at these words, his eyes slowly opened. A faint smile came to the pale face, and in a low murmur he said:

“No, my friend; do not trouble yourself about me!”

And again the eyes closed, his head fell back. With his grand courage and patience, he had suppressed all evidences of suffering; and, once more taking up the litter, we continued to bear him toward the rear.

His Grand
Courage and
Patience

As we approached Melzi Chancellor's, a staff-officer of General Hill recognized Jackson, and announced that Hill had been wounded by the artillery fire which had swept down the turnpike.

Jackson rose on his bleeding right arm, and exclaimed:

“Where is Stuart?”

As though in answer to that question, we heard the quick clatter of hoofs, and all at once the martial figure of the great cavalier was seen rapidly approaching.

“Where is General Jackson?” exclaimed Stuart, in a voice which I scarcely recognized.

And suddenly he checked his horse right in front of the group. His drawn sabre was in his hand—his horse foaming. In the moonlight I could see that his face was pale, and his eyes full of gloomy emotion.

For an instant no one moved or spoke—and again I return in memory to that scene. Stuart, clad in his “fighting jacket,” with the dark plume floating from his looped-up hat, reining in his foaming horse, while the moonlight poured on his martial features; and before him, on the litter, the bleeding form of Jackson, the face pale, the eyes half-closed, the bosom rising and falling as the life of the great soldier ebbed away.

Stuart Appears

In an instant Stuart had recognized his friend, and had thrown himself from his horse.

"You are dangerously wounded!"

"Yes," came in a murmur from the pale lips of Jackson, as he faintly tried to hold out his hand. Then his cheeks suddenly filled with blood, his eyes flashed, and, half rising from the litter, he exclaimed:

"Oh! for two hours of daylight! I would then cut off the enemy from the United States Ford, and they would be entirely surrounded!"

Stuart bent over him, and their eyes met.

Stuart Given
Command

"Take command of my corps!" murmured Jackson, falling back; "follow your own judgment—I have implicit confidence in you!"

Stuart's face flushed hot at this supreme recognition of his courage and capacity—and I saw a flash dart from the fiery blue eyes.

"But you will be near, General! You will still send me orders!" he exclaimed.

"You will not need them," murmured Jackson; "to-night or early to-morrow you will be in possession of Chancellorsville! Tell my men that I am watching them—that I am with them in spirit!"

"The watchword in the charge shall be, 'Remember Jackson!'"

"Remember
Jackson"

And, with these fiery words, Stuart grasped the bleeding hand; uttered a few words of farewell, and leaped upon his horse. For a moment his sword gleamed, and his black plume floated in the moonlight; then he disappeared, at full speed, toward Chancellorsville.

At ten o'clock next morning he had stormed the intrenchments around Chancellorsville; swept the enemy, with the bayonet, back toward the Rappahannock; and as the troops, mad with victory, rushed through the blazing forest, a thousand voices were shouting:

"Remember Jackson!"

A body laid in state in the capitol at Richmond, the coffin wrapped in the pure white folds of the newly-

adopted Confederate flag; a great procession, moving to the strains of the Dead March, behind the hearse, and the warhorse of the dead soldier; then the thunder of the guns at Lexington; the coffin borne upon a caisson of his own old battery, to the quiet grave—that was the last of Jackson. Dead, he was immortal!

—*John Estlin Cooke.*

We have said that in history we learn of the men who helped shape the destiny of the world. We have not the space to name all of the great men who have lived and become nation-builders, but we must mention a few that every boy and girl should know. These are Moses the lawgiver; Alexander the Great, the youth who conquered the world, and wept because there were no more worlds to conquer; Julius Cæsar, the greatest Roman statesman and warrior, the founder of the Roman Empire; Cicero, the defender of the Roman Republic; Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World; William of Normandy, the conqueror of England; Robert Bruce, the hero of Scotland; Oliver Cromwell, the Puritan, the only ruler of England who did not wear a crown; Napoleon Bonaparte, the conqueror, who became the exile of St. Helena; George Washington, the first President of our Republic; and Abraham Lincoln, the preserver of the American Union.

Great Men
of History

What indomitable courage and faith and perseverance must have possessed these men, nation-builders and world-makers! In the following stanzas the poet has shown us the unconquerable perseverance of Columbus. The poem does not give us, however, the story of the infinite patience that was required in order to bring the people of Spain to a belief in his vision. To appreciate truly this greatest of world-explorers, we must read the entire story of his life. In the Book List at the end of this chapter, a good biography of Columbus is given.

The Story of
Columbus

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghosts of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed, and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone,
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say,—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night,
He curls his lips, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Tho' pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night

Of all dark nights! And then a speck—

A light! a light! a light! a light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!

It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.

He gained a world; he gave the world

Its grandest lesson: On! sail on!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

While we may place Columbus at the head of the list of our New World heroes, yet there are others whom we honor more, because they have come closer in touch with the development of our own country and are more nearly connected with modern life. We have already mentioned Washington. Of all the patriots of our country, we have honored and still continue to honor George Washington most. His friend and devoted follower, Henry Lee, father of General Robert E. Lee of Civil War fame, has given us a true estimate of Washington's character. Shortly after Washington's death, Lee was invited to give the memorial address before Congress, and on December 26, 1799, this wonderful eulogy was delivered. We can well marvel at the fine poise of character, the perfect balance of qualities, that called forth the devotion and admiration of Washington's compatriots, and made him for all time a world figure, a model patriot for all countries and all peoples.

Washington
a World
Figure

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

In obedience to your will, I rise as your humble organ, with the hope of executing a part of the system of public mourning which you have been pleased to adopt, commemorative of the death of the most illustrious and most beloved personage this country has ever produced; and which, while it transmits to posterity your sense of the awful event, faintly represents your knowledge of the consummate excellence you so cordially honor.

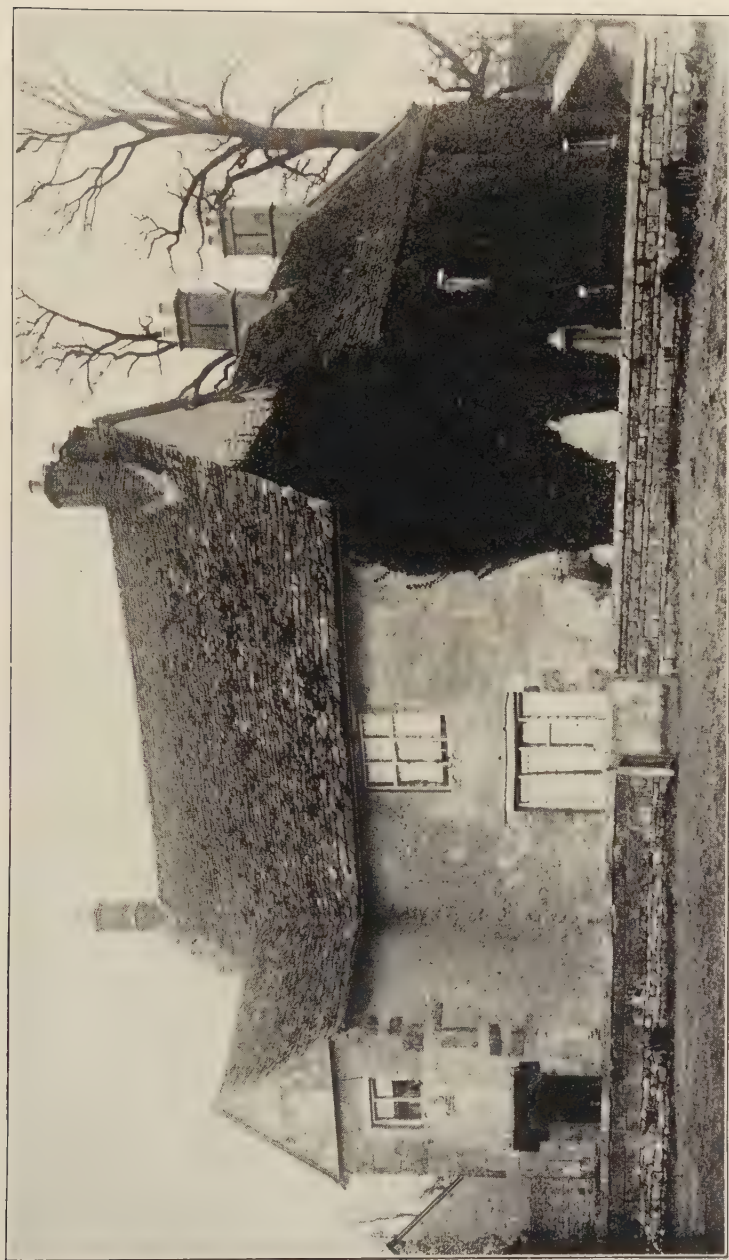
Circumstances
of Washing-
ton's Death

The founder of our federal republic—our bulwark in war, our guide in peace, is no more! Oh, that this were but questionable! Hope, the comforter of the wretched, would pour into our agonizing hearts its balmy dew. But, alas! there is no hope for us; our Washington is removed forever! Possessing the stoutest frame and purest mind, he had passed nearly to his sixty-eighth year, in the enjoyment of high health, when, habituated by his care of us to neglect himself, a slight cold, disregarded, became inconvenient on Friday, oppressive on Saturday, and defying every medical interposition, before the morning of Sunday, put an end to the best of men. An end, did I say?—his fame survives! bounded only by the limits of earth, and by the extent of the human mind. He survives in our hearts, in the growing knowledge of our children, in the affection of the good throughout the world; and when our monuments shall be done away; when nations now existing shall be no more; when even our young and far-spreading empire shall have perished, still will our Washington's glory unfaded shine, and die not, until love of virtue cease on earth, or earth itself sink into chaos.

His Fame
Immortal

How, my fellow-citizens, shall I single to your grateful hearts his pre-eminent worth? Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's will—all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela to see your youthful Washington, supporting, in the dismal hour of the Indian victory, the ill-fated Braddock, and saving, by his judgment and by his valor, the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe; or when, oppressed America nobly resolving to risk her all in defense of her violated rights, he was elevated by the unanimous voice of Congress to the command of her armies? Will you follow him to the high



SULGRAVE MANOR (ENGLAND), ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS.

grounds of Boston, where, to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry, his presence gave the stability of system, and infused the invincibility of love of country; or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island, and New Jersey, when, combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets, and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood, the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disaster, unchanged by change of fortune? Or will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our thinned, worn-down, unaided ranks; himself unmoved? Dreadful was the night. It was about this time of winter; the storm raged; the Delaware, rolling furiously with floating ice, forbade the approach of man. Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene; his country called; unappalled by surrounding dangers, he passed to the hostile shore; he fought; he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event; and her dauntless Chief, pursuing his blow, completed, in the lawns of Princeton, what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of the Delaware.

Winter on the
Delaware

Thence to the strong grounds of Morristown he led his small but gallant band; and through an eventful winter, by the high efforts of his genius, whose matchless force was measurable only by the growth of difficulties, he held in check formidable hostile legions, conducted by a chief experienced in the art of war, and famed for his valor on the ever-memorable Heights of Abraham, where fell Wolfe, Montcalm, and since, our much lamented Montgomery, all covered with glory. In this fortunate interval, produced by his masterly conduct, our fathers, ourselves, animated by his resistless example, rallied around our country's standard, and continued to follow her beloved Chief through the various and trying scenes to which the destinies of our Union led.

Success at Last

To the horrid din of battle, sweet peace succeeded; and our virtuous Chief, mindful only of the common good in a moment of tempting personal aggrandizement, hushed the discontents of growing sedition; and surrendering his power into the hands from which he had received it, converted his sword into a plowshare, teaching an admiring world that to be truly great you must be truly good.

How novel, how grand the spectacle! Independent States, stretched over an immense territory, and known only by common difficulty, clinging to their Union as the rock of their safety, deciding by frank comparison of their relative condition to rear on that rock, under the guidance of reason, a common government through whose commanding protection, liberty and order, with their long train of blessings, should be safe to themselves, and the sure inheritance of their posterity.

This arduous task devolved on citizens selected by the people from knowledge of their wisdom and confidence in their virtue. In this august assembly of sages and of patriots, Washington of course was found; and as if acknowledged to be most wise where all were wise, with one voice he was declared their Chief. How well he merited this rare distinction, how faithful were the labors of himself and his compatriots, the work of their hands and our union, strength and prosperity, the fruits of that work, best attest.

This great work remained to be done; and America, steadfast in her preference, with one voice summoned her beloved Washington, unpracticed as he was in the duties of civil administration, to execute this last act in the completion of the national felicity. Obedient to her call, he assumed the high office with that self-distrust peculiar to his innate modesty, the constant attendant of pre-eminent virtue. What was the burst of joy through our anxious land, on this exhilarating event, is known to us all. The aged, the young, the brave, the

Peace and
Union

Washington
Chosen
President

fair, rivaled each other in demonstrations of their gratitude; and this high-wrought, delightful scene was heightened in its effect by the singular contest between the zeal of the bestowers and the avoidance of the receiver of the honors bestowed.

The presidential term expiring, his solicitude to exchange exaltation for humility returned with a force increased with increase of age; and he had prepared his farewell address to his countrymen, proclaiming his intention, when the united interposition of all around him, enforced by the eventful prospects of the epoch, produced a further sacrifice of inclination to duty. The election of President followed, and Washington, by the unanimous vote of the nation, was called to resume the chief magistracy. What a wonderful fixture of confidence! Which attracts most our admiration, a people so correct, or a citizen combining an assemblage of talents forbidding rivalry, and stifling even envy itself? Such a nation ought to be happy; such a Chief must be forever revered.

**Twice Elected
President**

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors kind; and to the dear object of his affections exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

**Noble
Qualities in
Private Life**

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life: although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such is the man for whom our nation mourns!

Methinks I see his august image, and hear falling from his venerable lips these deep-sinking words:

“Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation: go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint counsels, joint efforts, and common dangers. Reverence religion; diffuse knowledge throughout your land; patronize the arts and sciences; let liberty and order be inseparable companions; control party spirit, the bane of free government; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with, all nations; shut up every avenue to foreign influence; contract rather than extend national connections; rely on yourselves only; be American in thought and deed. Thus will you give immortality to that Union, which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors. Thus will you preserve, undisturbed to the latest posterity, the felicity of a people to me most dear; and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high heaven bestows.”

—Henry Lee.

After Washington, the next highest in our thought and affections is Abraham Lincoln. To him we look as to a great world hero. And what heroic qualities he had! He overcame the ignorance of the backwoodsman, the poverty of the pioneer. Through supreme effort he mastered law and logic, mounting to power on oft-repeated failures. The most tender-hearted of all men, yet, as the savior of a great Republic, he must see the young men die and feel the sorrow of broken-hearted mothers. Without hatred or scorn for his enemies, he looked to the future with hope and courage, steadily doing his duty, working and suffering for the people. He triumphed at last, but only to meet death at the hands of an assassin. Hero, prophet, martyr, the man who gave himself, not only to unite a sundered nation, but to break the bonds of an enslaved race!

The following incidents from his life will give you a desire to read the whole story:

THE YOUTH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN*

(Abridged)

Thomas Lincoln was married, in 1806, to Nancy Hanks, formerly of Virginia. The young bride was taken by her husband to a rude log cabin that he had built for himself near Nolin Creek, in what is now Larue County, Kentucky. In this cabin, February 12, 1809, was born Abraham Lincoln, who was to be the sixteenth President of the United States. While he was yet an infant, the family removed to another log cabin not far distant, and in these two homes Abraham Lincoln spent the first seven years of his life. A sister, Sarah, was older than he; and a younger brother, Thomas, died in infancy.

His
Birthplace

Mrs. Lincoln was described by her son Abraham as of medium stature, dark, with soft and rather mirthful eyes. She was a woman of great force of character and passionately fond of reading. Every book on which she could lay her hands was eagerly read, and her son said, years afterwards, that his earliest recollection of his mother was of his sitting at her feet with his sister, drinking in the tales and legends that were read or related to them by the house-mother.

His Mother

Theirs was a very humble home. The mother was used to the rifle, and not only did she bring down the bear, or deer, and dress its flesh for the family table, but her skilful hand wrought garments and moccasins and head-gear from the skins. The most vivid impression that we have of the mother of Abraham Lincoln is one of sadness, toil, and unremitting anxiety. That was a hard life for a sensitive and slender woman; for the country was very poor in all that makes life easy, and the little family was far from any considerable settlement.

His Humble
Home

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His Schooling

Mrs. Lincoln taught her two children their first lessons in the alphabet and spelling. When Abraham was in his seventh year, Zachariah Riney came into the vicinity, and the lad was sent to his school. Later on, Caleb Hazel, a spirited and manly young fellow, succeeded Riney as teacher, and Abraham attended his school three months. So rare were his opportunities for going to school in those days, that Lincoln never forgot the lessons he learned of Caleb Hazel and the pleasure that he felt in that great event of his life—going to school.

Attendance
at Church

In those primitive times, preaching was usually had under the trees or in the cabins of those few who were so fortunate as to have a bigger roof than most of their neighbors. Lincoln was a full-grown lad when he first saw a church; and it was only from the lips of the wandering preachers that he heard the words of Christian warning and advice. At long intervals, Parson Elkin, a Baptist preacher, took his way through the region in which the Lincolns lived, and young Abraham, fascinated by hearing long discourses fall from the lips of the speaker, apparently without any preparation, never failed to attend on his simple services. The boy got his first notion of public speaking from this itinerant preacher, and, years afterwards, he referred to the preacher as the most wonderful man known to his boyish experience.

Westward Ho!

Thomas Lincoln wearied of his Kentucky home. There was great trouble in getting land titles; even Daniel Boone, the pioneer and surveyor of the land, upon whom had been conferred a great grant, was shorn of much of his lawful property, and a cloud was laid on nearly every man's right to his own homestead. But the real cause of his hankering after a new home was probably that he saw something better far ahead. The tales of wonderfully rich soil, abundant game, fine timber and rich pasturage that came to Kentucky from Indiana were just like the rosy reports of the riches and attractions

of Kentucky that had enticed the elder Lincolns from their home in Virginia years before. So Thomas resolved to "pull up stakes" and move on, still to the westward.

Thomas found a newcomer who was willing to take his partly improved farm and log cabin for ten barrels of whiskey and twenty dollars in cash. This represented three hundred dollars in value, and was the price that he had set upon his homestead. Whiskey made from corn was, in those days, one of the readiest forms of currency in the trading and barter continually going on among the settlers; and, even where drunkenness was almost unknown, the fiery spirit was regarded as a perfectly legitimate article of daily use and a substitute for money in trade.

**The Homestead
Sold**

Thomas Lincoln built a flatboat, which he loaded with his ten barrels of whiskey and the heavier articles of household furniture. Then, pushing off alone, he floated safely down to the Ohio. Here he met with a great disaster. Caught between eddy currents, and entangled in the snags and "sawyers" that beset the stream, his frail craft was upset and much of his stuff was lost. With assistance, he righted the boat, and, with what had been saved from the wreck, he landed at Thompson's Ferry, found an ox-cart to transport his slender stock of valuables into the forest, and finally piled them in an oak-opening in Spencer County, Indiana, about eighteen miles from the river.

**A Journey on
a Flatboat**

Left at home in their dismantled cabin, with a scanty supply of provisions, the mother and little ones made the most of their time. The two children attended Caleb Hazel's school, but Abraham found time to snare game for the family dinner-pot, and, in an emergency, the house-mother could knock over a deer at long range. One bed-ticking filled with dried forest leaves and husks sufficed for their rest at night, and bright and early in the morning the future President was out in the nipping

autumn air, chopping wood for the day's fire. As the time drew near for the father's return, Mrs. Lincoln, leading her living boy, paid her last visit to the grave of the little one whom she had lost in infancy. And his sad mother's prayers and tears by the side of the unmarked mound in the wilderness made an impression on the mind of the lad that time never effaced.

**The Father's
Return**

But when Thomas Lincoln returned to his small brood, it was not with any boastfulness. He had met with what was to them a great loss. Much of their meagre stock of household stuff and farming tools was at the bottom of the Ohio River. Leaving the rescued fragments in care of a friendly settler, he had made a bee-line for the old Kentucky home; and here he was, with a flattering report of the richness of the land to which they were bound.

**A New Home
in the Track-
less Forest of
Indiana**

It was a long journey that was before them. Procuring two horses and loading them with the household stuff and wardrobe of the family, Thomas Lincoln, wife, and two children took up their line of march for the new home in Indiana. At night they slept on the fragrant pine twigs; and by day they plodded their way toward the Ohio River. They were like true soldiers of fortune, subsisting on the country through which they marched. Here and there, it was needful to clear their way through tangled thickets, and now and again they came to streams that must be forded or swum. By all sorts of expedients, the little family contrived to get on from day to day, occupying a week in this transit from one home to another. The nights were cool but pleasant. No rain fell on them in the way, and after a week of free and easy life in the woods, they came to the bank of the river. When they looked over into the promised land, they saw nothing but forest, almost trackless forest, stretching far up and down the stream. All was silent save for the rippings of the water and the occasional note of some wandering bird.

Picking up their property left in charge of one of the

scattered settlers by Thomas Lincoln on his first visit, the family pushed on into the wilderness, where, on a grassy knoll in the heart of the untrodden forest, they fixed upon the site of their future dwelling-place. A slight hunter's camp was all that could be built to shelter the new settlers during their first winter in the woods of southern Indiana. The open front of this "half-faced camp" was partially screened with "pelts," as the half-dressed skins of wild animals were called. A fireplace of sticks and clay, with a chimney of the same materials, occupied one corner of the hut. Here the Lincolns spent their first winter in the new State of Indiana.

His First
Winter in the
New State

Abraham was now in his eighth year, tall, ungainly, fast-growing, long-legged, and clad in the garb of the frontier. He wore a shirt of linsey-woolsey, a fabric homespun of mixed cotton and wool, and dyed with colors obtained from the roots and barks of the forest. According to his own statement, he never wore stockings until he was "a young man grown." His feet were covered with rough cowhide shoes, but oftener with moccasins fashioned deftly by his mother's hands. Deerskin breeches and a hunting-shirt of the same material completed his outfit, except for the coonskin cap that adorned his shaggy head, the tail of the animal hanging down behind, at once an ornament and a convenient handle when occasion required.

The Lad's
Appearance

But the lad did not take kindly to hunting. Once, as he used to tell of himself, while yet a child, he caught a glimpse of a flock of wild turkeys feeding near the camp, and, venturously taking down his father's rifle from its pegs on the wall, he took aim through a chink in the cabin and killed a noble bird. It was his first shot at a living thing, and he never forgot the mingled pain and pleasure that it brought—pain because he dreaded to take life, and pleasure because he had brought down his game.

Boys of the present age, turning over languidly the piles

His Books

of books at their command, beautiful, entertaining, instructive, and fascinating, gay with binding and pictures, would stand aghast at the slimness of the stock that made Abraham Lincoln's heart glad. The first books he read were the Bible, "*Æsop's Fables*," and "*The Pilgrim's Progress*." He thought himself the most fortunate boy in the country, and such good use did he make of these standard works that he could repeat from memory whole chapters of the Bible, many of the most striking passages of Bunyan's immortal book, and every one of the fables of *Æsop*.

He Borrows
the "*Life of
Washington*"

He early took to the study of the lives and characters of eminent men, and a "*Life of Henry Clay*" which his mother had managed to buy for him was one of his choicest treasures. Hearing of a "*Life of Washington*," written by Weems, young Lincoln went in pursuit of it, and joyfully carried it home in the bosom of his hunting-shirt. Reading this by the light of a "tallow-dip" until the feeble thing had burned down to its end, Abraham tucked the precious volume into a chink in the log wall of the cabin and went to sleep. A driving storm in the night had soaked the book through and through and ruined it, when the eager boy sought for it in the early morning light. It was a borrowed book, and honest Abe was in despair over its destruction in his hands. With a heavy heart he took it back to its owner, offering to do anything that Mr. Crawford thought fair and just. A settlement was made, young Abe covenanting to pull "fodder" for three days, by way of settlement.

"And does that pay for the book, or for the damage done to it?" asked the shrewd boy, taking his first lessons in worldly wisdom.

"Wal, I allow," said the kindly owner of the precious book, "that it won't be much account to me or anybody else now, and the bargain is that you pull fodder three days, and the book is yours."

This was the first book that Abraham Lincoln earned

and paid for; discolored and blistered though it was, it was to him of value incalculable. And wheresoever the story of Abraham Lincoln's life shall be told, this account of his first possession shall be also narrated for a memorial of him.

Years after, standing near the battle-ground of Trenton, and recalling the pages of the book hidden in the crevices of the log cabin in the Indiana wilderness, he said: "I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and the struggles for the liberties of the country, and none fixed themselves so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that those men struggled for."

His Memories
of the Book
on Washington

It is an odd fact that may as well be recorded here, that Lincoln, as boy and man, almost invariably read aloud. When he studied, it helped him, he said, to fix in his mind the matter in hand, if, while it passed before his eyes, he heard his own voice repeating it.

Before he was seventeen years old, he attended court in Boonville, the county-seat of Warrick, where a man was on trial for murder. It was his first look into what seemed to him the great world outside the wilderness. An accident led him into the vicinity, and, hearing that one of the famous Breckinridges of Kentucky was to speak for the defence, he went to Boonville, and, open-mouthed with wonder, heard the first great speech of his life. When the arguments were over, and the case had gone to the jury, the youth, his face shining with honest enthusiasm, held out his brown hand to the well-dressed lawyer, and told him how much he had enjoyed his wonderful speech. The aristocratic Breckinridge stared with surprise at the intrusive stranger, and haughtily brushed by him. This was not the boy's first lesson in social distinctions, but it was his first lesson in oratory; and he was just as grateful to Breckinridge as he would

A Lesson in
Oratory

have been if the great man had been as gracious then as he was years after, when he was reminded by the President, in Washington, of the incident in Boonville, which Breckinridge had forgotten but Lincoln could not forget.

From that time, young Lincoln practiced speech-making. He took up any topic that happened to be uppermost in the rural neighborhood,—a question of roads, of trails, the school-tax, a bounty on wolves or bears; or he got up mock trials, arraigned imaginary culprits, and himself acted as prosecuting attorney, counsel for the defendant, judge, and foreman of the jury, making their appropriate addresses in due course. He threw himself into these debates with so much ardor that his father was obliged to interfere and forbid the speeches during hours for work. The old man grumbled, "When Abe begins to speak, all hands flock to hear him."

One notable thing about this young man was that when he began to study anything, he was not satisfied until he had got to the bottom of it. He went to the roots of things. He wrote and re-wrote all that he wanted to commit to memory. He could not give up any difficult problem. He kept at it until he had mastered it; and in a community that was pretty dark in all matters of book-learning he seldom had any help outside of his book. He found time, now and again, of an evening, to lounge with the other young fellows in the country store at the cross-roads, and, beardless youngster though he was, he delighted the rude backwoodsmen and settlers with his homely wit and wisdom. In that benighted region he was accounted as being deeply learned. Great things were prophesied of the lad.

Never neglecting any task on the farm, never shirking any duty however unwelcome, young Lincoln studied almost incessantly. Dennis Hanks said of him, "He was always reading, writing, cyphering, and writing poetry." There is in existence a manuscript book of his, under the title of "Book of Examples in Arithmetic." One of

He Practices
Speech-making

A Deep and
Thorough
Student

the pages, dated March 1, 1826, is headed "Discount," and is divided as follows: "A Definition of Discount," "Rules for Its Computation," and "Proofs and Various Examples," all worked out in neat and correct figures. Following this is "Interest on Money." And all this was carefully kept for ready reference by the boy who was busily studying how to master everything he attempted. Abraham Lincoln learned to be thorough when he was building his character.

It was about this time, when he was eighteen years old, that he conceived the mighty plan of building a boat and taking down the river to the nearest trading-post some of the products of the home farm. He had had furtive glimpses of the busy life outside the woods of southern Indiana, and he longed for a closer look at it. The little craft was built, chiefly by his own hands, and was loaded with bacon, "garden truck," and such odds and ends as were thought available for market.

**His First
Voyage**

Of this short voyage into the world of busy men, the chief incident was the following: Loitering on the river bank, after he had sold his little cargo, Lincoln saw what was to him an unusual sight, a steamboat coming down the river. At the same time two men came to the river's edge, seeking a boat to take them to the approaching steamer. In answer to their call, he sculled the two passengers to the boat, and, when he had put them on board with their luggage, what was his astonishment to find in his hand, as his fee, two silver half-dollars!

"I could scarcely believe my eyes," he said, when telling this adventure years afterward, to Secretary Seward. "You may think it is a very little thing; but it was the most important incident in my life. I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

**A Most
Important
Incident**

It was one year later, when Lincoln was nineteen years old, that he made his second voyage. Mr. Gentry, the

owner of the neighborhood store, looked about him for a trustworthy man to take a flatboat with a cargo of produce to New Orleans. Abraham had not been much away from home, had no familiarity with business or with river navigation, and had never even seen the Lower Mississippi. But the trader knew his man, and made an offer to Lincoln, placing him in full charge of the venture. Lincoln accepted. His good fortune seemed wonderful. And when he and his companion, young Allen Gentry, cut loose from Gentryville and slowly drifted down Pigeon Creek into the Ohio, on a voyage of eighteen hundred miles, not Columbus sailing forth into unknown seas, nor the master of the first steamship that ploughed the Atlantic, could have been more impressed with the mightiness of the prospect before him than the backwoods boy on his first expedition from the forests of southern Indiana.

As they descended the mighty Father of Waters, then flowing unvexed to the sea, plantations began to dot the landscape. Here and there friendly or inquisitive settlers came down to the bank to ask them about their "load." Or, when they made fast to the most convenient tree at nightfall, a far-wandering hunter came to share "pot-luck" and the gossip of the region with the youthful adventurers. In this way they picked up a store of information, useful and otherwise, and many a queer tale of frontier life.

Tied to a bank one night, as was their custom, the twain slept soundly after their day of toil, when they were waked by a scrambling near at hand. Springing to his feet, Abraham shouted, "Who's there?" There was no reply, and, seizing a handspike, he made ready for an attack. Seven negroes, evidently on an errand of plunder, now appeared. Abe held himself ready to "repel boarders," and the first man that jumped on board was received with a heavy blow that knocked him into the water. A second, a third, and a fourth, essaying the

same thing, were similarly received. The other three, seeing they were no match for the tall backwoodsman and his ally, took to their heels, pursued by Abe and Allen. When they overtook the negroes, a hand-to-hand fight ensued; but the thieves finally fled again, leaving on the future President a scar that he carried to his grave.

The cargo was sold to good advantage before reaching New Orleans. Then, the empty boat being disposed of, for it would not pay to take it home up-stream, the two adventurers, elated with their first notable success, made their way homeward by steamboat. They had seen a bit of the great world. And Abraham Lincoln had seen what he never forgot, his first close view of human slavery; slaves toiling on the plantations, slaves bending beneath their tasks on the levees of the river towns, and, what was more memorable than all, slaves in squads and coffles, torn from old homes and families far away, bound up the river on the steamboats that were now frequent on the busy Mississippi. He who was to be known through all coming time as "the Emancipator" had made his first study of his fellow-man in bondage.

His First View
of Slavery

—Noah Brooks.

We all revere Lincoln as a martyr to a great cause. In the following poem Walt Whitman pictures him as a fallen Captain, while the Civil War is figured as a perilous voyage of the Ship of State, the Nation. As the great Ship is safely anchored, her object won, amid the exultations of thronging multitudes, the Captain falls dead upon the deck. As we read this poem, we feel, with the people of that day, their deep sense of personal loss, mingled with pride and exultation over their leader's work so well done. "My Captain" is considered one of the finest poems of Whitman, himself a Civil War veteran and an intense admirer of Lincoln. It appeared in "Drum Taps," a volume of verse on the great war.

Whitman's
Tribute to
Lincoln

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead:

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets, and ribbon's wreaths—for you the
shores are crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head—
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse, nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!

But I with mournful tread,
'Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—*Walt Whitman.*

It is not amiss for us to recall at this point that the Southland was equally a loser in the death of Lincoln. Her brave and patriotic men have risen to do him honor.



THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR.

Henry Watterson in his famous oration on Abraham Lincoln has given us, from his personal contact with Lincoln, a graphic picture of the great President:

"I met him again the forenoon of March 4 in his apartment at Willard's Hotel, as he was preparing to start to his inauguration, and was touched by his unaffected kindness; for I came with a matter requiring his immediate attention. He was entirely self-possessed; no trace of nervousness; and very obliging. I accompanied the cortege that passed from the Senate Chamber to the vast portico of the Capitol, and, as Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast multitude in front and below, I extended my hand to receive it, but Judge Douglas, just beside me, reached over my outstretched arm and took the hat, holding it throughout the delivery of the inaugural address. I stood near enough to the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gesture he might make, though he made but few; and then it was that I began to comprehend something of the power of the man.

When Lincoln
Made His
First Inaugural
Address

"He delivered his address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man; of a leader of men; and in its ringing tones and elevated style, the gentlemen he had invited to become members of his political family—each of whom thought himself a bigger man than his master—might have heard the voice and seen the hand of a man born to command. . . . Always courteous, always tolerant, always making allowance, yet always explicit, his was the master-spirit, his the guiding hand.

His Mysterious
Power

"And what was the mysterious power of this mysterious man, and whence?

"His was the genius of common-sense; of common-sense in action; of common-sense in thought; of common-sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. Inspired he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Burns was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; each like him sprung directly from the people."

Abraham Lincoln is indeed a great national hero. We cannot praise him too highly; for there was nothing of the military tyrant, of the boastful conqueror, of the war-promoter for the sake of war, in Lincoln's character. He was a true-hearted American who saw above the din of battle the Union saved. We read his story with sadness, but we also glory in the fact that the Ship of State was "anchored safe and sound at last."

LEE AND GRANT

General Lee's
Stainless Life

The strong and salutary characteristics of both Lee and Grant should live in history as an inspiration to coming generations. Posterity will find nobler and more wholesome incentives in their attributes as men than in their brilliant careers as warriors. The lustre of a stainless life is more lasting than the fame of any soldier; and if General Lee's self-abnegation, his unblemished purity, his triumph over alluring temptations, and his unwavering consecration to all life's duties do not lift him to the morally sublime and make him a fit ideal for young men to follow, then no human conduct can achieve such position.

General
Grant's Great
Qualities

And the repeated manifestations of General Grant's truly great qualities—his innate modesty, his freedom from every trace of vainglory or ostentation, his magnanimity in victory, his genuine sympathy for his brave and sensitive foe, and his inflexible resolve to protect paroled Confederates against any assault, and vindicate, at whatever cost, the sanctity of his pledge to the vanquished—will give him a place in history no less renowned and more to be envied than that secured by his triumphs as a soldier or his honors as a civilian. The Christian invocation which came from his dying lips, on Mount McGregor, summoning the spirit of peace and unity and equality for all his countrymen, made a fitting close to the life of this illustrious American.

Scarcely less prominent in American annals than the record of these two lives, should stand a catalogue of the thrilling incidents which illustrate the nobler phase of soldier life so inadequately described in these reminiscences. The unseemly things which occurred in the great conflict between the States should be forgotten, or at least forgiven, and no longer permitted to disturb complete harmony between North and South. American youth in all sections should be taught to hold in perpetual remembrance all that was great and good on both sides; to comprehend the inherited convictions for which saintly women suffered and patriotic men died; to recognize the unparalleled carnage as proof of unrivaled courage; to appreciate the singular absence of personal animosity and the frequent manifestation between those brave antagonists of a good fellowship such as had never before been witnessed between hostile armies. It will be a glorious day for our country when all the children within its borders shall learn that the four years of fratricidal war between the North and the South was waged by neither with criminal or unworthy intent, but by both to protect what they conceived to be threatened rights and imperiled liberty; that the issues which divided the sections were born when the Republic was born, and were forever buried in an ocean of fraternal blood. We shall then see that, under God's providence, every sheet of flame from the blazing rifles of the contending armies, every whizzing shell that tore through the forests at Shiloh and Chancellorsville, every cannon-shot that shook Chickamauga's hills or thundered around the heights of Gettysburg, and all the blood and tears that were shed, are yet to become contributions for the upbuilding of American manhood and for future defence of American freedom. The Christian Church received its baptism of pentecostal power as it emerged from the shadows of Calvary, and went forth to its world-wide work with greater unity and a diviner purpose. So the Republic,

**The Nobler
Phases of the
Civil War**

**Both Sides
Fighting for a
Principle**

rising from its baptism of blood with a national life more robust, a national union more complete, and a national influence ever-widening, shall go forever forward in its benign mission to humanity.

—*John B. Gordon.*

Among the great men of our nation, Robert E. Lee stands out as an heroic type. He belonged to the noted family of Lees in Virginia, his paternal ancestors being friends and neighbors of Washington. Like Lincoln, he is honored by both the North and the South. The following letter written by Lee to his son, G. W. Curtis Lee, while his son was a student in college, will give you an insight into the qualities of character that made him great.

Lee's Ideals
of Life

Frankness and
Honesty
Always Best

“You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so, is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with anyone, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say, nothing to the injury of anyone. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor.

“In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that, nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as ‘the dark day’—a day when the light of the

sun was slowly extinguished, as if by eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and, as the members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Someone, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and, therefore, moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part."

An Old
Connecticut
Puritan

MORE ABOUT BIOGRAPHY

The reading of biography is indeed so useful, that I would not have you confine your reading to the list of nation-builders first mentioned. It is true we must know of these great men, but there are many others with whom we would do well to become acquainted. Many young people can date the turning-point in their lives to the reading of some good biography. The choice of a biography depends very largely upon your own tastes. Most young people at twelve or fifteen years of age have already formed definite ideas of what they would like to be. If you are interested in writers, read the biographies of Longfellow, Whittier, Sir Walter Scott, John Ruskin, and Washington Irving. If you admire great orators and statesmen, read the lives of Gladstone, or of John Bright of England, of Daniel Webster and of Alexander Hamilton. If you would know the great warriors of our

Choose
Biographies
According to
Individual
Tastes

Biographies of
All Kinds

own country read the stories of Robert E. Lee, Ulysses S. Grant and Stonewall Jackson. If you are inclined toward inventions and great achievements in science, read the life of Edison, the wonder of the age. But in whatever occupation or field of endeavor you are most interested, you should read also the lives of the noble missionaries, reformers and philanthropists, who have blessed the world with their sacrifices. I have given more space to this subject in the following chapter, but I mention here the names of a few who belong in this class: Florence Nightingale, the angel of the Crimea, mentioned previously; Jacob Riis, whose "Making of an American" gives us a new insight into what a life invested for service may accomplish; Frances E. Willard, who consecrated her life to the cause of temperance—the white-ribbon movement; David Livingstone, who devoted his life to Darkest Africa and whose career is as thrilling as the most successful romance.

Do Not Fail
to Read
Biography

We must not extend our list of world-figures, lest they bewilder rather than help, but I repeat, read biography; it will put iron into your blood, lightness into your step, virtue into your hearts, and purpose into your lives. Moreover, through your interest in biography you will be led to realize the value of history and it will find a real place in your hearts.

Let us not forget that we, too, are making history day by day. May our contribution to it be a worthy record, one that those who come after us may read with pride, because the story that we have woven is fair and glorious.

Book List*

Age: From Eight to Twelve.

First Book of American History, Edward Eggleston.
Stories of Our Country, James Johonnot.

*Any book named in this list may be obtained through the Publishers of the "Foundation Stones" Series.

Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans, Edward Eggleston.

The True Story of Christopher Columbus, E. S. Brooks.

An Island Story, H. E. Marshall. Illustrated by A. S. Forrest.

Historic Boys, } E. S. Brooks.
Historic Girls, }

Grandfather's Chair, and Biographical Stories, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Robert the Bruce (in *The Story of the English*), Guerber.

The Story of Napoleon, H. E. Marshall.

Plutarch's Lives. Edited by John S. White.

Age: From Twelve to Sixteen.

The Peasant and the Prince, Harriet Martineau.

History of the French Revolution, Jacob Abbott.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic, } J. L. Motley.
The Siege of Leyden, }

Boys of '76, C. C. Coffin.

War of Independence, John Fiske.

Famous Leaders Among Men, R. K. Bolton.

Pioneers of the Rocky Mountains and the West, C. A. McMurry.

First Across the Continent, Noah Brooks.

Life of George Washington Studied Anew, Edward Everett Hale.

Parkman's Histories:

The Pioneers of France in the New World.

Montcalm and Wolfe.

The Oregon Trail.

A Half-Century of Conflict.

Stories of the Great West, }
Winning of the West, } Theodore Roosevelt.
Episodes from the Winning }
of the West, }

- The Conquest of Mexico*, Wm. H. Prescott.
History of the Civil War, 1850-1877, James F. Rhodes.
History of the United States, John R. McMaster.
Abraham Lincoln, Helen Nicolay.
Abraham Lincoln, Noah Brooks.
Up from Slavery, Booker T. Washington.
Boy's Life of Edison, William H. Meadowcraft.
Louisa M. Alcott, Dreamer and Worker, Belle Moses.
Florence Nightingale, Laura E. Richards.
Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road, H. A. Bruce.
Life of Washington (Abridged), Washington Irving.
Henry Clay, Carl Schurz.
Thomas Jefferson, John T. Morse.
Frances E. Willard, Anna A. Gordon.
Jacob Riis, or The Making of an American.
Robert E. Lee, John Estlin Cooke
Harriet Beecher Stowe, Martha Foote Crow.

CHAPTER X

RELIGION

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird-wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn-like gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

—*Selected.*

E ARE not quite through with our plan for choosing character-forming books, for there remains to be supplied one link in the chain, the addition of which will make all the other links hold together—the link of the religious life. What do we mean by that? We mean the influences that will lead you while still boys and girls to avail yourselves of the sheltering love of the Christ, and teach you to look upward to higher and better things. You may say, “All the books that we have talked about so far have pointed upward to higher and better things.” It is true that all good literature does lead the way to a realization of high ideals, but we find in religion alone the highest truth.

Books Ministering to the Religious Life

We cannot tell you just at what age you should begin to realize your relation to God. In our chapter on “Heroism,” you remember, we pointed out that David when a mere lad—too young, apparently, to go to battle—won a victory over the giant because he put his trust in God;

and Joan of Arc, when a mere twelve-year-old girl, heard the voices and understood the call of God to duty; and Jesus at twelve years of age began to be about His Father's business. Van Dyke in "The Lost Boy" has given us a vivid realistic narrative of Jesus at this age; and in the Old Testament again we read of the boy Samuel at a very early age devoting himself to the service of the High Priest in the temple, and hearing the message from God in a vision at night.

You remember, too, in the legends of King Arthur, how Sir Galahad, a mere youth, together with many older knights, went out in search of the Holy Grail—the symbol of the search after God—and how he alone, of all those knights, found the sacred cup. I want you to know of another knight, however, who went also in search of the Holy Grail. The story of this knight, as told by a great poet, will help us see how we may win this quest without taking long pilgrimages, or wearing coats of mail and fighting romantic battles. We give the narrative portions of the poem, omitting the preludes to each part.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

Part First

I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;

Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
And sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armour did shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
“Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.”

Part Second

I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,

For the frost's swift shuttle its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak

From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old
And she rose up decrepitley
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,

And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

“For Christ’s sweet sake, I beg an alms;”—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees naught save the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
That cowered beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas,
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said,—“I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world’s buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side;
Mild Mary’s Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!”

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he caged his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet’s brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
’Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
’Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And ’twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the Pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the Voice that was calmer than silence said,
“Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
This crust is My body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another’s need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me.”

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond;
“The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider’s banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.”

X

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
 She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by surprise;
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall and bower at his command;
 And there's no poor man in the North Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

**The Meaning
 of Sir Launfal**

As Sir Launfal issues forth in his dream, starting out on his quest, he seems a man of the finest qualifications, for he is of high birth, young, rich, strong, and possesses a fine equipment. But his fundamental error is that he is selfishly absorbed in his own purpose and attainments, even scorning the most obvious human needs. His quest does not succeed until through his own suffering he is brought into tenderest and most active sympathy with the sorrow of the world. Then suddenly his longing is satisfied. He finds God through the path of human fellowship.

**The Dream
 Within a
 Dream**

Part Second of this poem may be a bit hard to understand, for although it is still Sir Launfal's dream, he sees himself musing over his travels and beholding again, as it were, the caravan of camels in the desert nearing the spring in an oasis—a dream within a dream. And while he is having this dream, he sees himself suddenly aroused from his musings by a leper asking alms. When he gives the beggar his last crust of bread, and a drink of water from a wooden bowl, and blesses him in the name



HOME OF THE POET, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, IN CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

of Christ, lo! the leper slowly changes into the form of the Christ Himself!

Having sympathy for those in need and giving it expression in kindly deeds is certainly a much sublimer way of finding the highest good in life, than fighting single combats or going on long pilgrimages. The following story by Count Tolstoy, the Russian reformer, modernizes the same idea, showing how we may in our day find God in humble service for others.

Showing How
to Find God

WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO

(Abridged)

In a certain city dwelt Martin Avdyeeich, the cobbler. He lived in a cellar, a wretched little hole with a single window. The window looked up towards the street, and through it Martin could just see the passers-by. It is true that he could see little more than their boots, but Martin Avdyeeich could read a man's character by his boots, so he needed no more. Martin Avdyeeich had lived long in that one place, and had many acquaintances. Few indeed were the boots in that neighborhood which had not passed through his hands at some time or other. While Martin was still a journeyman, his wife had died; but his wife had left him a little boy—three years old. Their other children had not lived. No sooner had the little one begun to grow up and be a help and a joy to his father's heart, than a sickness fell upon Kapitoshka; the little boy took to his bed, lay there in a raging fever for a week, and then died. Martin buried his son in despair—so desperate was he that he began to murmur against God.

The Sorrows of
Avdyeeich

And, lo! one day there came to Avdyeeich an aged peasant-pilgrim. Avdyeeich fell a-talking with him, and began to complain of his great sorrow. "As for living any longer, thou man of God," said he, "I desire it not. Would only that I might die!"

And the old man said to him: "Thy speech, Martin, is not good. How shall we judge the doings of God? It is because thou wouldst fain have lived for thy own delight that thou dost now despair."

"But what then is a man to live for?" asked Avdyeeich.

And the old man answered: "For God, Martin! He gave thee life, and for Him therefore must thou live. When thou dost begin to live for Him, thou wilt grieve about nothing more, and all things will come easy to thee."

Martin was silent for a moment, and then he said: "And how must one live for God?"

"Buy the Gospels and read; there thou wilt find out how to live for God. There everything is explained."

These words made the heart of Avdyeeich burn within him, and he went the same day and bought for himself a New Testament printed in very large type, and began to read.

Avdyeeich set out with the determination to read it only on holidays; but as he read, it did his heart so much good that he took to reading it every day. And the more he read, the more clearly he understood what God wanted of him, and how it behooved him to live for God; and his heart grew lighter and lighter continually.

Henceforth the whole life of Avdyeeich was changed. Formerly, whenever he had a holiday, he would go to the tavern to drink tea, nor would he say no to a drop of brandy now and again. He had done with all that now. His life became quiet and joyful. With the morning light he sat down to his work, worked out his time, then took down his lamp from the hook, placed it on the table, took down his book from the shelf, bent over it, and sat him down to read. And the more he read the more he understood, and his heart grew brighter and happier.

It happened once that Martin was up reading till very late. He was reading St. Luke's Gospel. And he read

all about how the woman who was a sinner anointed His feet and washed them with her tears, and how He justified her. And again Avdyeeich took off his glasses, and laid them on the book and fell a-thinking.

“So it is quite plain that I, too, have something of the Pharisee about me. Am I not always thinking of myself? Am I not always thinking of drinking tea, and keeping myself as warm and cosy as possible, without thinking at all about the guest? Simon thought about himself, but did not give the slightest thought to his guest. But who was his guest? The Lord Himself. And suppose He were to come to me, should I treat Him as the Pharisee did?”

Avdyeeich
Dreams of
a Guest

And Avdyeeich leaned both his elbows on the table, and, without perceiving it, fell a-dozing.

“Martin!”—it was as though the voice of someone close to his ear.

Martin started up from his nap. “Who’s there?”

He turned round, he gazed at the door, but there was no one. Again he dozed off. Suddenly he heard quite plainly, “Martin, Martin, I say! Look to-morrow into the street. I am coming.”

Martin awoke, rose from his chair, and began to rub his eyes. And he did not know himself whether he had heard these words asleep or awake. He turned down the lamp and laid him down to rest.

At dawn next day Avdyeeich arose, prayed to God, and sat him down by his window to work. There Avdyeeich sits and works, and thinks of nothing but the things of yesternight. His thoughts were divided.

He Scans the
Passers-by

Martin sits at the window and looks as much at his window as at his work, and whenever a strange pair of boots passes by he bends forward and looks out of the window, so as to see the face as well as the feet of the passers-by. There passed close to the window an old soldier, one of Nicholas’s veterans, in tattered old boots, with a shovel in his hands. The old fellow was called

Stepanuich, and lived with the neighboring shopkeeper, who harbored him of his charity. Stepanuich stopped before Avdyeeich's window to sweep away the snow.

"I'm not growing sager as I grow older," thought Avdyeeich, with some self-contempt. "I make up my mind that Christ is coming to me, and, lo! 'tis only Stepanuich clearing away the snow.

"The old man is very much broken," thought Avdyeeich to himself. "It is quite plain that he has scarcely strength enough to scrape away the snow. Suppose I make him drink a little tea! the samovar, too, is just on the boil." Avdyeeich put down his awl, got up, placed the samovar on the table, put some tea in it, and tapped on the window with his fingers. Avdyeeich beckoned to him, and then went and opened the door.

"Come in and warm yourself a bit," cried he. "You're a bit chilled, eh?"

"Christ requite you! Yes, and all my bones ache, too," said Stepanuich. Stepanuich came in, shook off the snow, and began to wipe his feet so as not to soil the floor, but he tottered sadly.

"Don't trouble about wiping your feet. I'll rub it off myself. It's all in the day's work. Come in and sit down," said Avdyeeich. "Here, take a cup of tea."

And Avdyeeich filled two cups, and gave one to his guest, and as Avdyeeich drank his cup, he could not help glancing at the window from time to time.

"Dost thou expect anyone?" asked his guest.

"Do I expect anyone? Well, honestly, I hardly know. I am expecting and I am not expecting, and there's a word which has burnt itself right into my heart. Whether it was a vision or no, I know not. Look now, my brother! I was reading yesterday about our little Father Christ, how He suffered, how He came on earth.

"Anyhow, I was reading about this very thing—how He came down upon earth. I was reading how He went to the Pharisee, and how the Pharisee did not receive

Avdyeeich
Entertains an
Old Soldier

He Tells His
Dream

Him at all. But suppose, I thought, if He came to one like me—would I receive Him? Simon at any rate did not receive Him at all. Thus I thought, and so thinking, fell asleep. I fell asleep, I say, little brother mine, and I heard my name called. I started up. A voice was whispering at my very ear. ‘Look out to-morrow!’ it said, ‘I am coming.’ And so it befell twice. Now look! wouldst thou believe it? the idea stuck to me—I scold myself for my folly, and yet I look for Him, our little Father Christ!”

“I Am
Coming”

Stepanuich shook his head and said nothing, but he drank his cup dry and put it aside.

“I thank thee, Martin Avdyeeich,” said he. “I have fared well at thy hands, and thou hast refreshed me both in body and soul.”

“Thou wilt show me a kindness by coming again. I am so glad to have a guest,” said Avdyeeich. Stepanuich departed, and Martin sat down by the window to work.

Then there came alongside the window a woman in worsted stockings and rustic shoes, and as she was passing by she stopped short in front of the partition wall. Avdyeeich looked up at her from his window, and he saw that the woman was a stranger and poorly clad, and that she had a little child with her. She was leaning up against the wall with her back to the wind, and tried to wrap the child up, but she had nothing to wrap it up with. The woman wore summer clothes, and thin enough they were. And from out of his corner Avdyeeich heard the child crying and the woman trying to comfort it, but she could not. Then Avdyeeich got up, went out of the door and on to the steps, and cried, “My good woman! my good woman!”

A Poor Woman
and Her Little
One

The woman heard him and turned round.

“Why dost thou stand out in the cold there with the child? Come inside! In the warm room thou wilt be better able to tend him. This way!”

The woman was amazed. What she saw was an old

fellow in an apron and with glasses on his nose calling to her. She came towards him.

They went down the steps together—they went into the room. The old man led the woman to the bed. “There,” said he, “sit down, gossip, nearer to the stove, and warm and feed thy little one.”

He went to the table, got some bread and a dish. “Sit down and have something to eat, gossip,” said he, “and I will sit down a little with the youngster. I have had children of my own, and know how to manage them.”

The woman crossed herself, sat down at the table, and began to eat, and Avdyeeich sat down on the bed with the child; the woman went on eating, and told him who she was and whence she came.

“I am a soldier’s wife,” she said; “my eight months’ husband they drove right away from me, and nothing has been heard of him since. I took a cook’s place till I became a mother. They could not keep me and the child. It is now three months since I have been drifting about without any fixed resting-place. I have eaten away my all. I am chilled to death, and he is quite tired out. But, God be praised! our landlady has compassion on us, and gives us shelter for Christ’s sake. But for that I don’t know how we could live through it all.”

Avdyeeich sighed, and said, “And have you no warm clothes?”

“Ah, kind friend! this is indeed warm-clothes time, but yesterday I pawned away my last shawl for two grivenki.”*

The woman went to the bed and took up the child, but Avdyeeich stood up, went to the wall cupboard, rummaged about a bit, and then brought back with him an old jacket.

“Look!” said he, “’tis a shabby thing, ’tis true, but it will do to wrap up in.”

*A grivenka is the tenth part of a ruble—about five cents.

The woman looked at the old jacket, then she gazed at the old man, and, taking the jacket, fell a-weeping.

Then the woman said: "Christ requite thee, dear little father! It is plain that it was He who sent me by thy window. When I first came out it was warm, and now it has turned very cold. And He it was, little father, who made thee look out of the window and have compassion on wretched me."

Avdyeeich smiled slightly, and said: "Yes, He must have done it, for I looked not out of the window in vain, dear gossip!"

"Take this for Christ's sake," said Avdyeeich, giving her a two-grivenka piece, "and redeem your shawl." The woman crossed herself, Avdyeeich crossed himself, and then he led the woman to the door.

He Gives
His Jacket
and Money

The woman went away. Avdyeeich ate up the remainder of the cabbage soup, washed up, and again sat down to work. He worked on and on, but he did not forget the window, and whenever the window was darkened he immediately looked up to see who was passing.

But now Avdyeeich sees how, right in front of his window, an old woman, a huckster, has taken her stand. She carries a basket of apples. Not many now remained; she had evidently sold them nearly all. Across her shoulder she carried a sack full of shavings. She must have picked them up near some new building, and was taking them home with her. It was plain that the sack was straining her shoulder. She wanted to shift it on to the other shoulder, so she rested the sack on the pavement, placed the apple-basket on a small post, and set about shaking down the shavings in the sack. Now while she was shaking down the sack, an urchin in a ragged cap suddenly turned up, goodness knows from whence, grabbed at one of the apples in the basket, and would have made off with it, but the wary old woman turned quickly round and gripped the youth by the sleeve. The lad fought and tried to tear himself loose, but the old

The Old
Apple Woman
and the Lad

woman seized him with both hands, knocked his hat off, and tugged hard at his hair. The lad howled, and the woman reviled him. Avdyeeich did not stop to put away his awl, but pitched it on the floor, rushed into the courtyard, and in his haste stumbled on the steps and dropped his glasses. Avdyeeich ran out into the street. The old woman was tugging at the lad's hair and wanted to drag him off to the police, while the boy fought and kicked.

"I didn't take it," said he. "What are you whacking me for? Let me go!"

Avdyeeich came up and tried to part them. He seized the lad by the arm and said: "Let him go, little mother! Forgive him for Christ's sake!"

"I'll forgive him, so that he sha'n't forget the taste of fresh birch-rods. I mean to take the rascal to the police station."

Avdyeeich began to entreat with the old woman.

"Let him go, little mother; he will not do so any more. Let him go for Christ's sake."

The old woman let him go. The lad would have bolted, but Avdyeeich held him fast.

"Beg the little mother's pardon," said he, "and don't do such things any more. I saw thee take them."

Then the lad began to cry and beg pardon.

"Well, that's all right! And now, there's an apple for thee." And Avdyeeich took one out of the basket and gave it to the boy. "I'll pay thee for it, little mother," he said to the old woman.

"Thou wilt ruin them that way, the blackguards," said the old woman, "If I had the rewarding of him, he should not be able to sit down for a week."

"Oh, little mother, little mother!" cried Avdyeeich, "that is our way of looking at things, but it is not God's way. If we ought to be whipped so for the sake of one apple, what do we deserve for our sins?"

And the old woman was silent.

"God bade us forgive," said Avdyeeich, "otherwise

Avdyeeich
Protects the
Lad

A Lesson in
Forgiveness

He will not forgive us. We must forgive everyone, especially the thoughtless."

The old woman shook her head and sighed.

Now just as the old woman was about to hoist the sack on to her shoulder, the lad rushed forward and said:

"Give it here, and I'll carry it for thee, granny! It is all in my way."

The old woman shook her head, but she did put the sack on the lad's shoulder.

And so they trudged down the street together side by side.

Avdyeeich followed them with his eyes till they were out of sight, then he turned homewards, picked up his awl, and sat down to work again. He worked away for a little while, but soon he was scarcely able to distinguish the stitches. "I see it is time to light up," thought he. He put away his tools, swept up the cuttings, removed the brushes and tips, put away the awl, took down the lamp, placed it on the table, and took down the Gospels from the shelf. He wanted to find the passage where he had last evening placed a strip of morocco leather by way of a marker, but he lit upon another place. And just as Avdyeeich opened the Gospel, he recollected his dream of yesterday evening. And no sooner did he call it to mind than it seemed to him as if some persons were moving about and shuffling with their feet behind him. Avdyeeich glanced round and saw that somebody was indeed standing in the dark corner—yes, someone was really there, but who, he could not exactly make out. Then a Voice whispered in his ear:

"Martin! Martin! dost thou not know Me?"

"Who art thou?" cried Avdyeeich.

"'Tis I," cried the Voice, "lo, 'tis I!" And forth from the dark corner stepped Stepanuich. He smiled, and it was as though a little cloud were breaking, and he was gone.

"It is I!" cried the Voice, and forth from the corner

Avdyeeich
Hears the
Voice Again

stepped a woman with a little child; and the woman smiled and the child laughed, and they also disappeared.

“And it is I!” cried the Voice, and the old woman and the lad with the apple stepped forth, and both of them smiled, and they also disappeared.

And the heart of Avdyeeich was glad. He crossed himself, put on his glasses, and began to read the Gospels at the place where he had opened them. And at the top of the page he read these words: “And I was an hungered and thirsty, and ye gave Me to drink. I was a stranger, and ye took Me in.”

And at the bottom of the page he read this: “Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.”

And Avdyeeich understood that his dream had not deceived him, and that the Saviour had really come to him that day, and he had really received Him.

—*Count Lyof N. Tolstoy.*

A Dream
That Came
True

A PRAYER

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—

Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

—*Edwin Markham.*

FRIENDSHIP

I believe we can understand our relationship to God much easier when we come to know what true friendship is. Most of us who have lived some time in this world, have discovered that we have many acquaintances but few friends. I know of a small boy who defined a friend as "a fellow who knows all about you, but likes you." We older folk can endorse that definition emphatically, but we would put it in our own words something like this: A true friend is one who is faithful to you under all circumstances, rejoicing in your successes, sympathizing with you in your misfortunes, tolerating your faults, yet inspiring you to do your best in all things at all times.

What Is
a Friend?

There are not many people who are able to meet this test. For so often that ugly fiend, jealousy, gets in the way, and one is not happy over the success of his friend; or again, he cultivates the habit of seeing the mote in his friend's eye, and cannot see the beam in his own eye. All such flaws spoil one for being a good friend. Robert J. Burdette, the humorist, puts this idea very neatly in rhyme:

If you have a friend, and you love him well,
Let my advice on your friendship glimmer—
Print all his faults in Nonpareil
But publish his virtues in big Long Primer.

The tie of friendship is often stronger even than the bonds of blood, as was illustrated by the case of Jonathan who, at the risk of his own father's displeasure, stood by his friend David. You recall that among our heroes we read of how the lad David slew the giant and thus found favor in the sight of Saul, the king of Israel. Of course, Saul was pleased and made David an officer in his army. Saul's son Jonathan met David and loved him. They

David and
Jonathan

A Jealous
King

were friends from the first moment. So strong was their attachment to each other that on Jonathan's suggestion they made a covenant of everlasting friendship, after the custom of the ancients, making an exchange of their garments in token of their vow of loyalty. But as time passed David became more wise and more valiant even than his youthful successes promised, and when he returned with Saul from battle, the women came out to greet the victors, singing, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David has slain his ten-thousands!" This angered Saul; but it did not stir Jonathan; he was happy to hear his friend David so loudly praised. Saul became more and more jealous and sought to kill David.

This was the crisis in the young men's friendship, the test of their vow of loyalty; for well might Jonathan have said that he dare not frustrate the plans of his father the king. But Jonathan was true to his pledge. He first made full test of his father's feelings in regard to David, and then took care to warn David and to send him out of the country. David trusted Jonathan, and after bidding him an affectionate farewell, he fled from the wrath of Saul.

Faithful to
the End

Nor did David hate Saul in turn. He believed Saul was the Lord's anointed and he revered him because of it, never saying words of scorn or hatred. And later when both Saul and Jonathan fell in battle, David mourned for both in a wonderful song of lamentation, concluding with this final tribute to his friend:

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle!
O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places.
I am distressed for my brother Jonathan;
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of
women.
How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war
perished!"

While we are speaking of David as the friend of Jonathan, we must add a word about David, the poet of Israel, whose lyric poems keep us ever looking upward. A lyric poem, as you may know, is written to be sung, and David is more frequently called the "sweet singer of Israel," than simply "the poet."

The Poet of
Israel

PSALM XIX

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold. Yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret sins.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

**The Shepherd
Psalm**

The Twenty-third Psalm, an outgrowth of David's own experience as a shepherd lad, gives us a key to the art of living on this earth. Is there a boy or a girl among my readers who does not know this beautiful poem? There is a little story written about this Psalm called "The Song of Our Syrian Guest," by William Allen Knight, which you will enjoy, for it interprets this poem, line by line, in the terms of the shepherd life of Palestine, and is told from the point of view of a native of the Holy Land. He points out the literal meaning of such phrases as "Valley of the Shadow of Death," "thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies," "thou anointest my head with oil," and makes us realize that it is truly a Shepherd Psalm.

PSALM XXIII

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

In the following song you can easily imagine that the priest in the temple is leading the responses, and the people are answering in concert, the whole being given in a kind of chant. It is, indeed, a great Hebrew anthem, sung by the great temple choir.

A Hebrew
Anthem

PSALM XXIV

Leader: The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;
the world, and they that dwell therein.

Choir: For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Leader: Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or
who shall stand in his holy place?

Choir: He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who
hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor
sworn deceitfully.

Leader: He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and
righteousness from the God of his salvation.

Choir: This is the generation of them that seek him, that
seek thy face, O Jacob.

Leader: Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift
up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of
Glory shall come in.

Choir: Who is this King of Glory? The Lord strong
and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Leader: Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them
up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory
shall come in.

Choir: Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts,
he is the King of glory.

Among the Psalms we find some that indicate that David was not always able to "look up," but because of his own wrongdoing he was sometimes cast down. It is true that even in our later and brighter day those who have taken Christ as a Friend and Saviour, may become

**Bunyan's
Dream**

discouraged and stumble into doubts and fears, forgetting for a time the many promises of the Bible. John Bunyan, who lived at the time when the Puritan faith was spreading in England, wrote a story for the instruction of people who need a guide to everyday living. He wrote it while serving a long term in prison for his religious teachings. The story is in the form of a dream, the dreamer following his hero step by step along the way from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. From the point of view of literature it is considered the best allegory in the English language. Many of the incidents are tragic, others are humorous, and still others are purely heroic. I include the incident of Christian and Hopeful's stay in Doubting Castle, in the hands of Giant Despair.

IN THE DOMAIN OF GIANT DESPAIR

Now I beheld in my dream that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels. So the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way.

**By-path
Meadow**

Now a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow and a stile to go over into it; and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, "If this meadow lieth along our wayside, let's go over into it."

Then he went to the stile to see, and behold a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. "'Tis according to my wish," said Christian, "here is the easiest going. Come, good Hopeful, and let us go over."

Hopeful: But how if this path should lead us out of the way?

Christian: That is like. Look; doth it not go along by the wayside?

So Hopeful being persuaded by his fellow went after him over the stile.

When they were gone over and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-Confidence. So they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, "To the Celestial Gate."

**They Meet
Vain-Confidence**

"Look," said Christian, "did not I tell you so! By this you see we are right." So they followed and he went before them.

But behold the night came on, and it grew very dark, so that they that were behind lost sight of him that went before.

He, therefore, that went before, Vain-Confidence by name, not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, which was on purpose there made, by the prince of those grounds, to catch vain-glorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Now Christian and Hopeful heard him fall. So they called to know the matter; only they heard a groaning.

Then said Hopeful, "Where are we now?" Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way; and now it began to rain, and thunder and lightning in a very dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

**The Travelers
Find Them-
selves Straying**

Then Hopeful groaned in himself, saying, "Oh, that I had kept on my way!"

Chr.: Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

Hope.: I was afraid on't at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I.

Chr.: Good brother, be not offended. I am sorry I have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger. Pray, my brother, forgive me; I did not do it of an evil intent.

Hope.: Be comforted, my brother; for I forgive thee, and believe, too, that this shall be for our good.

Chr.: I am glad I have with me a merciful brother. But we must not stand here. Let's try to go back again.

Hope.: But, good brother, let me go before.

Chr.: No, if you please, let me go first, that if there be any danger, I may be first therein, because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

Hope.: No, you shall not go first, for your mind being troubled, may lead you out of the way again.

Then for their encouragement they heard the voice of one, saying, "Let thine heart be towards the highway, even the way that thou wentest. Turn again."

Return to the
Highway
Dangerous

But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day broke; but, being weary, they fell asleep.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds that they were now sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds.

Taken
Prisoner by
Giant
Despair

Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were going and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds; and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go because he was stronger than they. They also had very little to say; for they knew they were themselves in a fault.

The Giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here then they lay from Wednesday morning until Saturday night; with-

out one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light; or any to ask how they did. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, for it was through his ill-advised counsel that they were brought into distress.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her what he had best do further to them. She counselled him that, when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy.

So when he arose he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste. Then he falls upon them and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn upon the floor.

**Beaten Without
Mercy**

This done, he withdrew and left them there to console their misery and to mourn under their distress. So all that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

The next night she advised her husband to counsel them to make away with themselves.

So when the next morning was come, he went to them and, perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since they were never like to come out of that place, then the only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, whether with knife, halter, or poison. But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits) and lost for a time the use of his hand. Wherefore he withdrew and left them as before to consider what to do.

**They Come
Near to Death**

Chr.: Brother, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part I know not whether it is better to live thus, or to die out of hand. Shall we be ruled by the Giant?

Hope.: Indeed, our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome than thus ever to abide; but yet let us consider the Lord of the country to which we are going, hath said, "Thou shall commit no murder." No, not to another man's person. Much more then we are forbidden to take counsel to kill ourselves. And let us consider again that the law is not in the hands of Giant Despair. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair to die? But, however, my brother, let's be patient and endure awhile. The time may come that may give us a release, but let us not be our own murderers.

With these words, Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother.

When the Giant returned in the evening and found them alive, he fell into a grievous rage and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

The next morning the Giant goes to them again and takes them into the castle-yard and shows them the bones and skulls of those that he had already dispatched. "These," said he, "were pilgrims, as you are, once, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done, and when I thought fit I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Get you down to your den again." And with that he beat them all the way thither.

That night the Giant's wife told her husband that she feared that they lived in hopes that someone would come to relieve them, or that they had picklocks about them, by the means of which they hoped to escape.

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the Giant. "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Hopeful
Admonishes
Christian

The Giant
Shows the
Bones of His
Victims

Well, on Saturday night about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer until almost break of day. Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half-amazed, broke out in this passionate speech: **The Key Called Promise** “What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, unlock any door in Doubting Castle.”

“Then,” said Hopeful, “that’s good news. Good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try.”

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom and began to try at the dungeon-door; whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out.

Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened, too; but that lock went very hard; yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate as it opened made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could not go after them. Then they went on and came to the King’s Highway and were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction. **They Escape from Doubting Castle**

Now when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: “Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair; who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims.” Many therefore that followed after, read what was written and escaped the danger. **They Warn Their Brothers**

—John Bunyan,

The Lesson of
Obedience

After reading Bunyan's story we see the necessity of obedience to the Guide if we are to succeed in living right and in walking in the way of truth and righteousness. The following poem is written in much the same spirit as Bunyan's dream story. It emphasizes the fact that if we choose our own way we may be pleased for a while; but if we continue to follow it, we may miss the goal at the end.

OBEDIENCE

I said: Let me walk in the fields;
He said: No, walk in the town;
I said: There are no flowers there;
He said: No flowers, but a crown.

I said: But the clouds are black,
There is nothing but a noise and din;
And He wept, as He sent me back,
There is more, He said, there is sin.

I said: But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun;
He said: Yet hearts are sick,
And souls in the dark undone.

I said: I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say:
He answered: Choose to-night,
If I am to miss you or they.

I cast one look at the field,
Then set my face to town.
He said: My child, will you yield?
Will you change the flowers for the crown?

Then into His hand went mine,
And into my heart came He;
And now I walk in a light divine,
In the path I had feared to see.

—George MacDonald.

I would not have you think, however, that to live the religious life one must always be doing the things that one does not like to do; that one must be continually suffering, as it were, in order to please God. On the contrary, the service that we give must be joyous service, given because we love to work for Him, not because we fear to disobey Him.

I once knew of a very romantic little girl who was always imagining her own future. On week days she was usually a fine princess or a young lady traveling abroad; but on Sunday when she went to church and sat very sedately in the family pew, she pictured a very different career for herself. She saw herself as a missionary in a foreign land, with the little heathen children coming to her to learn about the Christian religion; or else she was the head of an orphan asylum, caring for the motherless children; and again she was a minister's wife working in the slums of a great city. She was thinking the thoughts, as she supposed, that were in harmony with the day and occasion; but when Monday came she put away her Sunday ideals and let her imagination wander at its own sweet will.

**A Little
Girl's Dreams**

True religion is not like that little girl's Sunday day-dream, merely a week-end romance. It must be lived every day, by each one in his own sphere, but always in joy and gladness. Not many are called to do the unusual, the extraordinary things of life; the most of us must serve God by being useful in our own little community, by doing the things that lie nearest, by simply being patient and kind and thoughtful of others. Like the Russian shoemaker who kept pegging away at his boot-mending, but at the same time kept an eye on the street to catch an opportunity for doing a kindness, we may do our work in the world and at the same time build up Christian character.

**Building Up
Christian
Character**

We love to read of the great characters of the Bible: the wise statesmen, the far seeing prophets, the noble

women, and the zealous missionaries—any of whom compare favorably with the great world-figures mentioned in our chapter on History. You are familiar with the stories of the lives of Moses, Joshua, Deborah, Hannah, Ruth, Esther, Elijah, Elisha, Jonathan, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Daniel, Joseph, Peter, Paul, John, and Jesus—all names of magical power and interest.

We could easily increase the list, but we must not neglect to learn of the men and women of later times who have done great things for the Kingdom. Moreover, as we read of these heroes of Faith we may learn more about our own selves. For instance, when we read of the life of the Wesleys, we are surprised to see how self-satisfied we are in comparison; when we read of St. Francis of Assisi, "God's Troubadour," we realize how selfish and indifferent we are; the story of David Livingstone makes us feel how much we lack of truly heroic qualities; Fanny Crosby, the blind poet, the writer of hundreds of hymns, gives us a vision of what is meant by "inner light," and we begin to realize how blind we may be to spiritual things. Through these narratives we may catch a vision of a great ideal for ourselves and then shape our lives toward realizing that ideal.

Besides the great men, both of Biblical and later times, who have done great things for the Kingdom, we have a few writers who have embodied the ideals of the Bible, and especially of the Christ, in the form of fiction. In this chapter you have read such selections from Lowell, Bunyan, and Tolstoy. Henry Van Dyke, perhaps more successfully than others, has embodied rich religious truths in story form, "The Lost Boy," and the "Story of the Other Wise Man" being the best known of his works. Ian MacLaren has given us pathetically human stories with a deep religious meaning, and Charles Dickens has left behind him the superb "Christmas Carol," a story which presents dramatically the true meaning of Christmas. But the crowning effort in the field of the religious

Heroes of
Faith

Religious and
Ethical Writers

novel is "Ben Hur, A Tale of the Christ," written by General Lew Wallace. It is worth relating that General Wallace was led to write this story through the influence of Robert G. Ingersoll, the noted infidel. Wallace was riding on the train in company with Mr. Ingersoll when the conversation turned on the divinity of Christ. The latter was so forceful in his arguments against the truth of the Christ story that Mr. Wallace determined to make a thorough study of the Scriptures himself for the purpose of testing their truth. When he began he was in doubt, but when he had finished he was thoroughly convinced of the truth of the Bible, and his faith in the Christ as the Saviour of men was fully established. From that study came the story of "Ben Hur." Knowing its origin, then, we feel that it is no trifling piece of fiction, but a part of the author's own life and experience—in the words of John Ruskin, it is a "true book."

The Story of
"Ben Hur"

Other works of fiction that have some merit as religious literature may be found among the writings of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

In the book list which follows I have included a variety of literary forms, but you will note that I have emphasized the use of the Bible or Bible-Story books. I do this, because ignorance of the Book of Books is so often manifest among young men and women.

The Book
of Books

Childhood is the time to make the acquaintance of the great heroes and events of the Bible; for if they are neglected then, when maturer years come, a taste for other kinds of reading will have been formed, and the mind and heart will be closed to these great inspirations.

Childhood is also the time to enjoy poetry. The love of poetry is born in every human heart. Every little child loves poetry and generally speaks in poetical language. When a grown person says he does not like poetry, it means only that he has lost some precious thing on the way. All the early books of the world, the

histories and the bibles, were written by prophet-poets. These include the Vedas, the Eddas, the Zend-Avesta; also the epics of Homer, Virgil and Dante. The greatest books of the world are poetry.

A POET'S PLEA FOR POETRY

Poetry gives noble grounds for noble emotion, it is the rhythmical expression of beauty—beauty that is the smile upon the face of truth. This means that it is not the utterance of mere fact; for the fact is never the whole truth. You get the truth in full circle only when you add the ideal, the beautiful, to cold barren fact. "How evenly the rock is stratified," said the great Tyndall upon first crossing the Alps. Here was a statement of undeniable fact; but it did not take in the sublimity of these titanic piles of rock and ice. Listen to the words of the poet Coleridge when he gazed upon the same stupendous scene:

"Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven beneath the keen full moon?"

Here is a cry that gives us a sense of the wonder and terror of these peaks and chasms. Thus all good poetry rouses in the heart a sense of the mystery and the meaning of the universe. It enlarges the mind to help us understand the goodness and the glory of life. We are all here to taste the "more abundant life." We have only a brief span of years to get the feel of existence. In order to add to our limited experience in time, and in space, and in thought, we must turn to literature, and especially to poetry which is the most condensed and noble form in which men have recorded emotion and wisdom.

—*Edwin Markham.*

We have noted many poems in this book, but there are many others waiting for you. Our poets have told of our own country, as Longfellow in "Evangeline," Whittier in "Snowbound," Lanier in "The Marshes of Glynn."

The Smile
Upon the
Face of
Truth

What Poetry
Does for Us

There are poets who tell us how to meet life nobly, as Bryant in "Thanatopsis," Holmes in "The Chambered Nautilus," Emerson in "Each and All." Other poets in our own and other lands have also celebrated nobly the meaning of life and death and the hereafter. Open your hearts to their music and their message.

A LAST WORD

And now we have come to the close of our journey through the "Land of Story Books." I am loath to part company with my fellow-travelers, for to the writer, at least, the journey has been a pleasant one. It is my fondest hope that you may be so attracted by the delights of this land, that you may often return to make excursions into its highways and by-ways, to penetrate its most difficult passes, and to climb even to the top of its highest mountain peaks. And if in my company, you have been enabled to pluck a sweet flower of poetry, to grasp a laurel branch of history, and to drink a refreshing draught of romantic story, I shall be rewarded; for my one aim has been to inspire in you a love for good literature and for the highest ideals of life—those ideals that are reflected from the pages of good books.

End of the
Journey
Through the
"Land of
Story Books"

Book List*

Age: Under Ten Years.

Who Was It? Stories, Julia H. Johnston. Illustrated.

The Story Bible, Margaret Sangster.

When the King Came, George Hodges.

Pilgrim's Progress, John Bunyan.

John Bunyan's Dream Story, Retold by James Baldwin.

The Christ Child in Art, Henry Van Dyke.

Children's Book of Christmas Stories, Asa D. Dickenson
and Ada M. Skinner.

*Any book named in this list may be obtained through the Publishers of the "Foundation Stones" Series.

Santa Claus' Partner, Thomas Nelson Page.

At the Back of the North Wind, George MacDonald.

The Fairchild Family, Mrs. Sherwood. Edited by Lady Strachey. Illustrated in color by Sybil Towse.

Age: From Ten to Sixteen.

The Bible.

Joseph the Dreamer,
Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth, } Robert Bird.

God's Troubadour: The Story of Francis of Assisi,
Sophie Jewett.

The Song of Our Syrian Guest, Walter Allen Knight.

The Lost Boy, or Jesus in Jerusalem,
The First Christmas Tree,
The Story of the Other Wise Man, } Henry Van Dyke

Where Love Is, God Is Also, } Count Tolstoy.
What Men Live By,

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, Ian MacLaren.

The Christmas Carol, Charles Dickens.

The Birds' Christmas Carol, Kate Douglas Wiggin.

The Book of Christmas, Introduction by Hamilton Wright
Mabie.

Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ, General Lew Wallace.

Stories Especially for Girls

Gipsy's Sowing and Reaping, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Faith Gartney's Girlhood, } Mrs. A. D. T.

A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life, } Whitney.

Anne of Green Gables, L. M. Montgomery.

The Homecoming, Winifred Kirtland.

Biographies

Wesley and His Century, Fichert.

Life of John Knox.

The Story of David Livingstone, Vautier Golding.



